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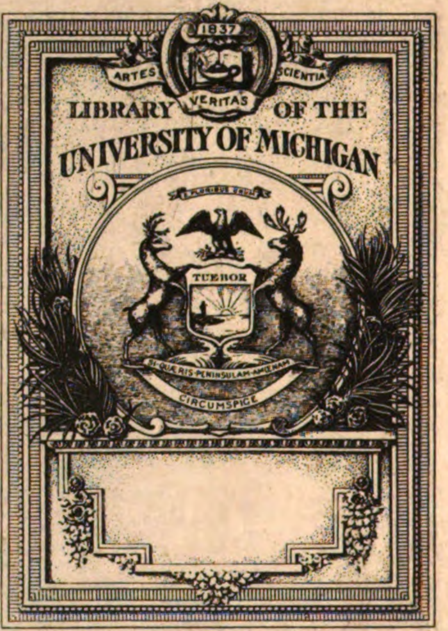
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THE

MICHIGAN FREEMASO

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

MASONIC AND HOME LITERATUR

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THE
MICHIGAN FREEMASON,
A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JULY 1, 1869. No. 1.

HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY.

BY A. G. MACKEY, M. D.

The early history of Masonry is veiled in some obscurity. We know from the traditions of our Order,—traditions which have wisely been withheld from the unhallowed ear of unlawful curiosity,—that it existed in its present form at the building of King Solomon's Temple, and the enlightened brethren of the Craft no longer hesitate to trace the birth of Symbolic Masonry to that venerated spot, the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite. We know, however, from the testimony of contemporary historians, that previous to the construction of the Temple, there existed in Asia Minor an association of architects, "the society of Dyonisian Artificers," to whom were exclusively confided the privilege of erecting puplic buildings. This fraternity was distinguished by many peculiarities that strongly assimilate them to our Order. In the exercise of charity, the "more opulent were sacredly bound to provide for the exigencies of the poorer brethren." For the facilities of labor and government, they were divided into lodges, each of which was governed by a Master and Wardens. They employed in their ceremonial observances many of the implements which are still to be found among Freemasons, and used like them a universal language, by which one brother could distinguish another in the dark as well as in the light, and which served to unite the members scattered over India, Persia, and Syria, into one common brotherhood. The existence of this order in Judea, at the time of the building of the Temple, is universally admitted; and Hiram, the widow's son, to whom Solomon entrusted the superintendence of the workmen, as an inhabitant of Tyre, and as a skilful architect, and cunning and curious workman, was doubtless one of its members. Hence we are scarcely claiming too much for our Order, when we suppose that the Dyonisians were employed by King Solomon to assist in the construction of the house he was about to dedicate to Jehovah, and that they communicated to their Jewish fellow laborers a knowledge of the advantages of their fraternity, and invited them to a participation in its mysteries and privileges. If such be the case, we easily obtain a solution of the wonderful coincidences which Masonic writers have noticed between the ceremonies and objects of initiation into the mysteries of Eleusis, whence the Dyonisians took their origin, and those of Freemasonry;—coincidences so remarkable in their character, as to induce some of our more enthusiastic Brethren to trace the birth of Masonry in a direct line to the sacred rites of the goddess Ceres. I am not disposed to claim for our Order so ancient or so renowned a derivation,—though I doubt not it owed its birth to the same spirit of establishing an esoteric philosophy, a system of secret knowledge, which gave rise to the sacred language of the Egyptian priests, to the sublime initiations of the Pagan gods, and to the schools of Pythagoras and Plato. And yet the mysteries of the ancient world, whether they be those of classic Greece or Rome, or superstitious Persia, or of Pontificial Egypt—whether they be the barbarous rites of Druidism performed in the eternal forests of Britain and Gaul, or the sacred solemnities of India, celebrated in the gloomy caverns of Salsette and Elephanta,—all contained so much of the spirit and the outward forms of pure and speculative Masonry, as cannot fail to astonish the intelligent brother. In all these various mysteries, we find a singular unity of design, and a wonderful resemblance to those of our own Order. The ceremonies of initiation were all funeral in their character. They celebrated the death and resurrection of some cherished being, either the object of esteem as a hero, or of devotion as a god. Subordination of degrees was instituted, and the candidate was subjected to probations varying in their character and severity; the rites were practised amid the gloom and darkness of forests and caverns, on the tops of lofty mountains, or in the recesses of valleys; and the full fruition of knowledge for which so much labor was endured, was not attained until the neophyte, well tried and thoroughly purified, had reached the place of wisdom and of light.

The Dyonisian Artificers had carried with them from Greece into Asia Minor, and thence to Judea, the rites of Ceres, and if we are correct in ascribing to them the origin of Freemasonry, we can — and without such ascription we cannot — readily readily account for the coincidences in design and method, which must in the course of my preceding remarks, have been apparent to all the initiated part of my audience.

But though upon the completion of the Temple, the workmen who had been engaged in its construction necessarily dispersed, to extend their knowledge and renew their labors in other lands, we do not lose sight of the order. We find it still existing in Judea, under the name of the ESSENIAN FRATERNITY. This was rather a society of philosophers than of architects, and in this respect it approached still nearer to the character of modern speculative masonry. The Essenians were, however, undoubtedly connected with the Temple, as their origin is derived by the learned Scaliger, with every appearance of truth, from the ASIDEANS, those men of Israel, who in the language of Lawrie, had associated together as "Knights of the Temple of Jerusalem, to adorn the porches of that magnificent structure, and to preserve it from injury and decay." The Essenians were peculiarly strict in scrutinizing the characters of all those who applied for admission into their fraternity. The successful candidate, at the termination of his probationary novitiate, was presented by the Elders of the Society with a white garment, as an emblem of the purity of life to which he was to aspire, and which, like the unsullied apron, the first gift that we bestow upon an Entered Apprentice, was esteemed more honorable than aught that any earthly prince could give. An oath was administered to him, by which he bound himself not to divulge the secrets with which he should be entrusted, and not to make any innovations upon the settled usages of the society. He was then made acquainted with certain modes of recognition, and was instructed in the traditionary knowledge of the Order. They admitted no women into their fraternity; abolished all distinctions of rank; and devoted themselves to the acquisition of knowledge and the dispensation of charity.

From the Essenians, Pythagoras derived much if not all of the knowledge and the ceremonies, with which he clothed the esoteric schools of his philosophy; and while this identity of doctrines and ceremonies is universally admitted by profane historians, many of the most competent of our own writers have attributed the propagation of Masonry into Europe, to the efforts of the Grecian sage. It is certain that such an opinion was prevalent not less than four centuries ago; for in the ancient Manuscript now well known to Masons, which was discovered by the celebrated Locke among the papers of the Bodleian Library, and which is said to be in the handwriting of King Henry the Sixth, himself a Mason, it is expressly said that Pythagoras brought Masonry from Egypt and Syria, into Greece, from whence in process of time it passed into England.

I shall not vouch for the truth of this assumption, for notwithstanding the celebrity of Pythagoras even at this day among our fraternity, and the adoption into our Lodges of his well known problem, I am rather inclined to attribute the extension of Masonry into Europe to the frequent and continued communications with Palestine, in the earlier ages of the Christian dispensation. About this period we shall find that associations of travelling architects existed in all the countries of the continent; that they journeyed from city to city, and were actively engaged in the construction of religious edifices and regal palaces. The government of these fraternities of Freemasons,—for they had already begun to assume that distinctive appellation,—was even then extremely regular. They lived in huts or *lodges*, (a name which our places of meeting still retain) temporarily erected for their accommodation, near the building on which they were employed. Every tenth man received the title of warden, and was occupied in superintending the labors of those placed under him, while the direction and supervision of the whole was entrusted to a Master chosen by the fraternity.

Freemasons continued for a long time to receive the protection and enjoy the patronage of the Church and the nobility, until the former becoming alarmed at the increase of their numbers and the extension of their privileges, began to persecute them with an unrelenting rigor, which eventually led to their suspension on the continent. Many Lodges, however, had already been established in Great Britain, and these, shielded by the comparative mildness and justice of the British laws, continued to propogate the doctrines of the Order throughout England and Scotland, and to preserve unimpaired its ancient landmarks. From the royal city of York in England, and from the village and abbey of Kilwinning, the cradle of Masonry in Scotland, our Order continued to be disseminated and to flourish throughout the two kingdoms with undiminished lustre, long after the Lodges of their less fortunate brethren had been dissolved by the persecutions on the continent. From this period, the institutions of Masonry began to be extended with rapidity, and to be established with permanency. The dignity of the Order was elevated, as the beauty of its principles became known. Nobles sought with avidity the honor of initiation into our cacred rights, and the gavel of the Grand Master has been more than once wielded by the hand of a king.

Such is a brief sketch of the origin and early history of Masonry. I have not thought it necessary or proper to bring to the truth of history, the meretricious ornaments of romance. I feel that Preston, and some other of our enthusiastic annalists in asserting for our Order an existence coeval with creation, have added neither to its dignity, nor to their own reputations as historians.

"When Adam delv'd and Eve spun,"

Masonry, with every other human institution, was still in the womb of time. Nor while I am persuaded that no link is wanting to complete the chain of evidence, written and traditionary, by which we are enabled to trace its formation to the era of the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, do I claim for its antiquity a greater reverence than I do for its holy principles, its virtuous character, and its charitable objects.

What, then, is the nature of this institution, which, born amid the splendor and magnificence of an Eastern court, has survived the fall of empires, and the change of languages, of religion and of manners, without one stain upon its pristine purity—without one crumble in the stones of its mighty fabric? what is this immortal association, that has bid defiance alike to the incursion of the barbarian, and to the persecution of the bigot?—over whose imperishable structure time has passed with gentle hand, and which, strong in all its own worth,

"———————— nec ignes
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas."

Palestine, the once favored land of Jehovah, where David strung his harp to lays of grateful gladness; where Isaiah poured forth the strains of his inspired oratory, and where a greater than David or Isaiah taught the divine precepts of eternal love—Greece, the birth-place of Plato and of Homer, the cradle of science and the nursery of song,—Rome, the "eternal city," where Maro sung, and Tully spoke; where Brutus lived, and Cæsar died,—all, all have felt the avenger's footstep, and buried in the deep sleep of a nation's degradation, live but as shadows of a mighty name,—while Masonry, unscathed by time, unmoved by revolutions, unchanged through changing ages, has slowly but surely wandered through all "this wreck of matter and this crush of worlds," until from the far distant temple where it arose, it has reached our western shores, and reared and consecrated its altars on a soil unknown, undreamed of by the mighty nations who in its infancy controlled the destinies of the earth.

But ancient as is our Order, its antiquity is not its only or its greatest claim upon our reverence and affection. It stands not thus, unshaken amid these mighty political convulsions of the earth, in all the barren dignity of unhonored age, like the colossal pyramid of Cheops, each stone of whose useless structure tells only of a bondsman's toil and a tyrant's oppression—nor like the massive columns of Palenque, whose mouldering remains serve but to remind us of the hideous rites and human sacrifices of a barbarous people, but rather like the stupendous aqueducts of ancient Rome, which have outlived the race who erected them, *Masonry*, in all its sacred ceremonies and time-honored customs, breathes that spirit of WISDOM, STRENGTH and BEAUTY, in which it was framed by its immortal founders.—"HOLINESS TO THE LORD" is inscribed upon its portals with unfading brilliancy, and its altar is lit with the living fires of Charity and Religon.

If it is unlawful to draw the sacred veil which conceals the solemn mysteries of our institutions from the gaze of unsanctioned curiosity, at least it is not forbidden to speak with proper caution of the beauty and wisdom and virtue of its design.

When those well known words are uttered, which like the proclamation of the mystagogue at Eleusis, closes our doors upon the intrusions of the profane, onr mystic retreat is converted into a temple consecrated to the worship of the Most High—on our sacred altar the unruly passions and the worldly appetites of the brethren are laid, a fitting sacrifice to the genius of our Order, and each Mason becomes invested with a "new name" and a purer character. The distinctions of rank are left without, and the prince and the peasant here *meet upon the level.* Here the emblematic *plumb-line* cautions the brother against any deviation from a just and upright course of conduct; here the extended *compasses* direct him to circumscribe his desires within due bounds; and the *square* inculcates that golden rule, that he should do unto others as he would that they should do unto him. Here

"Friendship on wing, etherial flying round
Stretches her arm to bless the hallowed ground;
Humanity well pleased here takes her stand,
Holding her daughter Pity in her hand;
Here Charity, which soothes the widow's sigh,

And wipes the dew drop from the Orphan's eye;
And here Benevolence, whose large embrace,
Uncircumscrib'd, takes in the human race."

Our Order, deriving its outward forms as well as its internal spirit from the times and the usages of the Temple, passes in its road from darkness to the place of light, through those various gradations which we are taught existed among the buildeas of that magnificent edifice; and it bestows not the full fruition of its knowledge, until by long and laborious trials, the candidate has proved himself worthy to participate in its sublimest mysteries. In each stage of initiation, some new lesson is taught, and some new virtue is inculcated, until purified by his probations, and prepared for the full effulgence of Masonic wisdom, the enraptured aspirant receives his last great lesson of fidelity to his trusts, and of fortitude in danger.

As an Entered Apprentice, a lesson of humility and contempt of wordly riches and of earthly grandeur, is impressed upon his mind by symbolic ceremonies, too important in their character ever to be forgotten. The beauty and holiness of Charity are depicted in emblematic modes, stronger and more lasting than mere language can express; and the neophite is directed to lay a corner stone of virtue and purity, upon which he is charged to erect a superstructure, alike honorable to himself, and to the fraternity of which he is hereafter to compose a part.

As a Fellow Craft, the aspirant is permitted to enjoy another and a brighter portion of the light of Masonry. As in the first degree those lessons are impressed of morality and brotherly love, which should eminently distinguish the youthful apprentice, so in the second is added that extension of knowledge, which enabled the original craftsmen to labor with ability and profit at the construction of the Temple. In the degree of Entered Apprentice, every emblematic ceremony is directed to the lustration of the heart; in that of Fellow Craft, to the enlargement of the mind. Already clothed in the white garments of innocence, the advancing candidate is now invested with the deep and unalterable truths of science. At length he passes the porch of the Temple, and in his progress to the middle chamber, is taught the ancient and unerring method of distinguishing a friend from a foe. His attention is directed to the wonders and beauties of nature and art, and the differences between operative and speculative Masonry are unfolded, until bv instruction and contemplation, he is led "to view with reverence and admiration the glorious words of the creation, and is inspired with the most exalted ideas of the perfections of his Divine Creator."

But it is not until the third or Master's degree is reached by arduous labor and by worthy conduct, that the full undimmed effulgence of Masonic light bursts upon the enraptured vision. In this, which is the perfection of symbolic Masonry, the purest truths are unveiled amid the most awful ceremonies. None but he who has visited the holy of holies, and travelled the *road of peril*, can have any conception of the mysteries unfolded in this degree. Its solemn observances diffuse a sacred awe, and inculcate a lesson of religious truth—and it is not until the neophyte has reached this summit of our ritual, that he can exclaim with joyful accents in the language of the sage of old, "*Eureka. Eureka*," I have found at last the long sought treasure. In the language of the learned and zealous Hutchinson, somewhat enlarged in its allusion, "the Master Mason represents a man under the doctrine of love, saved from the grave of iniquity, and raised to the faith of salvation." It testifies our faith in the resurrection, and while it inculcates a practical lesson of prudence and unshrinking fidelity, it inspires the most cheering hope of that final reward which belongs alone to the "just made perfect."

This view of the nature and character of our institution, will form our best defence against the charge of ungallantry, with which we are so often reproached. That woman is not permitted to a participation in our rites and ceremonies, is most true. But it is not because we deem her unworthy or unfaithfuli or deny her the mind to understand or the heart to appreciate our principles, but simply because, in the very organization of Masonry, men alone can fulfill the duties it inculcates, or perform the labors it enjoins. Free and speculative masonry is but an application of the art of operative Masonry to moral and intellectual purposes. Our ancestors worked at the construction of the Temple of Jerusalem; while we are engaged in the erection of a more immortal edifice—the temple of the mind. They employed their implements for merely mechanical purposes: we use them emblematically, with more exalted designs.

The common gavel is an instrument made use of by operative masons, to break off the corners of rough stones, the better to fit them for the builder's use; but we, as free and accepted Masons, are taught to use it for the more noble and glorious purpese of divesting our minds and consciences of all the vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting our bodies, as living stones, for that spiritual building, that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Again, the plumb is an instrument employed by operative masons to try perpendiculars; the square, to square their work; and the level, to prove horizontals; but we, as free and accepted Masons, employ them for more exalted purposes. The plumb admonishes us to walk uprightly in our several stations, before God and man, squaring our actions by the square of virtue, and remembering that we are travelling upon the *level* of time, to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

Thus in all our emblems, our language and our rites, there is a beautiful exemplification and application of the rules of operative Masonry, as it was exercised at the building of the Temple. And as King Solomon employed only in the construction of that edifice, hale and hearty men and cunning warkmen, so our Lodges, in imitation of that great exemplar, demand as the indispensable requisite to admission, that the candidate shall be free-born, of lawful age, and in the possession of all his limbs and members, that he may be capable of performing such work as the Master shall assign him.

Hence it must be apparent to the fairer portion of my audience, that their admission into our Order would be attended with a singular anomaly. As they worked not at the Temple, neither can they work with us. But we love and cherish them not the less. One of the holiest of our mystic rites inculcates a reverence for the widow, and pity for the widow's son. The wife, the mother, the sister, and the daughter of the Mason, exercise a peculiar claim upon each Mason's heart and affections. And while we know that woman's smile, like the mild beams of an April sun, reflects a brighter splendor on the light of prosperity, and warms with grateful glow the chilliness of adversity, we regret not the less deeply, because unavailingly, that no beam of that sun can illume the recesses of our Lodge, and call our weary workmen from their labors to refreshment.

Such are the beauties and wisdom of our ancient Order; and from this rapid view of its excellencies, it can no longer be a matter of astonishment, that among its children are to be found the best, the wisest, and the noblest of our race. Napoleon, the Alexander of our age, was a Mason, and might, under other circumstances than those in which his eventful lot was cast, have met his great rival, but his brother Mason, Wellington, around the peaceful altar of a Lodge. Sir John Moore, the hero of Corunna, and Nelson, the bravest of the British Admirals, both were members of our Order. George the Fourth long governed the fraternity in England, and was at length succeeded by his brother the Duke of Sussex, who still remains Grand Master of that extensive empire. Ashmole, the celebrated antiquary, was admitted into our Order two hundred years ago, and contemplated a history of the Craft, the completion of which design his death unfortunately prevented. Sir Christopher Wren, the great Architect of St. Paul's, died Grand Master of the English Masons; and Locke, the mighty metaphysician, was not only a worthy craftsman, but left in a well deserved eulogy, his tribute to the virtues of the Order.

In our own land, the most illustrious of our citizens have knelt at the altar of Masonry. Warren, whose untimely but not unhonored death upon the heights of Bunker, is familiar to every lover of his country, was the first Grand Master of Massachusetts; the first Lodge in Pennsylvania was organized under the Mastership of the philosophic Franklin; while

Masons still dwell with rapture on the memory of Washington, that immortal Brother who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

The universality of Masonry is not more honorable to the Order than it is advantageous to the Brethren. From East to West, and from North to South, over the whole habitable globe our Lodges are disseminated. Wherever the wandering steps of civilized man have left their foot-prints, there have our temples been erected, and our worship established. The lessons of Masonic love have penetrated into the wilderness of the West, and the red man of our soil has shared with his more enlightened Brother the mysteries of our science ; while the arid sands of the African desert have more than once been the scene of a Masonic greeting. The Mason. indigent and destitute, may find in every clime a Brother, and in every land a home.

◆

MASONS DIE WELL.

BY M. W. ALFRED, M. D.

How cheering is the scene, while all is dark beside, to witness in the death of our friends a fortitude and faith triumphant in the last of life, and elevating the soul above where happy spirits dwell and heaven serenely smiles. We refer now more especially to those of our masonic brethren and fathers who withstood the scoffs and the rage of anti-masonic fanaticism almost half a century ago.

A consideration of this subject is quite appropriate at the present time as a means of fortifying ourselves against the storm with which we are threatened, like that which visited us between forty and fifty years since. If we live so as to die well, all else matters but little. Neither proscription nor persecution will ever drive one good Mason from his God or his Lodge. John Wesley, speaking of his Christian brethren, said, "Our people die well." What if we are expelled from the Church only because we are Masons, and sectarian banns and bolts forever forbid our return thither ? So long as the Father of Lights sheds His bright beams to illume our path of life and cheer us in the hour of death, all is well. Thousands of good Masons, both ministers and laymen, have died rejoicing in hope of a crown that will never fade.

The last words of my aged and Reverend father were addressed to me :—"I die in the light." My father was made a Mason I think in Vergennes, Vermont, about 1798. Subsequently he became a minister in the Baptist denomination and remained so until the time of his death, December 25, 1848, aged 82 years. The anti-masonic excitement of 1827–8 for a time jeapordized his standing in his church. During this time, many ministers and members were expelled from the Church, and some were excluded after they withdrew, for "breaking the covenant" with the Church ! The Rev. Mr. Tillotson was among the number that withdrew from anti-masonic persecution in his church. He died in the town in which I resided. His last words were spoken to Rev. H. P. Sage. He said : "Brother Sage, I see the lights gleaming on the other shore." He scorned to renounce his masonic relations, and in life's most trying hour did heaven place his own *probatum est* upon his heart. Though he had been harassed and annoyed by professed Christian brethren, he held converse with him who said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." This promise He clearly verified.

Soon after the "Narrative" of Morgan's disappearance was published, the church of which my father was the pastor entered into an investigation to ascertain if any of their number were Masons. It was found that he was the only one. The church called a meeting to try him for being a Mason, and he was summoned to appear and enter his defence. He plead guilty of being a Mason, but stated that living as he did remote from a Lodge, and as he had not been in one for a number of years and did not intend to renew his membership, he hoped his Christian brethren would bear with him as they had done for many years past. This did not satiate the gust for gore, and the trial was continued. What an august spectacle ! a little thing assuming to be the Church and to act in place of the

Saviour of the world, composed of some men, more women, and still more children, met in solemn council to try their gray-headed pastor for being a Mason ! After mature deliberations, this legislature and judical body required him on a given Sabbath to make a public statement of his views of the Masonic institution. This statement was to the effect "that the teachings of Masonry were highly moral, liberal and good so far as he knew their tendencies ; that he had enjoyed its social gatherings in days long past, but never expected to again ; he had nothing to renounce, but wished to retain his church relations." With some misgivings the church voted satisfaction.

But it so happened in the course of a couple of years that a brother Mason died, and requested a Masonic burial service. My father preached a funeral sermon, but wore no apron nor took any part in the Masonic solemnities. Standing near the grave while the Masons passed around and threw in the mystic evergreen, when all had passed one of their number gave him a twig which he, thoughtless of the crime it involved, cast upon the coffin. Alas ! his church arose in her dignity and might and "put on her beautiful (anti-masonic) garments, and the combat deepened. A council was called, and he was arraigned for this villainous deed. The council, however, saw nothing in this act to justify decapitation, and advised amnesty and reconciliation. A keen anti-masonic brother of my father's church then devised a means of testing his Masonic affection. He obtained the aid of a Morgan Mason from a distance, whom he introduced to him in the most friendly (Judas) manner. He was to give my father the Morgan grip, and the brother was to witness if he responded to it. The brother thought he did !

"O well done ; I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and faries in a ring—
Enchanting all that ye put in."

Hostilities were renewed—the church took up the matter of shaking hands. But it did not appear that the pastor was posted in Morgan grips, nor that he shook hands *masonically*. So it went down, to the great chagrin of the anti-masonic

Christian brother. This twig of evergreen and the shaking of hands caused great excitement and months of investigation. At length the anti-masonic ire abated and all became quiet in the churchagain.

On the morning of the day on which my father died, he said, "I see you appear alarmed about me." I told him he could not live out the day. He gave direction respecting his funeral :—wished Elder Dwyer (a Mason who lived more than twenty miles distant) to preach the sermon. He desired the hymn sung, the first verse of which he repeated :

> "Unshaken as the sacred hills
> And firm as mountains stand,
> Firm as a rock that soul shall rest,
> That trusts the Almighty hand."

After several minutes of unconsciousness he revived and said, in accents of triumph, "I die in the light," and sank away to rest.

Brethren, the days of anti-masonic proscription in some of the churches are now revived. We have been asked, "Do you love masonry better than the church ?" "Are you not willing to forsake the Lodge for the sake of church fellowship ?" What specious quibbles—what shallow tergiversations ! The question is not whether we love masonry better than the church, but whether we will resist human tyranny over our own conscience ; whether we love our God-given rights and liberties better than slavery and oppression. When any church or individual steps between our consciences and that God in whom we trust, we will exercise our self-respect and say, "Get thee hence, tyrant. 'Give us liberty or give us death.'"

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ARE WE TRUE TO OUR PROFESSION AS MASONS ?

BY A. J. SAWYER, M.D.

In answering this question I am sorry to admit that we are not, but far from it. For instance, how often it happens that petty jealousies and bitter heart-burnings arise among Masons, and that brothers feeling thus, for the time, forget their duties and obligations to, and mutual engagements with each other,—vent their spleen without regard to the welfare of the Order or the Lodge which they thus disgrace by producing discord and confusion in the Lodge; or, should one of the parties to the quarrel perchance be a responsible officer of the Lodge, block the wheels altogether by perverting the salutary use of the black ball into a secret weapon for mischief, and rush like weak, cowardly and unmanly—not to say unmasonic—transactions. Or one or the other—and often both—may and often do lapse into a state of profound indifference towards the whole Order, and perhaps withdraw from it entirely, thereby becoming mere drones in the masonic hive and therefore useless members of the society and totally unworthy of our protections as Masons. Now, it is useless for me to say that such feelings as I have portrayed are wrong and unbecoming a Mason, and that such scenes as are their legitimate fruit are entirely out of place in a masonic assembly, for they are directly at variance with and subversive of the principles we all profess. Therefore, in withdrawing from the Lodge when they can no longer live in peace and harmony with the officers and members thereof, such members, perhaps, manifest a greater degree of propriety in so doing than the Lodge did discretion in first admitting them members of the institution. For, since a body of worthy men mingling together in perfect peace and harmony, week after week and month after month, for the accomplishment of certain laudable ends, can but result in engendering a spirit of brotherly love and friendship, which we are taught is a cement that unites men into one common bond or society of friends and brothers among whom no contention should ever exist, but that noble contention or rather emulation of who best can work and best agree, it is, therefore, our bounden duty as Masons never to deviate from the minutest principle thereof,—ever bearing in remembrance the tenets of our profession, which teach brotherly love, relief, and truth, and those truly masonic virtues which admonish us to observe silence and circumspection. If brethren were actuated, as they should be, by such a spirit, peace, prosperity and happiness would await them in the future, and we might in truth and soberness say with propriety, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Should that time come, we may no longer discover envy at each other's prosperity, whether in secular business or political matters, the religious concerns of life, or in masonry. Then, too, we may no longer be guilty of sitting idly by, cold and indifferent spectators of the wants of worthy distressed brothers, bereaved widows, defenseless maidens or helpless orphans, if in our power to grant them relief without material injury to ourselves and families. Nor will it be an unwilling task to go on foot, and if need be, barefoot and out of our way, to aid and assist a needy pilgrim travelling from afar, as mercenary and unworthy motives will no longer control the actions of us as men and Masons, and wise and worthy men, as of old, may no longer deem it "derogatory to their dignity to level themselves with the fraternity, extend their benefits and privileges, and patronize our assemblies." Then, too, will Masons, as they ought, find a safe repository, not only of the mysteries of the Order, but of each other's secrets as well, in the breast of a brother Mason, and we shall witness no more of the double dealing and want of fidelity to pledges made upon masonic honor, which so widely prevail at the present time—a shame and disgrace to Masons and masonry. Nor shall we hear more of brother Masons conspiring to supplant each other in their laudable undertakings, or the withholding the needed word of caution or counsel when a brother is about to fall into danger of whatever kind, name or nature. Nor shall we have more of that shameful backbiting and petty slandering among Masons to serve private pique, or personal ends, or ambitious designs, which have done and are now doing more than any and all other things combined to dethrone and destroy masonry,—the Pope's Bull, the evil machinations of anti-masonic conventions, the bitter and ungenerous tirades of ambititious politicians, the ravings and doubtings of fanatical preachers and class-leaders not excepted. A want of that harmony, concert of action, and oneness of feeling that should exist among Masons is, as I have above intimated, one of the greatest, and I fear increasing, evils that threaten the existence and welfare of our time-honored order. How prone we are to withhold the protecting hand from a falling brother, and the much needed word of friendly counsel in aid of his reformation; and in our transactions with each other, prove that to Masons and Mason's families, we are peculiarly and more closely allied than to all others.

We are taught to call each other by the affectionate title, *Brother*, to indicate that we belong to one and the same family, and that as such we are united by ties that *should* distinguish us from the rest of mankind, and that we owe to the members of that brotherhood more than ordinary friendship, charity, humanity. How out of place it is then, for brother Masons to ill-treat or despitefully use a craftsman, to cheat, wrong or defraud him, to raise the hand in violence against him, or to traduce his good name. Nevertheless, the same prejudices, the same strife and selfishness that characterize the actions of man with man in his dealings with the outer or "profane" world, are but too apt to actuate us in our intercourse with each other, exerting a baneful influence upon the order, both among ourselves and those who are not of us. With us it begets a want of confidence in each other, thereby materially weakening our attachment to, and love for, matters pertaining to the order, and has resulted in contaminating our hive with useless drones, a curse to true Masons and pure Masonry, and which, if not corrected, will, I fear, ultimately prove our downfall as an institution. To our enemies it affords their strongest and most dangerous weapon, and one too, which they would use with still greater effort against us, did they know to what a fearful extent it exists in our mystical body. As a consequence of this, that which was designed to be, and therefore should be, of most essential service to the world in general, and the craft in particular, often proves but a snare and delusion to the newly initiated, and all our professions of friendship, morality and fraternal love, but "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." As dereliction in one quarter, if not heeded, is apt to beget dereliction or carelessness in another; and brothers that are permitted to be untrue to themselves, will also be untrue to the order, and to the Lodge of which they are members.

Again, how often do we hear brothers, perhaps otherwise worthy, in plain and palpable violation of the duties, professions and teachings of Masonry, as well as outraging every principle of decency, morality and christianity, making use of the sacred name of Deity in a most shocking and scandalously profane manner, to the shame and mortification of all who have due reverence for the name of that Great, Holy and "*mysterious* Being, who is without the beginning of days or ending of years." I will submit whether it is not foolishly inconsistent, and shamefully hypocritical—to call such conduct by no harsher name—for those who boast of being members, and worse than all, officers perhaps, of a moral institution, having the book of the law for their chosen guide, and the great *I AM*, as their Chief Master and Architect, thus to comport themselves in the presence of intelligent and thinking men? Is it a wonder then, under such circumstances as these, that many men, and good men too, refuse to unite with, or countenance us, but rather look upon us as enemies and scoffers of religion and religious things, and as co-workers with the devil? Neither is it a wonder that some of our own household, becoming disgusted with such sayings and doings of those who have wrought in the quaries, exhibited specimens of their skill, and promised to be worthy and upright Masons, finally withdraw from our assemblies, and thereby so far as possible become personally irresponsible for our misdoings. But it is an evil day for a lodge, and a threatening omen for the order, when wise and good men no longer take pleasure and have a pride in "leveling themselves with the fraternity, and patronizing our assemblies."

Again, I will cite attention to that crying evil, *drunkenness*, so fearfully prevalent these days among Masons, and which is so plainly a violation of the constitution, laws and edicts of the Grand Lodge, which we are bound by solemn promises to maintain and support, and of the by-laws of our subordinate lodges, which we are equally bound to stand to and abide by as far as they shall come to our knowledge. Besides, it is in plain and direct conflict with one of the four cardinal virtues of Masonry, wherein we are referred to the penalty of our obligation as E— A— M—, and that a violation of it renders us fit subjects for the contempt and detestation of all mankind, but more especially of all good Masons. When we thus do violence to every principle of morality, sanctity and sobriety ourselves, or permit it in others with impunity, how can we hope or expect good and true men to seek affiliation with us, and thus share the reproach and obloquy that are heaped upon us through such conduct? And how unjust it is to those faithful friends and brothers among us, who do breast the storm of calumny and opposition hurled against the order and them, mainly in consequence of these outrages upon an institution, which in its ritual inculcates—to those who seek its mysteries, its rights and its privileges—all the virtues: Truth and justice, morality, charity, purity, reverence to God and good will to man. And although it is our bounden duty, in all cases and at all times, to "judge with candor, admonish with friendship, and to reprehend with justice;" to warn an erring brother, to guard him against any and all breaches of fidelity, and to endeavor to lead him from the paths of vice and evil-doing into those of sobriety, morality and good citizenship; yet if brothers will not eschew that which is evil and cleave to that which is good, in other words, if they will not live up to the rules and regulations of our time-honored order, but continue, wilfully and knowingly to violate them, let them be arraigned before the lodge, and in the presence of those who witnessed their solemn engagements, at our sacred altar, with the great light of Masonry before them, let them be regenerated, or if they will not recant from their turbulent and rebellious course, after due and timely warning, let them be cast out from among us, as unworthy members, and no longer entitled to our confidence or protection as Masons.

The lessons that we have received at the altar of Masonry inculcate all this and more; they teach us to be temperate, prudent, and just in thought, word and deed; that we should be faithful, truthful and charitable in all things, at all times, and to all mankind, but more especially to brother masons—that we should be courageous, fervent and zealous in the cause and defence of right, under all circumstances, no matter what the consequence, or what others may think or do. And although we may not, perhaps, reasonably expect to witness a full and perfect realization of such a state of society as the above would inaugurate, nevertheless, it should be the ambition of Masons to consumate as near as possible, to so happy a state of things, and to this end be ever willing to diffuse light and information to the uninformed; to disburse charity to the suffering and needy, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted, and to extend the hand of protection to the helpless and innocent, wheresoever dispersed throughout the world. Then our professions, our solemn engagements, and the beautiful and impressive tenets of our order will not be made a solemn mockery of; the mantle of crime, and the plaything of rogues and imposters, as too often happens in these days of disjointed and irresponsible legislation; of disregard for law and order, for oaths and obligations, and for ancient and well established constitutions, usages and customs, as well as of irreverence for God and man. "Then," indeed, "will the glory, honor and reputation of our institution be firmly established, and the world at large convinced of its good effects."

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THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER.

Much of the prosperity and succes of a lodge depends upon the master elected to preside over it. If a good and true man be chosen to preside in the Oriental Chair—one whose character is formed after the highly moral masonic code, and if he manifest a love for the craft, and zeal to work for its advancement, the influence of such a one will be felt for good not only among the brotherhood, but also among the entire community; but if the brethren choose a man of loose morals and corrupt heart, who has little reverence for God or care for the rights of his fellow men, it matters not that he can repeat the ritual ever so flipantly, and with the most critical exactness, a lodge cannot permanently prosper with such an one presiding. None can build up Masonry but a Mason, and he is not a true Mason, on whom the first heart work was never performed. And how does the badge of innocence become a corrupt bad man? It only serves to make his sins more conspicuous, and therefore observable. The beauties of our ritual and ceremonies are not only lost when they are repeated by a profane and corrupt Master, but as he is represented as commending to others, what he does not put in practice himself; the whole matter appears like an absurd farce. And to elevate a bad, corrupt man to office, is not only to seem to sustain him in his evil life and habits, but to identify these evils with the lodge which he represents, and thereby invite the censure and condemnation of the good everywhere. It is to make a target of the unfortunate Master at which arrows will be shot from every one, and the lodge will be equally attacked, and also the entire Fraternity.

Yes, the Master of a lodge should be a good man, one who, in daily life, will reflect the noble, principles and good morals of Fremasonry. He should be strictly temperate in his habits, honest in his deal, and truthful to a proverb. He should be industrious—no loafing drone. He should be kind and courteous to all, and especially to strangers. He should be liberal and tolorent, not expecting that everybody's sentiments and views will always accord with his own in every particular. When occasion demands, he should be firm for the right, not dogmatic. He should have the quality of attracting people, and moulding them to the nobility of the principles he has himself imbibed. As a ritualist, he should be "master of the situation," and "apt to teach." He should not even weary of instructing those who need it, nor grow petulent because some may need to have the lesson oft repeated for want of attentive memories. He should endeavor to appear natural, and at home—free from cant and airs. He should be cheerful, especially courteous to the Wardens, and friendly to all. He should remember that to fill the position of Master well, is what is a credit to the one chosen, and not merely to be placed, by the suffrages of a lodge, in the chief chair. He should be studious of the ancient constitutions and landmarks, and also of jurisprudence, and the decisions of his Grand Lodge. In a word, he should be a gentleman and a scholor. Brethren, be careful in the choice of your Masters. Do not elect a brother to so responsible position unless he possess the requisite qualification. Not every good, jolly fellow is competent to fill the important station.

EDITOR.

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GRAND BODIES.

As yet we are in possession ot Reports from only a few of the Grand Lodges and Grand Chapters; but before our next issue, we hope to receive these Reports from most of the jurisdictions in the United States. We have before us the Proceedings of the G. L. of Illinois, the G. L. of Pennsylvania, and the G. L. and G. Chapter of Michigan. From these we give the following summary:

The last Session of the Grand Lodge of Illinois was held in Springfield, Oct., 6th, and 7th; A. L.–5868, and was opened in *ample form.* The attendance of Grand Officers, Permanent members and Representatives, was very large, and more than the usual amount of business seems to have been transacted in great harmony.

The address of the Grand Master, J. R. Gorin, was quite brief, but it exhibits that devotion to and reverence for Deity which Masonry has even fostered. Dispensation, for thirty–six new Lodges had been issued during this previous term, which indicates the growing condition of the Order in that jurisdiction.— In a very valuable statistical table found on page 210 of these " Proceedings," the number of Masons put down for Illinois is 28,184, and the aggregate given for forty–two Lodges, embracing the United States, Canada and Nova Scotia, 387,402. This table puts Michigan down at 16,861, whereas we had at the last January Session 18,016, and at the present time we are assured by Bro. Coffenbury, the number cannot fall much short of 20,000 contributing members. So, if other grand jurisdictions are multiplying members as rapidly as Michigan, we must have more than a half million, at the present writing, within the United States. Thus it would seem that the labors of Bro. Finney and Co. have little effect.

Brother Harman G. Reynolds, after serving the Grand Lodge of Illinois eighteen years, as R. W. Grand Secretary, retired from his arduous labors, to be chosen immediately to the honorable and responsible position of Grand Master, a position which he is now ffiling with credit to himself and honor to the craft.

The copy of proceedings before us from Illinois is gotten up in the best style of the printer's art, and reflects great credit on the Grand Secretary, who is also the Publisher.

By the courtesy of our most worthy Grand Master, A. T. Metcalfe, we have the perusal of a copy of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, at its Quarterly and Annual Communications during the year 1868. The Annual Communication was held at Philadelphia, December 28th, "for St. John the Evangelist's Day," as that day fell on Sunday. After the instalation of the Grand Officers, who had been duly elected at the Quarterly Grand Communication, the Right Worshipful Grand Master, Richard Vaux, delivered one of the most able and comprehensive addresses we have read for a long time. From it we extract the following facts relative to the condition of Masonry in Pennsylvania:

During the past year thirty-one Lodges were lawfully warantedand duly constituted.

There are now 259 working Lodges in Pennsylvania, with a membership of 29,340.

Lodges restored to good standing, - - -	5
During the year 1867 there were admissions, - -	589
Initiations, - - - - - -	3,681
Rejections, - - - - - -	688
Suspended and Expelled, - - - -	385
Resignations, - - - - -	838
Deaths, - - - - - - -	268

In reporting the names of the distinguished Brothers present at the laying of the corner stone of the New Masonic Temple, June 24th, 1868, the brethren from this jurisdiction are omitted, it is presumed by mistake. These were S. C. Coffenbury, M. W. Grand Master; A. T. Metcalfe, R. W. Deputy Grand Master; R. W. Landon, R. W. Grand Treasurer; and S. Blanchard, R. W. Grand Visitor and Lecturer. These Brethren went through the excessive heat and drouth the long distance to Philadelphia, and enjoyed so much during their stay with the Pennsylvania Brethren, that they returned home fully compensated for their toil. See Brother Coffenbury's address to the Grand Lodge of Michigan at its last session.

There is truth in these remarks of the Grand Master of Pennsylvania: "The greatest danger to which Free Masonry is now exposed, *is from enemies within, not those without.* Making members of the craft, is not necessarily making Masons. There is too great a desire to increase the number of members, for, preadventure, the number of Masons is not thereby increased. Strict trial, severe tests, careful examination, thorough investigation into fitness; caution, prudence, due consideration, * * * are now essential in all Lodges as precedent conditions to a favorable report on these who apply for the right and privileges of Masonry." To all which we respond, *so mote it be.*

EDITOR.

THE FRATERNITY IN KALAMAZOO.—We doubt if there is a place in this jurisdiction where the Institution of Masonry is more flourishing, than in the beautiful city of the Burr Oaks. The brethren have recently finished and furnished, at an expense of several thousand dollars, one of the most beautiful halls in the State. There are two subordinate Lodges, a Chapter, a Commandery, and the several Lodges and Chapters appertaining to the Scotch Rite, all working harmoniously, and animated by the true principles of Masonry. Their lines have been cast in pleasant places, and with apprentice and master workman, all seems to pass along as serenely as a summer morn. Thus be it ever with our good Fraters of Kalamazoo.

EVENING FANCIES.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

Steals the distant music of the holy vesper,
Upon the evening air,
Deep into the soul, a soft and solemn whisper,
Like low and earnest prayer.

Oh! how sweet it is to bow the head and listen
To the low mellow'd tone,
When the countless stars above begin to glisten,
And we are all alone?

No, not all alone, for fancy doth awaken,
'Mid the dim twilight spell,
The fair forms by which we deem'd ourselves forsaken
When toll'd their funeral knell.

Yes, they come and go like misty shadows waving
In fancy's wierd dream,
And low to linger in memory's fountains laving:
How beautiful they seem?

How silently they soar and, still smiling, becken
Us upward to the sky?
A bright promise to the weary and heart stricken
Of peace and rest on high.

And Oh! we fondly gaze through the vault above us—
Yon high, blue starry dome,
To catch those shadowy forms that erst did love us,
Ascending to their home?

Land of the angels, how may we fading mortals—
We blanch'd and withering flowers —
Ascend and enter thy celestial portals,
To bloom in brighter bowers?

Oh! we must bide our time till softly winging
Through the pure hallow'd air,
The angels shall descend with joyous singing,
And gently bear us there.

TRUE WEALTH.—A TALE.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

CHAPTER I.

There is an emotion that is sometimes elicited by peculiar circumstances, which has not, as yet, been alluded to by the most radical and profound metaphysicians. This mental phenomanon has been ignored by the whole school of those wonderful idealists whose speculations and researches have penetrated deeply into the philosophy of the human mind; who have exhibited, for our admiration, the most noble attributes of human character, the most beautiful traits of the human heart, and the most complex and intricate impulses and sensations interwoven with the mysterious net-work of the human soul.

This emotion has escaped the graphic pen of the deeply metaphysical Victor Hugo, and Bulver Lytton—the philosophical Shakespear, and Goethe, and the scathing researches of Rosseau and Carlisle.

Madam de Stael speaks of an emotion that she can not comprehend; and, therefore, does not attempt to describe, or to alude to its causes, its peculiarities, its phenomena or concomitants. What the emotion she mentions may be, she leaves her readers to guess. It may be the one above aluded to.

While this emotion lies deeply hidden in the human heart, the slightest circumstance or the most trifling incident may awaken it. When once aroused, it is never obliterated from the memory, and he who experiences it, *becomes* at once, a new being, through the development of a new knowledge of himself.

A word, an intonation, an expression, that trace which a melancholy thougbt casts upon the beaming countenance, like a cloud in the bright blue of the sunny sky, even an odor may evolve this emotion from its latent home in the soul, and impel it to traverse its chambers until the heart strings quiver under its power.

This emotion is nearly allied to anguish; it is born with a pang, and is related to pity, and yet the pang of suffering which gives it birth, is mingled with a deep, a pure and an exquisite pleasure.

This mysterious emotion can not be described. To know it, it must be felt and suffered, and without comprehending it, even then. It leaps, unsought and unbidden into life, and, like the lightning flash, turns and scatters its ineffaceable traces along the soul.

It is barely possible that the incidents of the following tale may bring the minds of the uninitiated to an obtuse realization of some of the phenomena of this wonderful and mysterious mantal sensation, while it may serve to revive in many a breast a painful sense of what, in some other form, has been a dweller within the bosom where that heart beats.

Oh! this mysterious inspiration of a clay form—this wonderful combination of divinity and gross matter which we call man! Would that we could comprehend it in its proneness to sink, and in its aspiration to soar! Would that we could analize it in the simplicity and dependency of its origin, the greatness and grandeur of its destiny, and the majesty and sublimity of its Godhead? Would that we could, in the philosophy of life, sift out the bitter fruits, and preserve only the lovely flowers of our nature, mingle them with the fountains of pure thought, and lay them, as a sacred offering, on the shrine erected to our own divinity!

One fine morning in May, in the year 17—— Edward Wilson entered his banking house, No. 137 ——— street, in the city of Baltimore. He bowed to one or two of the dozen clerks and tellers as he passed through the business office to the counting room, where he seated himself at a table with his back towards the door through which he entered.

Mr. Wilson was a millionaire. He was a man who had passed the meridian of life, but his clear eye, fine head and full athletic *physique*, gave evidence of the regularity of life and good habits which had endowed him with a healthful and almost youthful form and activity combined with the staid dignity and thoughtful expression peculiar to the maturity of old age.

Mr. Wilson sat alone in his private room, and soon became absorbed in deep thought. He did not observe the flitting shadow, that for a moment, and a moment only, fell across the threshold of the door through which he had entered the room. Nor, did he hear the slight rustle of the silk attire that draped the beautiful form, that, like an unseen angel. was softly stealing on tip-toe behind his chair. Alas! those lovely flowers! why do they fade? Behind the office chair of Mr. Wilson, stood this fair young creature tremulously. The light of youth flashed from her blue eyes; the vigor of health bloomed upon her cheek; her rich blonde ringlets sparkled and glistened in soft profusion as they fell like a silvery flood over her neck and shoulders; a mischievous smile played over her countenance; one white hand was raised gracefully towards her face, the delicate fore finger of which was directed towards her lips, as if to suppress a burst of merriment, that, like flitting lightning in a glowing summer evening cloud, flashed, darted, and struggled over her brilliant face for utterance.

"Why Eda?" said Mr. Wilson, suddenly looking up in surprise, as his daughter clasped her arms around his neck and met his upturned face with a kiss.

"My dear Papa, I thought I would surprise you, as it is your birth day;" returned Eda, laughing merrily.

"True, my child, this morning I enter upon my fifty-first year; How time flies?" returned the father.

"To me," replied Eda, "it appears to creep."

"Yes, continued Mr. Wilson." to the young, hours seem days; days lengthen into months, and months into years; but we, who stand on the hither side of lifes' rubicon, and look back to the thither side, where you stand, see years and months fore shortened into days and hours. To the young, time lengthens into an almost interminable perspective, while, to the quickened vision of the aged, its linked chain flits swiftly into the past. The stones which Ducalion and Pyrolia threw behind them in the valley, changed into living forms, for they were repopulating a desolated world; but the hopes that the aged have put behind them, crumble into dust and ashes, for they feel themselves but the shattered remnants of a decaying world."

"You naughty Papa, why should you, on this happy morning, permit your thoughts to follow in such a melancholy channel?" asked Eda, as the smile passed from her countenance, which assumed a momentary expression of sadness.

"My thoughts, my dear Eda," returned the father, are not melancholy, but simply earnest in their general tone. The young are too apt to interpret all that is not vivacious and buoyant, in the aged, into shadowy melancholy. The young know no middle-ground between merriment and sadnesss—no softly toned expanse of shadowy tempered light, between joy and sorrow–mirth and grief. The joys of the young are brilliant, and fit ful outbursts of silvery light and sparkling impulse; those of the aged are rich, steady and golden in their chaste uniformity. The sorrows of the young, are as impulsive, gushing and overwhelming in their turbulence, as their joys are light, elevating and evenescent. The sorrow of the aged are calm, reasonable and philosophical, and rendered tolerable by metaphysical analysis and thoughtful ratiocination.

"As I remembered that the days, months and years of half a century have passed over my head, many reminiscences, some sweet, some bitter, aye, bitter as wormwood, were recalled; with them shadowy forms flittered across my memory, and I asked my own soul a question fraught with a deep meaning. If the thought that followed, in answer to that question, imparted a solemnity to my manner or words, or to the intonation of my voice, it was not because that thought was a melancholy one, for, I assure you, that, at most, it was solemnly earnest, followed by a crowd of touching deductions and recollections."

"Then, pray tell me," said Eda, "what that enquiring thought was, and what ensuing reflections caused that expression of anxious supplication to rest, for a moment, upon your countenance?"

"I would speak of it to you, my dear Eda," said Mr. Wilson, "if I could believe that one so young and buoyant could profit by the lessons while my reflections so impressively teach my own soul."

"Why," replied the daughter, "I am not so very young; I am a woman, a great big woman now;" and, proudly elevating her tall and graceful figure to its uttermost height, continued with a cheerful laugh—

"Look Papa, where will you find a bigger woman than your little pet Eda?"

"Ah! my little pet," said the father, smiling: "it is not the outward form, however perfect and beautiful, that makes the woman. The interior thought must be sanctified, by a baptism albeit in sorrow and tears. This baptism, while it purifies and exalts the soul, also developes and perfects true womanhood, and points to its high and legitimate aims, its graceful attributes and functions, and the pure sublimity of its ultimate destiny.

"There is a mental transition from girlhood to womanhood, which you have not experienced. The girl stands in a beautiful and flowery plain of morning life, impulsive with energy and inquiring speculation. She sees sparkling waters, flowry labyrinths and winding pathways around her; shaded avenues stretch out before her; mossy banks, lit up by warm sun light, rise, and swell, and fade away, across blue waters, in the far and dim distance. She gazes, wrapped in wonder, indefinate sensations and pointless aspirations. At most, as she stands and wonders, she longs to mingle with, and becomes a part of the beauties that surround her, but, in what particular manner, she is indifferent, so that she may only become a conspicuous portion of the beautiful aggregations around her. But, when she has passed from that condition of pointless speculation and wonder that clings to nothing it reaches—that gathers nothing from its ramblings, and in her interior thought, feels herself a woman, her objects in life cease to be conditional and speculative; her purposes become fixed and certain; her aims become definite; she ceases to act from impulse, and commences to act from principle and a high sense of duty. She advances from the flowry plane of sensitive girlhood, and, with earnest thought, and sincere motives, enters upon the performance of her part in the great drama of life. Her part in this great performanc, she readily recognizes. She is no longer in doubt as to her relations with mankind. She passes, as it were, by a second birth, to a knowledge of herself. Then she is a woman. She has ceased to be a girl."

"The difference between a girl and a woman is simply this. The girl knows that she is the creature of a thousand wants and necessities; but, she neither knows what she is, in her own selfhood, nor the nature and character of those wants and necessities. The woman knows herself—she knows she is a woman, and, as a woman, feels the weight of the responsibilities, which this knowledge imposes upon her, and daily increases and multiplies; she gives rational direction to her conduct as her duties multiply, and, as her knowledge enlarges and increases, for, wisdom and duty, like twin sisters of the soul, go hand in hand. Within the sanctuary of her own interior nature, she erects a shrine where she may retire and consult the oracle of her own spirit at a sanctified altar. This change—this transition must spring from within; it must spring from the interior and inherent forces of that spirit to which that sacred altar is erected and dedicated, in the same manner, that the interior energies of the bud unfolds and developes the petals of the perfect flower."

"Very well;" said Eda, "I see plainly enough that I am not yet a woman, for I confess I do not understand what you have been telling me. Life, to me, only appears to be a splendid garden of flowers, and well shorn lawns, prepared on purpose for us women, or, if you will persist in calling me a girl, then, for us big girls to be happy in—a place where we may make merry and play grace hoops and croquett with time and fate. You have told me many things, except the particular thing I begged you to tell, and which I was most anxious to know; your particular question to yourself, and its mysterious answer Come now, tell me."

"Eda, I will," replied Mr. Wilson.

"That's a dear Papa. I am all attention," said Eda, leaning backwards gracefully and easily in her chair.

(To be Continued.)

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The Grand Commandery of Michigan, held its Annual Conclave at Detroit, commencing on the 1st of June last. We shall endeavor to give an outline of its proceedings in our next number.

Michigan Department.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

We herewith present to the Brotherhood in the Peninsular State, a New Masonic Journal which we intend to make the special Organ of Freemasonry in this Grand Jurisdiction. It is with the entire approval of the Grand Master and other leading Masons of the State, that we enter upon this enterprise; indeed it is by earnest solicitation of Brothers, in whose judgment we reposed great confidence, that we commence the enterprise at all. We have the pledge of co-operation on their part, and by a cheerful support and liberal patronage on the part of the brotherhood, we shall soon be placed on a permanent basis.

Our pages will be the medium through which the Grand Master will publish the most important parts of his Official Correspondence, and such of his Decisions as he may think proper to lay before the public. Here too our brethren will have an appropriate place in which to publish, and preserve in good form for binding, their best thoughts on Masonry, and here will be found a pure literature for the families of Masons. In a word, the publishers hope to present the Masons of Michigan just such a Journal as they will delight to patronize.

As our enterprise is in its infancy, the Magazine will show much of the weakness and imperfection of all early existence. Future numbers will put on a better appearance. Brethren, *give us your patronage* and we will endeavor to merit your confidence.

PUBLISHERS.

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TOO LATE.—We regret the late receipt of the Grand Master's Judicial Decisions and Replies to Correspondents. They came too late for this number, but will appear in our next, and will make an important feature in that number.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is our intention to make a thorough canvass of the State in behalf of our Publication; and as we visit the various Lodges, it will be a pleasing task to jot down our thoughts, and report the condition and progress of Masonry in Michigan. The many courtesies we receive at the hands of our true and ever faithful Brotherhood, may thus be acknowledged, as also their aid in procuring subscribers to the Michigan Freemason. And, as we have commenced this enterprise in hope of benefiting the Brotherhood, especially in Michigan, it is pleasing to be assured by them, as we are, in every place visited, that we have their sympathy, and shall have their "material aid."

We have commenced our work, and give the following brief synopsis of the first trip out among the Lodges. Our first call was at Kalamazoo, where there are two Lodges, a Chapter, Council, Commandery, and Consistory of "Scottish Rites" Masonry, each having a large and enterprising membership, and all in a very prosperous condition. They have a splendid new Temple magnificently constructed, and beautifully adorned and finished *en fresco*; with rich and elegant furniture, making, on the whole, one of the finest Masonic edifices in our State. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on those, who, by their energy, perseverance and skill, have accomplished this great work.

At Three Rivers they have a fine Lodge Room well furnished, and a large membership, from whom I received very courteous treatment, and a large subscription.

Bro. Thomas Green, W. M. here, had the sad misfortune, some two years since, to loose his right arm; and I was somewhat surprised, on entering the Lodge, to find a one armed Brother presiding, and about to confer the first degree; but it was not long ere I was both pleased and astonished at his skill in Masonry, and knowledge of the Ritual; in fact, he fills his official position with credit to himself, and honor to the Fraternity, and that too, with but one arm.

Constantine is the home of our esteemed Brother, the Hon. S. C. Coffinbury. And a very beautiful village it is too, with the St. Jo. River runing nearly directly through its centre. The Craft have a large Lodge here, with Bro. D. E. Wilson at the helm, and under whose management it is prospering finely.

At White Pigeon, I met Dr. R. A. Green, W. M., from whom I received many encouragments. His Lodge is working harmoniously, and has a large membership.

Sturgis is a rapidly growing village, with a population, at present, of about three thousand inhabitants. They have a Lodge, Chapter, Council, and Commandery. I am indebted to Bro. W. M. S. Valentine, Bro. A. Dart, and others, for favors shown me while sojourning there.

Burr Oak is a thriving little village, and has a fine Lodge.

Bronson is located on a Prairie, which is rather flat and muddy in certain seasons of the year, yet withal, there is a good Lodge and Chapter there, and many zealous and enterprising Masons.

I stayed at Coldwater several days, and formed many pleasant acquaintances. It is a pleasant little city, numbering some seven thousand inhabitants. The Craft have a fine Masonic Hall, conveniently arranged, and tastfully furnished. They have two M. M. Lodges, (one U. D.,) a Chapter, Council, and Commandery; and if I may be allowed to judge, they are doing "good and true work." Bro. T. S. Dorsey, W. M., and others, will please accept my thanks for the fraternal favors I received at their hands.

Quincy is a small, but pleasant village, six miles east of Coldwater. It can compete with any of its sister villages or cities, in regard to the number of zealous, reading Masons. They manifested a good deal of interest for our new enterprise, and came up squarely to the call for support.

Allen's Prairie has a young Lodge, composed of "good men, and true," who are endeavoring to erect their Masonic edifice agreeable to the designs drawn on our great "moral and Masonic trestle board."

Our Brethren at Jonesville lost by fire, some two years ago, their Lodge room, furniture, and archives, but they set to work undaunted, and have built a new Hall, it being in the third story of a fine brick block, which, taken altogether, is the finest in the place, and will compare favorably with any in the State. Symbolical and Capitular Masonry are here taught in due and ancient form. Brother C. A. Spalding, W. M., is a young man of fine attainments, and is an energetic Mason; and I have no doubt as to the present, as well as the future prosperity of the Lodge, under his able management.

Hillsdale is rightly named, as it is built on the "tops of high hills, and in low vales," which naturally suggests the name it bears. It is one of the most sightly and pleasant little cities in the State, and is justly celebrated for its fine Institutions of learning, and the home of wealth and refinement. Our order here has two Lodges, a Chapter, a Council, and a Commandery; and I was pleased to learn from conversation had with the several prominent Brethren that I met here, that they are all progressing finely, and are in a flourishing condition. Sir J. H. Armstrong, Grand Commander of the State, resides here, and I found him to be a corteous gentleman, and zealous Mason.

I must now close this desultory letter, for I fear it has already encroached on the space in our first number, that should be allotted to more valuable and interesting contributions.

T. R.

TABLE TALK.

BY GATTFRIED.

No. I.

There are nearly twenty thousand Masons in Michigan. There are about ten thousand dollars paid anually, by these few Masons, for Masonic periodicals; and, I might say, with very little benefit to Masonry in this State. We must have a local monthly paper, through which to learn what is transpiring in our own State, at our Masonic Altars. Notwithstanding we pay our money, and read foreign Masonic papers, we get no "tidings from the workmen" on the walls of our own moral edifice. We hear what happens in every little country Lodge in Ohio, New

York, Iowa, and Illinois. This is of very little interest to us. We must have a local periodical, if we wish to know what is going on at home.

Let each one who takes a foreign Masonic paper, subscribe for the Michigan Freemason, and let those who can not afford to pay for two, drop the foreign one at the end of the year, and support our own. Let every one who does not take a foreign one, subscribe for ours, for, while it may not be a Masonic duty to support every Masonic paper that sues for our favor; (and every one knows that there are some that are unworthy of support, and are almost forced upon their subscribers through the argument that it is the duty of a Mason to help the Brother Editor along, by paying an exhorbitant price for a very cheap paper,) yet, it becomes eminently our duty, as Masons, to support Masonry in our own State; and, as a means of doing so, to support a Masonic periodical at home, and, by our support, to make it what it should be, and give it at last a respectable rank with other like papers.

"Ah," said Barney Hagerman, as we sat at tea last evening. "Ah," I understand, we are to have a Masonic monthly periodical in Michigan!"

"Yes," I replied. "But why are *you* interested in a Masonic paper, inasmuch as you are not a Mason?"

"No, I am not a Mason, nor do I ever expect to be, yet I want to read a Masonic paper. I like to keep pace with the movements of the mystic order; and, if it is as ably conducted as was the Ashlar, I do not want to miss a number of it. I have every number of the Ashlar bound, and I do not know why it is, but I fancy that your Masonic literature is marked by a piquancy, on account of its allegorical nature, and a purity on acount of its high morality, that entitles it to a place in every library, and commends it to the consideration of every reader of taste, as lofty and chaste. I shall subscribe for it, and, if among the eighteen or twenty thousand Masons in Michigan, the paper does not secure ten thousand subscribers, I shall say you Masons do not do your duty."

Such was the remark, and such the opinion of Barney Hagerman, and Barney Hagerman is a very sincere man.

I felt rebuked, for I knew several brethren who refused to subscribe for the Michigan Freemason; they said they had to take so *many* Masonic papers, that they could not afford to take another, and I feared that a sustaining list of subscribers could not be obtained among our twenty thousand brethren. But, upon reflection, I came to the conclusion, before I dismissed the subject from my mind, that, among our great number of intelligent members, a home periodical will never lack support in Michigan.

We owe it to ourselves not to bring the order under Barney Hagerman's reprehension, for Barney Hagerman is a very wise man, and a very just man. We must support our own paper, if we are obliged to discontinue some other one, to enable us to do so. Let us do our duty, as marked out and appointed by Barney Hagerman, for Barney Hagerman is a very influential man; and it would be a great pity if our beloved order should fall under the censure of Barney Hagerman, for Barney Hagerman is a *very* good man.

At Mt. Pulaski, Ills., the German Lutheran Minister recently endeavored to carry out the decree of the Synod, and exclude Masons from the Communion. The result was, that the Masonic members rented another place of worship, and opened religious service, where they were soon joined by the larger and more respectable part of the Church, and their society has become strong, while the remnant left at the old parish has become so weakened that they have had to suspend services, and the good old anti-masonic pastor is without an occupation. He delivered his "farewell sermon" to a small audience, Sunday, May 16th. So will it ever be, when Ministers commence active hostilities against our benevolent Order.

We send *The Michigan Freemason* to all the W. M. in this State, hoping for their co-operation in raising clubs. We hope for generous returns within the next month, so that we may know how large an edition to print. Now is the time to aid us.

Michigan Central Railroad.—This popular route, always up to the times in improvements and conveniences, looking to the comfort of the traveling public, has recently adopted Miller's New Coupling and Buffer, which entirely does away with all unpleasant jerking of the cars in starting the train. With Ruttan's Ventilators, Myer's Safety Break, and its 12 wheel coaches, gentlemanly conductors, and rapid time, this favorite route comends itself above all others to those traveling east.—See advertisement on cover.

Exchanges.—We are under lasting obligations to the publishers of the *Masonic Monthly*, *Freemason's Monthly Magazine*, *Trowel*, *Mystic Star*, *Masonic Record*, *New York Dispatch*, *Prairie Farmer*, and some others not now remembered, for the courtesy of sending their journals to us in advance of our time of publication. We will endeavor to reciprocate these favors when opportunity shall offer.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Washington and his Masonic Compeers," By Sidney Hayden, Past Master of Amity Lodge, No. 70, Pennsylvania; Illustrated with a Masonic Portrait of Washington, painted from life, never before published; and numerous other engravings.

New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 432 Broome St., 1869. Price, $2,50, cloth edition. Morocco, full gilt, $5,00.

The Mystic Circle, and American Hand-book of Masonry; Containing a brief history of Freemasonry in Europe and America; Symbolic Chart; The Old Charges; Anderson's Constitutions; Constitutional Rules; Resolutions; Decisions of Grand Lodges and Enlightened Masons on Question liable to arise in subordinate Lodges; A Code of By-Laws for subordinate Lodges; Instructions and Suggestions for Secretaries, &c.

By George H. Gray, Sen. A new edition, Cincinnati, R. W. Carroll & Co., Publishers, pp 546. Price, cloth, $2,00.

CHIPS.

It is said the first Masonic periodical ever published was issued at Liepsic, in 1738. It was entitled "Der Freymaures," The Freemason.

In the Masonic Asylum for the aged and decayed Freemasons, in England, four hundred and eighty-four persons have received relief since 1842, to the amount of $140,000. In the Widow's Home, one hundred and nine were relieved within the same period, at a cost of $55,000. Is *true* religion opposed to such works of charity?

The *Keystone* looks upon REBOLD'S HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY as a dangerous book. It is *infidel* in its character. We understand that it has been largely sold in the west.

There are reported to be 1255 Lodges working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England; 370 R. A. Chapters attached to Lodges; 180 Templar Encampments; 101 Mark Lodges; 29 Rose Croix Chapters, and 14 Red Cross Conclaves.

At the annual Conclave of the Grand Commandery of Knight Templars of Indiana, which met April 7th, 1869, Charters were ordered to be issued to Commanderies at Muncie, Aurora, Kendalville and Vincennes.

The Baptist Church at Clarinda, Iowa, has "renounced all fellowship with Freemasonry and its adherents." Who cares?

The Masonic Hall at Worthington, Ohio, was recently entered by burglars, who took the jewels of the Chapter and Lodge. Brethren are requested to be on the lookout for the rascals who perpetrated the dastardly deed.

Cherokee Lodge No. 66, of Rome, Ga., undertakes the education of all the orphan children of Masons within its jurisdiction. It already has charge of twenty, and will soon have as many more. *That* is MASONIC CHARITY.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. I.—AUGUST, A. L., 5869,—NO. II.

AN ADDRESS.

The following Address was delivered by Hon. Henry M. Look, R. W. Grand Visitor and Lecturer of F. & A. M. of Michigan: K. T.: upon the Festival of St. John the Baptist, June 24, *A. L.*, 5869, *at Holly, Mich.*

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER AND BRETHREN:

It is one of the beautiful legends of our Order, that in ancient times our brethren met in quiet valleys, or upon the mountain tops, and erecting there their altars, performed their mystic rites with only the Creator's handiwork for their furniture, and the luminaries of heaven for their light. In conformity to their traditional example, we to-day assemble, not in some crowded temple of man's building, nor in the city's dusty street, where the sweet breath of nature cannot come, but here in God's green forest, amid columns that no mortal architect could rear, and whose decorations no mortal hand could weave, under a ceiling spanned by the firmament and frescoed with summer clouds, where we may look as it were into the very countenance of the Great Father, and feel upon our brows the fanning of the wings of His messengers.

We are come hither to exchange fraternal greetings, to indulge in happy memories, to bestow homage upon illustrious names, and to testify our devotion to the sublime principles of the most ancient and honorable Order upon earth.

Your presence, your numbers, the language of your lips and the light of your faces, all bespeak the enthusiasm that moves you.

I see here the young Craftsman, wearing the lamb-skin with exultation, and filled with the noble zeal that characterizes early manhood. I see the Mason of middle age, to whom years of labor and earnest study have given a more thoughtful bearing, and upon whose strong shoulders rest the dignities and responsibilities of the craft. And not these alone: I see here also, bowed by time, yet sustained by a blessed hope, some *aged workmen*, who have borne the heat and burden of the day, and who now, amid the halo of life's setting sun, are just ready to receive the promised wages from the hand of the Great Master. Some of them have suffered persecution from the enemies of truth, and have been buffeted, bound and cast into prison for conscience sake; yet have they endured unto the end. Not one has faltered, not one has turned to reprobation, not one has denied the faith! and now, as they go toiling meekly up the ascent that leads to the Southern Gate, each with his work for inspection, their snowy locks are like crowns of glory!

As we pause together to-day, a mighty brotherhood, and look backward through the long vista of ages, the spirit stirs like a harp-string that is touched to the music of some old song. Would that I had the eloquence to paint in words the picture of the past as it glows in the camera of the mind to-day! What shadows rise, what forms appear, what events are re-enacted; aye, how is our whole glorious history rolled back upon the soul of every true Mason!

Then send the memory, winged with imagination, forth upon its errand at this moment, and listen, as every good man ought at times, to the enchanting story that it brings. Behold our brethren, at the distance of hundreds or thousands of years, toiling not merely to erect the temples of the east, or the cathedral piles of Europe, but also laying in eternal strength the foundations of truth upon which is reared that spiritual temple whose God is the Lord of Hosts, and whose light is the revelation from on high. Listen with an attentive ear, and you shall hear the sounding of their gavels in the ancient quarries, the ringing of their trowels along the walls, and the echoing of their voices as they call one to another from the towers of the great temples. Bend still closer, and as they kneel at their devotion, you shall hear upon their lips, not the names of a hundred heathen deities, but the ineffable *name* of Him whose prophets

"To Judah's harp attuned
Burdens which made the pagan mountains shake
And Zion's cedars bow—"

the name of the *One God*—JEHOVAH. From then until this hour there has been in their devotions no other name, upon their altars no other worship. To that sublime conception of the eternal existence and unity of the Godhead, I point this day as the grand central thought around which revolves the vast system of Freemasonry throughout the world. The Masonic fathers, by the exercise of a refined intelligence, read from a volume of grandeur and beauty which the barbarian could not comprehend. Not from the written revelation alone, but from the wide and ever-unfolding revelations of Nature,

> "Whose garments were the clouds;
> Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
> Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
> Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
> Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;"

they drew the lesson of a great First Cause, and embodied its beautiful teachings in that ritual the very words of which we have learned to love. Thus were they moral as well as material builders; and their moral work was greater than their material by just so much as the spiritual is greater than the temporal, mind greater than matter, eternity greater than time.

I have alluded to their devotion to architecture, for they worked in operative as well as in speculative Masonry. Come then, and let us compass the great cities of old, and draw from their works of beauty and perfection such lessons of wisdom as we may.

It has been said that the spirit of an age is embodied in its architecture. In the simple unhewn altar, which appears amidst the faint dawnings of primeval civilization, we trace the early development of human intelligence, and recognize the pervading genius of religion. It bespeaks ingenuity, faith, ambition. The altars of scripture, the Celtic Dolmens, the Cromlechs, and the Tumuli of the western savages, all are symbols of pristine faith. Every people, in every age, has reared its symbolic monuments, revealing its conception of the Infinite, save only the ancient Persians, who worshipped without altar or temple, and whose faith was the purest system of unrevealed religion the world has ever seen. It was by this mute yet striking expression of ideas that the various systems of architecture originated. The temples of Isis and Osiris, by their colossal size, typify vast conceptions; the Parthenon at Athens, over whose faultless magnificence presided Minerva, befitted well the seat of classic art; while the Pantheon at Rome, "shrine of all saints and altar of all gods," symbolized but too broadly the lust and power of the imperial city. By thus tracing the various epochs of human advancement, we discover the progress of architecture from the earliest and rudest structures to the more perfected styles—from the simple mound or cairn of the savage, to the imposing orders of enlightened generations.

But among all ancient monuments we must reckon as the chief, the Temple of Solomon; a true type, in its massive splendor, of a higher and purer belief, and expressive, by the spirit in which it was erected, of that spiritual worship which was afterwards to be so sublimely perfected by the Son of Mary. Travelers inform us that if we go now to Jerusalem, and stand upon Mount Moriah, not a trace of the gorgeous temple which was erected in the reign of our first Most Excellent Grand Master can be seen, except a few massive stones of the wall of the outer court, which now help to form the barrier within which the Mosque of Omar stands. But if we descend beneath the surface of the earth, we enter the very quarries where the stones for the temple were hewn, squared and numbered before they were raised, and find there not only portions of unfinishid work, but even traces of the tools and machinery by which the stones were fashioned and afterwards raised to the surface. If we go to the forests of Lebanon, we find the ways cut in the rocks, down which the timbers were conveyed to the sea. In those rocky pathways the dust and mosses of almost three thousand years have gathered, and strong cedars are now standing; yet there, carved in the face of the mountains, is the clear evidence of the toil of our first brethren. At Jerusalem, at Joppa, at Tyre and in the mountains of Lebanon, we find the foot prints of those who aided in building the house of the Lord.

Slowly the work went forward. Day by day, month by month, year by year the glorious structure advanced; not with the sound of hammers and the clang of machinery, but silently, peacefully,

"Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric grew,"

and at last, after seven years of patient labor, its roofs and pinnacles of beaten gold flashed like a regal crown upon Moriah's brow, and the unclouded sunlight of Palestine fell like the smile of God upon the accomplished work.

Then assembled for its dedication the three Grand Masters, the three thousand three hundred Overseers, the eighty thousand Fellow Crafts, the seventy thousand Entered Apprentices, and all the chosen Priesthood and people of Israel. As the Most Excellent Grand Master appeared, clad in the vestments of his high office, he stretched forth his hands to heaven, and uttered that sublime and touching prayer—"Harken Thou to the supplication of Thy servant, and of Thy people Israel, when they shall pray in this place; and hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place, and when Thou hearest, forgive." What must have been the awful majesty of that hour, when, at the ascending of the last words of the earnest prayer, "the fire came down from heaven and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house!" and all the people, bowing with their faces to the pavement, worshipped and praised the Lord, saying, "For he is good; for His mercy endureth forever."

This was the first grand assemblage of Masons. It would be a pleasing task, did time and occasion permit, to detail, step by step, the unobtrusive yet wonderful career of our ancient Order from the completion of the Temple to the present time. All along the stormy pathway of history we see glimpses of

"That hieroglyphic bright
Which none but Craftsmen ever saw."

To the uninitiated, the Masonic record must of necessity appear almost a blank; but to the mind of the intelligent Mason its lines are laid in light, and its evidences shine forth clear and undimmed as the Shekinah from between the Cherubim. As the scientist reads in the rock the history of the antediluvian world, and as the trained warrior traces upon the trodden herbage the foot-prints of his fellows, so the skillful Mason discerns in sign and in symbol, in tenet and in token, in word and in legend, the landmarks of a venerable antiquity.

Shortly subsequent to the completion of the temple the great body of operative Masons dispersed, and travelling into other countries, continued both the operative and speculative branches of their profession; for it must be remembered that originally a sufficient number of brethren, meeting together anywhere, were empowered to practice all the rites of Masonry, without any charter or warrant of constitution; the central organizations known as Grand Lodges being of much later origin. Always and everywhere the Fraternity constituted a perfectly organized craft or guild, the laws of which were a protecting shield to every member. All history anterior to the invention of printing is necessarily more or less indistinct, yet all through the middle ages we see the Masonic Order exerting a wonderful influence throughout Europe. We see it taking almost sole direction of architecture, and in great part of general science. More than any other influence, it prepared the mind of continental Europe for that astonishing moral and intellectual revival of which the invention of printing was both a result and a mighty agent.

It is to the Masonic Fraternity that the world is indebted for those specimens of architectural grandeur and perfection which were reared throughout Europe from the fifth to the eighteenth centuries, and which are scattered from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and from the Orkneys to the Bosphorus,—beautiful relics of a refined and elevated taste. There are some models of excellence there which I must not pass unnoticed.

The Cathedral of Strasbourg, said to be the most perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in the world, was founded in A. D., 504. Its chief architect was first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge which resulted from the consolidation of the German lodges. Its spire, a faultless model of airy lightness and beauty, rises 466 feet above the pavement; being the loftiest artificial structure on the globe except the Pyramid of Cheops, and 33 feet higher than St. Peter's at Rome. After the lapse of 1360 years it stands almost as perfect as at the day of its completion.

The Cathedral of St. Stephen, at Vienna, another specimen of pure Gothic style, was founded in 1359, and completed in 1480. For centuries its magnificent sculptures and paintings have been the wonder and admiration of the world, and a model to the artists of all nations. Its southern tower, as though striving to touch the very threshold of heaven, lifts its graceful proportions 449 feet into the air.

But it is with the history and the architecture of Great Britain, the honored progenitor of American Freemasonry, and the fountain from whence flows the blood of our race, and the spirit of our free institutions, that we are most familiar. Whatever may have been the errors of her civil administration, or the crimes of her statesmen, I turn towards her to-day with a warm and filial affection, and fervently bless her for that glorious heritage which, as American Freemasons, we have received from her hands. I love to review her history, to think of her great names and her great achievements, and ponder the profound lessons taught by the boldness of her people and the indomitable spirit of her civilization. As an integral part of that history, as inseparably identified with that civilization, stands the mighty and time-honored brotherhood of ancient Free and Accepted Masons. Let us open the volume of her records; let us muse for a moment within her solemn temples, and by her sacred altars.

The Masons of England were for the first time convened in general assembly at York, A. D., 926, by Prince Edwin, the brother of King Ethelstan. The Order kept full pace with the advance of civilization throughout the realm. After the establishment of the Grand Lodge of England, the king, if he were a Mason, was always Grand Master; if otherwise, the Grand Lodge elected its Master. The first grand assembly of Scotland, was at the founding of the famous abbey of Kilwinning, in Cunningham, in 1140, where the sessions of the Grand Lodge of Scotland were afterwards held at irregular intervals, with William St. Clair, earl of Orkney and baron of Roslin, as Grand Master, and in whose heirs was the right of succession. Ireland became a separate Masonic jurisdiction in 1729, when a Grand Lodge was formed at Dublin, with the earl of Kingston as first Grand Master. Previous to this the lodges of Ireland had been under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of England.

The desperate struggle between Henry Tudor, then the Earl of Richmond, and King Richard the Third, terminated in the death of the latter in the battle of Bosworth, and the victor was proclaimed king of England in 1485, under the title of Henry the Seventh. During his entire reign King Henry was Grand Master of Masons, and was a most zealous patron of the order. I allude to his reign more especially on account of his ardent devotion to operative Masonry. If you stand in the nave of the renowned Abbey of Westminister, in London, and look toward its eastern end, you behold one of the most exquisite pieces of architectural beauty ever designed by man. It is the celebrated Chapel of King Henry the Seventh, named for the sovereign by whose tasteful enterprise it was erected, and regarded by the distinguished Leland as constituting the eighth wonder of the world. On the 24th of June, 1502, three hundred and sixty-seven years ago this day, the Grand Lodge of England was convened, and forming in procession, marched under charge of the king in person, to the appointed place, and laid with apropriate ceremony the corner stone of the edifice that was to carry down the name of its founder to future generations. The King himself officiated as Grand Master, assisted by the Masonic nobility of England. Five years afterwards the cape-stone was celebrated in ample form by the same royal artist. Language would fail me were I to attempt a description of this gem of classic art, the perfections of which have been so elegantly sketched by Irving. Within the precincts of this chapel rest the remains of the sovereigns of England from Henry the Seventh to George the Third. Here, too, repose the ashes of the great Elizabeth, close by the dust of her beauteous victim, the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The entire abbey is the work of our brethren. The first edifice was founded in 1055, under the reign of Edward the Confessor, and its various extensions were not completed until nearly five hundred years after. Within its walls are the tombs of the mightiest of England's dead, and around it doubtless gathers more of interest and of veneration than around any other spot upon earth, except the holy city of Jerusalem.

But a name, an edifice and an epoch are crowding forward for mention, which I could not pass unnoticed if I would. The name is that of Sir Christopher Wren, the most distinguished workman since Hiram, king of Tyre; the edifice is St. Paul's Cathedral, London, of which Wren was the architect; the epoch is the cessation of operative Ereemasonry, which occurred about the time of the completion of that edifice. Sir Christopher Wren was born in 1632, entered Windham College in 1646, was knighted in 1674, and elected Grand Master of the order of Free and Accepted Masons in 1685. In 1675, by special command of King Charles the Second, he began the new Cathedral of St. Paul. For thirty-five years the work went forward under his immediate supervision, and when finally, in 1710, the last stone was laid upon the summit by the hand of his son Christopher, the Craft joined in such a scene of jubilee as merry England had not seen since the celebration of the cape-stone of the Chapel of King Henry the Seventh. More than fifty other important structures, some of them the most famous in the realm, were designed and completed by this eminent artist. At last, with the honors of ninety years upon his brow, with a soul unstained and a name unsullied, he laid down the burden of mortality. Then came together from the uttermost parts of the kingdom the Fraternity over whose councils and whose labors he had for over thirty years presided, and tearfully, lovingly laid him down to his final rest; not in Westminister, among kings, statesmen, orators and poets,—the honorable of the earth,—but under the arches of the grand Cathedral of St. Paul, the work of his genius and the monument of his fame, where the mighty dome should bend loftily over him, and the mellowed light fall dimly about him; where the rudest sounds heard should be the murmuring of the lips of God's people in prayer, or the swell of the organ pealing hosannas to the Highest. Then, when the ritual for the dead was finished, and the vault closed forever, they traced above his ashes the inscription so fitting and so elegant, "*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*" Thus indissolubly linked with the history and the architecture of England, is the happy memory of him whose beautiful works will be cherished and admired as long as a trace of their existence shall remain.

Freemasonry was originally a combination of operative and speculative principles, which united the Fraternity in a scientific, moral and mechanical community; but early in the eighteenth century the mechanical or operative branch of the profession began rapidly to decline, and soon ceased entirely; and while the ritualistic and symbolic system of the order was preserved intact, and its ethical rules most strictly maintained, the institution no longer required its initiates to be either practical workmen, or students of architecture and mathematics. There were several reasons for this decline of the operative art. By one of those strange revolutions which occasionally occur in human sentiment, the church-building age had closed. The energy, enterprise and taste of mankind had suddenly broken loose from the old *regime*, and entered into new fields, and flowed into new channels. As long as the erection of costly religious edifices had been considered a pious and soul-saving service by the devotees of the Papacy, the Holy See, then the paramount spiritual and temporal power in Europe had fostered and protected Freemasonry; not, as events proved, from any magnanimous love of the Order, but for the venal purpose of self-aggrandizement. As the Roman Pontiff saw knowledge increasing, and the alms-giving and church-building mania ceasing, he sought to acquire a new support for his declining power by Catholicizing Freemasonry. When he could no longer use operative Masonry for the advancement of his temporal reign, he resolved to make speculative Masonry a mighty moral engine for the perpetuation of his spiritual empire. To this end he demanded that Masons should make fealty to Rome a test of initiation. They refused. He demanded of them their secrets, under pretense that their rites were of heretical tendency. Again they refused, and glorious and immortal heroes that they were, they told him to his face that the blood of every Freemason should be shed upon the plains of Europe before a solitary landmark of the order should be broken down! He issued the bulls of his vengeance. But the men whose fathers had for twenty-seven hundred years feared no name but the name of the Eternal, trembled not before the thunders of the Vatican. With a sublime heroism which truth alone could inspire, they suffered one of the most unprovoked and cruel persecutions that religious tyranny ever inflicted. They were burned at the stake, they were broken upon the rack, they were buried alive, they were sawn asunder; but from amidst the horrors of death there was not heard one whisper of recantation. Like the one of old, they surrendered their lives rather than betray their trust; and their memory, like his, shall remain fresh in our hearts forever.

Thus, partly from peaceful and natural, and partly from violent and vindictive causes, *operative* Masonry perished; but from the blood and ashes of persecution *speculative* Masonry arose, purified as by fire, to maintain her ancient faith with undaunted purpose, and to pursue her holy mission with invincible power. From that day, her progress has been as rapid and decisive, as it has been peaceful and beneficent.

In 1729 the Grand Lodge of England granted a charter for the formation of a lodge at Trenton, New Jersey. This was the first Masonic lodge formed in America, and was the one in which the great and good Benjamin Franklin was made a Mason. The next provincial charter was granted April 30th, 1733, by the Earl of Montague, then Grand Master of England, for the formation of a lodge at Boston, Massachusetts, with Henry Price as Provincial Grand Master. In 1737 the Earl of Darnley, Grand Master of England, granted a charter to Richard Riggs and his associates for a lodge at New York. The first lodge of Pennsylvania was chartered by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts June 24th, 1734, with Benjamin Franklin as its first master. On the 3d of March, 1772, a commission was issued by the Earl of Dumfries, of Scotland, appointing Joseph Warren, of Massachusetts, Grand Master of Masons for the Continent of America. This distinguished citizen and noble hearted Mason, afterwards a General in the Revolutionary army, fell at the Battle of Bunker Hill, while bravely fighting for the liberties of his country. At a convention of lodges held at Williamsburg, June 23d, 1777, General George Washington was nominated as the first Grand Master for Virginia. At a later period, Edmund Randolph, Alexander Montgomery, and the great John Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice of the Supreme

Court of the United States, were Grand Masters of Virginia. I make these disconnected references merely to show the origin of the leading provincial lodges in America, together with a few, though only a few, of the very eminent leaders of the Order during its early history in this country.

In a similar brief and hurried manner, I shall allude to the rise of the order in Michigan, for your patience would not warrant me in undertaking details in so wide a field. The first lodge established in Michigan was Zion Lodge No. 1, of Detroit. It received its charter from the Provincial Grand Lodge of Upper Canada, in 1794; since which time, with the exception of some years during anti-Masonic times, it has been in active and harmonious operation. A few years later Detroit, Oakland and Menominee lodges were organized. The Grand Lodge of Michigan was originally organized at Detroit June 28th, 1826, by Brothers Henry J. Hunt, John T. Whiting, Austin E. Wing, Levi Cook, John Garrison, Charles Jackson, Andrew G. Whitney, Marshall Chapin, Orville Cook, and John Anderson. This Grand Lodge was incorporated by the Territorial Legislature in April, 1827. The name of General Lewis Cass, a name identified not only with the early history of Michigan, but with the annals of his entire country, was at the head of the list of incorporators. Previous to his emigration to Michigan, General Cass assisted in the formation of the first Grand Lodge of Ohio, at Chillicothe, January 8th, 1804, and was the first Deputy Grand Master of Ohio. This act of incorporation was passed at a time when Masonry had more open enemies here than at any other period. The anti-Masonic excitement, amply fed by unprincipled demagogues, had been fanned into a flame in New York and New England, and for a number of years not only the Grand Lodge of Michigan, but all subordinate lodges within its jurisdiction, with one exception, ceased active operations. Stony Creek Lodge, in Oakland county, was the only lodge in Michigan that continued its work during the Grand Lodge interregnum. But with the sober second thought, reason returned to the people, and Masonry revived throughout the country. The reorganization of the Grand Lodge followed a preliminary meeting held at Mt. Clemens, Michigan, in the Winter of 1840. It was considered by many that a *non-user* of so many years had worked a forfeiture of the civil powers of the Grand Lodge, and accordingly a new act of incorporation was passed by the Legislature in 1841, from which law our present Grand Lodge derives its corporate existence. The present number of lodges in the State is 257; the aggregate membership is about 20,000; and the annual revenues of the Grand Lodge are over nineteen thousand dollars, and rapidly increasing.

But let me turn from historic facts to cardinal principles. It is said by the religious enthusiast that Masonry is not Religion. True, she is not, nor does she claim to be. She has never sought to usurp the seat of divinity, nor to undermine the foundations of the visible church. She has walked meekly and purely in the pathway of light. While as an organization she has always patiently submitted to legal authority, she has paid due reverence to the holy ministrations of revealed religion. But while Masonry is not a religious order, it is a social, moral and intellectual order, with the revealed word of God for its foundation and guide. Masonry publishes no sectarian creed, and inquires of no man his political or sectarian opinions. She adheres to fundamental truths, and leaves minor details to the mind and conscience of each individual. While she banishes atheism and infidelity from her temples, she closes her portals against blind and foolish fanaticism. Men of every sectarian creed worship together at her altars, all holding to the supreme belief that there is a God,—that that God is love; that He is *one*, infinite, unchangeable and eternal; and that "pure religion before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." Masonry is not Christianity, for Masonry was old before Christianity had a being; but she has ever been the handmaid of all pure religion. She has been everywhere the pioneer of civilization, refinement and art. By her matchless works she taught mankind symmetry and order; by the example of her moral perfections she inculcated purity and love. Like John the Baptist—whose sacred memory we this day celebrate,—she has gone before Christianity into the wilderness of vice, ignorance and atheism, and prepared the great highways over which might advance the glorious chariot of Immanuel. In the calm and sublime dignity of truth she has appealed to humanity, and she has not appealed in vain. When she was reviled, she reviled not again; when she was smitten upon one cheek, she turned the other. The arguments and railings of the outer world she has not answered, and *she will not.* Like the veiled prophetess, she opens not her mouth, but mutely points to the peaceful argument of a spotless history.

Masonry is not a mere ritual, not a mere ceremony, not a mere brotherhood even, but an exalted system of truth, manifesting itself in charity and brotherly love. The man who imagines that a mere membership in the order, or a repetition of its ritual, constitutes him a Mason, has no proper conception of the spirit of Masonry. If he be an habitual blasphemer of the Deity, if he be a scoffer of things pure and holy, if he be a breaker of the moral law, if he be a defrauder or an inebriate, if he be a disturber of peace in his family, he is no true Mason. If his brother be sick or in distress and he do not relieve him, or be in danger and he do not rescue him, or be slandered and traduced and he do not vindicate him, or if the widow or orphan of his brother be destitute and he do not succor them to the extent of his ability or their necessity, he is no true Mason. And just here rises the carping spirit of envy, and says with a sneer, "How many of you will bear to be tried by that lofty standard?" I answer by saying, let the church that will furnish one member in ten who can endure the test of his own creed, make the first railing accusation; let the pious bigot who feeds more widows, clothes more orphans, and comforts more sufferers in sickness than does Freemasonry, cast the first stone. Until men shall become something more than human, there will be unworthy members in every organization. Yet,

> "Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
> Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
> Yet grace must still look so;"

and the beneficent spirit of Freemasonry will remain pure and uncontaminated, however widely some of her false disciples may wander, or however grossly the vicious may pervert her laws to unholy purposes.

I see before me many of those who have passed with me the holy Royal Arch, traversed the Cryptic vaults, and been finally dubbed and created Knights of the Red Cross, Knights Templar, and Knights of Malta, and words come crowding thick and fast which I would fain address personally to them. But, Companions and Sir Knights, if I have touched well the foundations of the temple, the superstructure is safe. If I have said any fitting word to-day for Ancient Craft Masonry, I have said it for you, for she is the common *Alma Mater* of us all. She has appointed you, Sir Knights, to be the *guard of honor to Christianity*, and to-day, in the great Masonic phalanx, the Ark of the Covenant and the Cross of Christ stand in resplendent juxtaposition. May the valiant and magnanimous order of Knights

Templar, whose swords were first drawn in defense of Christianity and the Holy Sepulchre, and who still bear aloft the talismanic motto, "*In hoc signo vinces*," remain as faithful to their vows as was our Grand Master DeMolay, when, with his illustrious compeers, he laid down his life to preserve the untarnished honor of a Knight!

Let us part with those congratulations which this occasion evokes —an occasion the significance of which has been so truthfully and so eloquently set forth by our Most Worshipful Grand Master. Though there has been darkness in the past, there is light in the present; though there was sorrow then, there is joy to-day. Though thousands have suffered martyrdom, Freemasonry still survives. Nations and principalities have assailed her, and popular fury has raged against her, yet to-day she stands forth in the vigor and beauty of immortal youth. Behold her, as she comes forth from the shadowy mists of the ancient world, clad in robes of spotless purity, her countenance beaming with supernal brightness, in her right hand the Holy Scriptures, in her left the implements of a beautiful art, and upon her brow the unutterable name of the Everlasting! Onward she comes, down the ages! The clouds of error and darkness are about her, the thunderbolts of the heathen gods are launched against her, the sword of the infidel is thrust at her bosom, the lightnings of malice and persecution play about her; still onward, onward she comes! moving in the unconquerable strength and majesty of truth, until now, after the lapse of almost three thousand years, undaunted and unscathed, with foes all under her feet, she sits a queen in the moral world, and a mistress in the hearts of men! Then let us twine for her a new wreath, and inscribe for her a new song; and call the wreath *Victory*, and the song *Peace*.

Brethren, let us cherish within our hearts the solemn and important lessons of this hour. Let us consign to oblivion the animosities of the past, if any there be. May our sympathies be as broad as humanity, and our charity as universal as human weakness. With mercy for the falling, and forgiveness for the erring, let us look to the light from on high for guidance, and to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah for deliverance.

THE RITES.

The American rite consists of nine degrees, arranged as follows: 1. Entered Apprentice; 2. Fellow Craft; 3. Master Mason; 4. Mark Master; 5. Past Master; 6. Most Excellent Master; 7. Holy Royal Arch; 8. Royal Master; 9. Select Master. Of these, 1, 2 and 3 are conferred in Symbolic Lodges, and are under the jurisdiction of Grand Chapters; 8 and 9 are conferred in Councils, and are under the jurisdiction of Grand Councils.

To these divisions have been assigned technical names, which are very generally recognized by Masonic writers of the present day. Thus the Masonry embraced in the first three degrees is called "Ancient Craft Masonry;" and that of the eighth and ninth degrees has received the title of "Cryptic Masonry."

Of the first, second and third degrees, but little need be said, as they are substantially the same as those practiced in Europe. Notwithstanding the pretensions made not long ago in reference to what has been, I think, very unmeaningly called the "Webb-Preston Lectures," the lectures given in the lodges of the United States are neither those instituted by Preston in England, nor those of Henning, which, in 1813, took the place of Preston's system. They differ still more materially from those adopted in France and other parts of the Continent of Europe. But still, the European and American systems of Ancient Craft Masonry do not substantially differ. The myths, legendary history, symbolism, and modes of recognition, are the same in effect, and hence a Master Mason will always find himself at home in any part of the world. In the last mentioned point there are, it is true, some discrepancies to be found in the lodges on the Continent, but these discrepancies are easily explained, and are not of a very radical character.

But the Capitular Masonry of this country is peculiar to the American rite, and constitutes, indeed, its specific character.

The Mark degree, which is the fourth in the Rite and the first in the series of the Capitular degrees, was originally an honorary or detached degree of the Ancient and Accepted rite. Before the beginning of this century, charters were granted for the institution of Mark Master lodges by Councils of Princes of Jerusalem. Such a charter is in my possession, and a copy of it was published a few years ago. The ritual of this degree, as formerly conferred under the auspices of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, differs in many respects from that of the more modern degree of the American Rite, but still they bear so much resemblance as to show that the former furnished the foundation on which the latter has been built. A Mark degree is practiced in Scotland and permitted in England, but it constitutes no part of the pure Ancient York Rite. The degree which was introduced into this country in the eighteenth century, by the inspector of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, was, early in the nineteenth century, modified and incorporated as a regular degree into the American Rite, which was then in the process of formation. This modification and incorporation I attribute to Webb. At least I am unable to trace the parentage to any other person, and he was at that time the only system-maker of any known reputation that we had in America. The song of the degree now universally used in this country, is acknowledged to have been composed by him, and, indeed, he publicly claimed the authorship in the first edition of his Monitor.

The Past Master's degree, the fifth of the American Rite, is, in reality, only the insignia of an official rank, and is so considered in Europe. Masonic authorities of the greatest reputation in America have denied that it can properly be called a degree, for it is, in fact, without a ritual, without a history, without a symbolism. Webb, however, called it a degree, made it the fifth in his new system, and recommended that it should be "carefully studied;" hence, notwithstanding the opposition of high authority, and the little esteem in which it is held by Masonic scholars, it is recognized as a component part of the American Rite.

The origin of the Most Excellent Master's degree is difficult to be traced. It is most probably the invention of Webb, the idea being borrowed frem some European degree. The anthem, which is the best part of the degree, was written by Webb, and it is very creditable to his poetical reputation.

The Royal and Select degrees are admitted to have been originally "detached degrees" of the Ancient and Accepted Rite. The fact that they were conferred as such by the inspectors of that Rite, is historical; the original rituals are still in existence. But we are not indebted to Webb for the introduction of these two degrees into the American Rite. He knew nothing about, or at least took no notice of them, and they are not included in the degrees given in any edition of his Monitor which was published during his life. It was Cross and his contemporaries, who were agents of the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, who introduced them extensively to public notice, and organized Councils and Grand Councils of those degrees.

Cole, who wrote in 1816, and, therefore, much nearer to the time when these supplementary degrees were introduced, says; "There are (I am bold to assert) but four degrees in Ancient Craft Masonry." And, after naming them as those which constitute the pure York Rite, he adds: "The following orders, which have, *within a few years past*, been manufactured into degrees, are merely elucidatory of the second, third, and fourth degrees." And then he gives the list of the five degrees which have already been described; namely, the Past, Mark, Most Excellent, Royal, and Select Masters, to which he adds the Ark Master, or Noachite, which has since been abandoned.

The testimony of Cole, the contemporary of Webb and of those who were engaged in what he calls the "manufacturing" of these degrees, is sufficient to satisfy us of the time when they were introduced—that is to say, a few years before he wrote, or about the beginning of the present century.

The American Rite thus organized is, however, notwithstanding its recent origin, a very beautiful and well-connected Masonic system.

Leaving out the Past Master's order, which has no historical connection with the system, and which is only an enlargement of a very simple ceremony in the Ancient York Rite, where it has never been considered a degree, we have, from the Entered Apprentice to the Select Master, the gradual but regular developement of a science, whose symbolism is the Word, and whose real object is the search after *Divine Truth*. Prepared to seek it in the first degree, the search for it commences; it is lost in the third; found in the seventh; and then the key to the loss and the recovery is made known in the ninth, and this constitutes what in that degree is called the "circle of Masonic perfection."

There is, indeed, no system of Freemasonry now practiced which is so complete, and yet with so little superfluity, as the American Rite. It needs, indeed, some pruning; but if it is properly studied and thoroughly understood, it will come up as well as any other Rite to the well-known definition of Masonry, as a "science of morality, vailed in allegory and illustrated by symbols."—*Masonic Trowel.*

ANTI-MASONIC CONVENTION.

A convention was held at Farwell Hall, Chicago, on June 9th, 10th and 11th, made up of forty or fifty delegates from some half dozen States, assuming the name of "*National Association of Christians Opposed to Secret Societies.*" This was the third annual meeting of the august body, and a great deal of pains had been taken to make the gathering a large one—one that should be worthy the title the convention had assumed, and that should tell in its influence against secret orders of every name and character; but the result did not at all equal the effort. A few delegates, and less than a couple of hundred of citizens of Chicago, mostly Masons, Odd Fellows and women, made up the assembly, and was a meagre show indeed in so large a hall. But the delegates seem to have made up in zeal what they lacked in numbers, and *resolved*, and *argued*, and *prayed*,during three days, for the downfall of all secret orders. Masonry came in for the most liberal share of abuse, because, perhaps, of its age, numbers and influence.

The speeches and prayers were of a strange character. They all represented these institutions as "dark orders," made up of bad men, whose designs were evil only, and that continually. Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, said, "Secret societies are all of one fraternity, doing something that they desire to cover up." How did he know so much about *all* these societies? In the same breath he told the audience that "*he had kept aloof from secret organizations.*" But the half crazed fanatics could not see the absurdities of such declamation, and cheered sentiments the most absurd, and arguments the most contradictory.

A Rev. Mr. Kephart, of Ohio, read a long discourse to show that "Masonry is detrimental to the *mental* and *moral* attributes of humanity; that it tends to destroy the ends of justice, and invites its followers to practice crimes, holding out to them a pardon in the event of their being detected!" The reporter adds, "His words were listened to with earnest attention!"

To a member of the Craft this *is* astonishing. Masonry detrimental to the *mental* attributes of humanity! This Reverand gentleman would do well to procure a Masonic Monitor and read the sections of the Fellow Craft degree, which every Craftsman knows is founded on science. Does a study of the liberal arts and sciences prove detrimental to the mental faculties? Is the study of grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy, detrimental to the mental attributes? What does a minister of the gospel mean by such declarations? And when we consider the mental dicipline given to the Mason in the learning of the esotoric part of the work, the above declaration seems more absurd and false.

And the *moral* attributes also came in for a share of consideration. Masonry is detrimental to the moral attributes of man's nature! Masonry, which teaches the being of a God, and that we should put our trust in Him; which commands the practice of brotherly love, relief, truth and temperance; which exhorts its members to be prudent, just and charitable, and to meet the perils and dangers of life with fortitude; which charges the brother at his initiation to revere the name of God, and implore His aid in all laudable undertakings, and esteem Him as the *chief good;* to act toward his neighbor upon the square, and do unto him as he would wish that neighbor to do to him in turn; to avoid all irregularities and intemperance; and keep the faculties free from everything calculated to debase: in the State to be a quiet and peaceful subject, true to the government, and just to the country, submitting to its legal authority;—all this and much more of the same sort is calculated to debase man's *moral attributes!* A minister of the gospel says it, in a convention of "*Christians*," and is "listened to with earnest attention," and his harrangue is dubbed a "*logical discourse!*" And worse than all this, a minister of the gospel charges that, "Masonry tends to destroy the ends of justice, and invites its followers to practice crimes!" Who believes it? An institution embracing a membership of over half a million of our fellow citizens, among whom may be found a large percentage of the ministers of the gospel of all the Christian denominations, also many of our statesmen, among whom we may write the names of George Washington, Joseph Warren, Maquis de Lafayette, Benjamin Franklin, and a host of others, all revered as good men and true—who believes that an institution made up of such material, tends to destroy the ends of justice and invites its followers to practice crimes? None but ignorant people can be misled by such senseless declamation, and we regret that such blind ones should be led by blind guides, and inevitably stumbling into the ditch.

For reckless misrepresentation and wilful perversion it is a rare thing that the public is called upon to witness the like of what transat Farwell Hall during the session of this self-styled *Christian* Association; and it is not to be regretted that the good citizens of Chicago pray to be delivered from any thing like it in the future. But it is to be sincerely regretted that those professing to be "teachers of good things" should place themselves in so unenviable an attitude before the public.

Masonry has nothing to fear from the opposion of such men. I would as soon apprehend injury to navigation because some crazy old woman had undertaken to bail out the waters of the Mississippi with a teaspoon, as to suppose that these crazy fanatics would succeed in their mission against the Masonic and kindred institutions.

Far better would it accord with the profession of these ministers to imitate Masons and Odd Fellows in their deeds of charity and works of relief. Let them give more attention to the needy and suffering of the race, make more visits to the bedsides of the sick, and work more for the reformation of the erring, and they will have less time to spend in denouncing orders long revered by the good of the race, on account of their being the handmaids of religion, and aids to all genuine reform.

GROWTH OF MASONRY IN MICHIGAN.

We have before us two copies of the *Transactions of the Grand Lodge* of this jurisdiction, one for the Annual Commuication held in Detroit, Jan. 11th, 1860, and the other for the last sesession held Jan. 13th, 1869. We propose a comparison of these documents; for they possess more than ordinary interest. Dr. J. Adams Allen was M. W. Grand Master in 1859, and his Report to the Grand Lodge at the session of Jan., 1860, is a very able one, and shows that the Grand Master had rare gifts and qualifications for the important office. It is written in a terse, vigorous style, and yet is so pleasing and attractive that it almost fascinates the reader. It presents the various subjects with perspicuity, and only errs in the prolixity of the judicial department. The answers to questions run through more than thirteen pages. Many of these questions were so simple, that they hardly deserved answers, much less to occupy the time and attention of a Grand Lodge in their consideration. As a whole, however, the Report is one of great ability, and will compare favorably with those of Grand Masters generally, even with the very able one made by Bro. Coffinbury at the last session. But we wish to compare these Proceedings in a way to show the strength and growth of Masonry in this State.

In 1860, there were reported 109 chartered lodges, and 13 working under dispensation, making 122 all told. In 1869, there were reported of chartered lodges, 248; and five working under dispensation; giving 253 in all, which is more that doubling the number of subordinates in nine years. In 1859 there were initiated 955; in 1868 there were 2,337 initiated; which is considerably over double the former number. To show that proper caution has been observed in the choice of material out of which to make members, we need only compare the reports on rejected applicants. In 1859 there were rejected, 281; in 1868 the number rejected was 1,670; which is more than five to one for the former term. In 1860 the whole number of members reported at the Annual Communication was 5,816; the whole number reported Jan. 1869 was 18,016. It is estimated by those best qualified to judge, that we have a constituency at the present time of upwards of 20,000, which is a gain of three hundred per cent. in nine years.

These figures are truly gratifying to the lovers of our institution, and quite as alarming to our adversaries of the Finney school. They teach us that we need only *be true* to our obligations, to ensure our triumphant success, and *that* should be the endeavor of every Mason. United we shall stand, as have our worthy ancestors, even when our foes were more numerous and warlike than they are to-day, and when our members were comparatively few.

But the best institution in the world will accomplish little good unless its principles are *lived;* and we should remember that our strength is not to be estimated by numbers, unless the members are good and true. When otherwise, numbers may be an element of weakness rather than strength. May our army of twenty thousand strong be found ever true to God and the right.

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THE Grand Lodge of Vermont has followed the lead of the Grand Lodge of New York, by declaring non-intercourse with the Grand Orient of France, on account of her meddling with the Grand Lodge of Louisiana.

THE REWARD.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Who, looking backward from his manhood prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time?
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of passion's evil force?
Who shuns thy sting, O terrible remorse?
Who does not cast
On the thronged pages of his memory's book,
At times, a sad and half-reluctant look,
Regretful of the Past?

Alas!—the evil we would shun,
We do, and leave the wished for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all
Are we alway.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with tears
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-men?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and, in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent,

He hath not lived in vain, and while he gives
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart,
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his work he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

◆

SIGMA, in the *Freemason*, (London,) asks if the Druids of ancient times were similiarly organized as at the present, and adds, "There is a Druid's 'Lodge of Love and Liberality,' No. 589, Redrath, on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England. Why is it so named?"

TRUE WEALTH.—A TALE.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

CHAPTER II.

"The mind is the subject of a phenomenon which the most learned and profound philosophers have not attempted to explain, and which no human comprehension can embrace or fathom. It is this: A thought may pass through the mind, an incident may transpire, a recollection may be awakened, and, with the rapidity of lightening, a chain of connected reminicences—a panorama of memories—a series of ratiocinations upon subtile propositions and theories, with their deductions and conclusions, rush through it. A moment is sufficient to inaugurate and complete this wonderful mental operation, although it may require hours, nay, even days, to recount, separate, individualise and review the recollections by the ordinary intellectual process which thus, in a moment, flit before the understanding.

"You suddenly reminded me that fifty years of my life had passed, and with the shock of the recollection, or rather recognition of this fact, I spoke to myself, and asked the question thus: 'Fifty years old, and what have I done?' A complete review of my life followed like lightening through my mind, and I answered to myself, 'nothing.' Now, Eda, if the question and answer, and all that passed in review between the question and the answer, made me thoughtful as I recognized the solemnity of my position, it did not make me melancholy."

"But," said Eda, "did you answer yourself truly? Have you not amassed an immense fortune?"

"Aye;" replied Mr. Wilson, "so did the pirate, Captain Kidd; he did one way the same thing that I did another; yet, neither did anything. Kidd's treasures lie buried away from the world; mine lie locked up from the world. Mankind is none the better of the struggles of either, or the accumulations of either; therefore, the labor exhausted in their acquirement is wasted and lost—wasted in heaping up lucre that is worthless, and can do no good to any one; and we, who have thus wasted our days, have proved ourselves triflers. We have made time a mockery, and have challenged destiny. The same effort of care, toil and sleepless nights—the same days of wearing and consuming anxieties without interval—had they been properly directed for human good, might have been rewarded with their proper recompense of human happiness. I have made myself a slave, and no one is benefitted by my servitude. The day laborer has labored his allotted hours, eaten, rested and slept sweetly, to rise refreshed, and to labor, eat and sleep again. I have done no more, nay, not so much; I have labored and eaten only. He who devotes the struggle of life for degrading gold, like a slave that labors, or the ox that treadeth out the corn, may eat, but he may not, like the ox, rest, or the slave, sleep. No, he never sleeps. It is not sleep to lay a weary head, a throbbing brow, upon an unwelcome pillow at nightfall, to court new anxieties in troubled dreams and fitful flashes of feverish slumber which, when weighed in the balance, is but a resume of waking cares and anxieties intensified."

"Oh! but my dear papa," interrupted Eda, "you have so much wealth that you can do great good with it."

"Daughter," replied the father, "could I do so, it would not return my wasted hours, lost days and sleepless nights. They are gone. Besides, no one can do good with money; it is not a lover of good—it cannot embrace the elements of good—its inherent forces and energies are evil. It is only the high purpose, the brave soul, the strong will and the stout, untiring arm that can do good."

"How perverse you are, my dear papa!" said Eda, "when you know you can make so many men rich with your great treasures of money."

"No," replied Mr. Wilson, "not even that, either. Money acquired by gift or gratuity is valueless—it is not money. It is not money when it does not truly represent the holder's own labor. Money must be acquired by industry, by *labor*, to possess an intrinsic value. Besides, when one thousand dollars, or any other given sum, is sufficient to supply all our rational wants, all we may have over and above that sum is mere trash—no better than dust under our feet. He who has labored to acquire it, has simply wasted his time, and has played the fool with himself."

"Then let him give it away," said Eda.

"That," said Mr. Wilson, "will not, in the end, benefit the recipient of the gift, for it will not represent his labor—his industry, and can be of no value to him, inasmuch as it costs him nothing. A thing is only valuable in so far as its acquirement costs care or pains."

"You are such a queer papa! I cannot understand you," said Eda, laughing and patting his cheek affectionately.

"I will illustrate," continued Mr. Wilson. "Do you remember, two years ago I went to the little village of L———, to spend a month with my old friend, Henry Warren?"

"Yes, indeed I do," answered Eda; "and I remember, too, how anxious I was to enjoy that country visit with you, and you, like a naughty papa, as you were, would not let me go with you. I also remember that I could never draw from you one word in relation to your visit. Who is Mr. Warren? How is he connected with you, or what relation does he bear to you? What is his profession or pursuit? I suppose he is some great, rich man; for none other could keep my rich papa two months away from his pet Eda, and his pet bank, between which he divides his time and care pretty evenly. I presume Mr. Warren is a very rich man."

"Yes, Eda," replied Mr. Wilson, he is rich, very rich. In fact, Mr. Warren is the only rich man I ever knew; compared with him I am a mere beggar."

"You surprise me," said Eda; "pray explain how he became so very rich."

"I will tell you all about Mr. Warren, Eda," said the father, "and all about my visit of two months with him in my native village. I was on the point of doing so, as an illustration of my theory of true wealth, and to show you how much he had done while I had done nothing.

"Henry Warren and I were born on the same day, in the same little town. Our parents were neighbors. Henry and I were children, playfellows and schoolfellows, together We grew up to manhood together. We were like brothers, although we differed in many respects.

"When I went into my father's little country store, on the west side of the street, as clerk, Henry went into his father's blacksmith shop on the east side, just opposite to the store, as his apprentice. Years passed. The sound of Henry's hammer began with the rising sun, and ceased with the setting. His clear, loud whistle commenced with the strokes of his hammer in the morning, and died away with it in the evening. I have set for hours before the store, on a dry goods box, listening to Henry's cheerful whistle, listlessly, thoughtlessly following the changes and modulations of 'Roslyn Castle,' or 'Jefferson and liberty,' and many other simple old melodies which, at that time, were regarded as the gems of popular music. Henry whistled magnificently, and—"

"Why, papa," said Eda, bursting into a peal of clear, ringing laughter. "Pardon me, but it is so funny to hear you talk about your friend's whistling *magnificently*. It is the first time I ever heard of there being anything but noise in whistling. I always supposed that whistling was just—was just, *whistling*."

"Oh, my child," continued the father, "the soul, the energy, the cheerful self-approval and self-pride of honest industry, the spirit of high hope, the blessing of useful and fruitful labor which rung and reveberated in Henry's cheerful whistle, gave to it a high character and a peculiar charm. It was the blessed voice of happy industry.

"While Henry whistled, I listened. He was busy; I was idle. He created the cheering sounds of industry; I sat indolently, and drank in the varying tones of whistle, anvil and hammer. He was sedulously preparing to labor for mankind; I sat idle, and at most, prepared only to labor for myself.

"At last I came to this city, where, through incessant drudgery and fruitless slavery, I have heaped up gold which is of no use to any one. Mankind is none the better for all I have done. After an absence of twenty-five years I returned to my native town to visit old friends. I promised myself great pleasure in my reunion with Henry Warren. I had heard nothing of him for twenty years, except that he was still living, a hale old man. I had fancied to myself a stout man, after a life of honest labor, enjoying the ease and comfort of affluance in retirement from business.

"I arrived at home. Home? Yes, *home*, Eda; it was home to me. It is the only home on earth to me. There I was born. Your departed mother was born there, and there our young love was satisfied, and—"

A tear filled the eyes of Mr. Wilson. His chin dropped upon his broad chest, while a shudder passed over and shook his whole frame, as Eda turned away and wiped her eyes.

"How foolish I am," continued the banker, after a moment, and proceeded; "I arrived in our little village about the middle of the afternoon. It lay in the same green valley of the mountains, with very little change. The same quiet pervaded the almost deserted streets that prevailed when I was a boy. The same pure mountain air fluttered among the garden shrubs, and through the open windows in fitful breezes, that had tinged my cheek with brown, as with bare feet and open bosom I threaded those streets and alleys in the unpretending days of my boyhood. No deafning sounds of trade, no hurrying tread of enterprise, no trundling wheels of driving business, no startling shouts of speculation interrupted the steady and measured clink of the hammer and anvil which, deadened by distance as I entered the village, smote so familiarly upon my ear.

"As I advanced into the village I heard the wonted whistle, clear and shrill, as it glided from the major to the minor strains of Roslyn Castle, as an accompaniment to the music of the hammer and the ring of the anvil. In this rustic music there was a more distinct measure, and a more sedate tone, but I could not mistake its source. It was Henry Warren's familiar music. I asked no questions, I spoke to no one, but walked straight into the smithy. Henry was bowed over his anvil, intent upon his work. His back was towards the door and he did not observe my entrance. I walked up to my old friend and laid my hand upon his shoulder, which was the first intimation he had of the presence of any one. Without raising from his work, he cast his eyes around to where I stood. A shout followed; and, for the first time in his life, perhaps, his hammer, tongs and red hot iron fell together to the ground. Pardon me, Eda, if I omit to tell all that immediately followed. Men are not fond of telling of embraces, tears, and all that, in which they have participated."

"But," inquired Eda, "why should so rich a man as Mr. Warren be working in a filthy smith shop?"

"You will presently learn why," replied her father. "'Come,' said Henry Warren, 'go with me to the house; I will work no more this day.' He untied the fastening of his leathern apron and threw it carelessly aside. As he lifted his straw hat to remove the neck strap of his apron, I noticed his broad, high forehead, grimmed with sweat and coal dust, and I felt an impulse to take off my own hat, and to bow in reverence to the impersonation of honest industry—the embodiment of cheerful old age in my venerable friend.

"I went home with Henry and became his guest. One evening, after the labor of the day had been finished, I sat with Henry on the little piaza of his humble, yet neat dwelling. 'I suppose you are in easy circumstances,' I said to him."

"'Yes,' replied he, 'I am well off;' and after a moment's reflection he continued: 'Yes, I may say that I am more than well off. In fact, I am rich; for I have all I want, and no use for any more than I want; and I think that when a person has all he wants, he is rich, whether he may have much or little.'"

"How have you invested your funds?" inquired I.

"'How?' said Henry, looking inquiringly into my face, I do not understand you, Ed.'"

"I meant to inquire as to what kind of stocks or securities you had invested your money in."

"O, yes. I understand you now,' returned he. 'Well, to tell you the truth,' he continued, 'I never had much money. When I said I was rich, I meant that I was contented with what I have; and, Ed, I think he is the richest man who is the most contented. But I have laid up something for old age. I own this house and lot, and I have been offered nine hundred dollars for it, all in clean cash. Yon little wood colored house up the side of the hill, where old widow Roby used to live, belongs to me; I own that. The rent of that house brings me fifty dollars yearly, clear of taxes and repairs. Then I own a three acre out-lot, where I pasture the cow. It has a few apple trees on it, but they don't amount to a great deal; however, we got three dollars' worth of apples off the trees last year more than we wanted ourselves; I sold them for cash, and, as I had no use for the money, I gave it to widow Brotherton to provide her winter coal with. Well, Ed, I can take seventy-five dollars an acre for the out-lot any day. Besides, I own the shop, and that's good for all I want to eat, drink and wear, for I will turn my back on no man for work at the anvil. Who could wish for anything more?"

"True," said I; "but you will not always be able to work at the anvil."

"'Well, then,' replied he, 'I will sell the shop and tools, and, with interest of the money, and the rent of the house and lot on the hill yonder, I think I can get along first rate. But, if the worst comes to the worst, the boys won't see the old folks suffer. They're as good blacksmiths as ever raised a hammer, all three of them. They are sober, steady and industrious, and each one married, and carrying on business for himself. So what have I to fear? Indeed, what more could any man want in this world?'"

"Nothing," replied I. "Henry, you are, indeed, a rich man. When I compare my pecuniary circumstances with yours, I feel poor."

"'Why,' said Mr. Warren, 'they tell me that you are worth a million dollars, and that you own a whole bank to yourself.'"

"Yes; but if your theory be correct—and I believe it to be—I am none the richer; for I have more than I can use, and of course, according to your philosophy, that is all a dead loss to me," continued I.

"'That's so, Ed,' said Henry confidently."

"Eda," said Mr. Wilson, after a moment's reflection, "it is not necessary to repeat our conversation any farther; it is enough. There sat the good man, Henry Warren, who had spent his days in usefulness. For every penny of his competence he had exchanged the stroke of his own active hammer. Whenever he lacked a penny, he smote his anvil with his hammer, and, obedient to his will, the penny came. He bade the indurated bar of iron to yield to his will, and to take form at his pleasure, the bar became plastic in his hands, and obediently shaped itself to his will. In this operation each stroke of his hammer subserved the common weal of his country. Vulcan forged thunder bolts for Jupiter Tonans, but Henry Warren, greater than the god Vulcan, forged plow shares and pruning hooks for the hand of industry. As he hammered away at his anvil, the wilderness fell around him, and blossomed as the rose, and the virgin soil turned up her golden treasures; for every stroke of his hammer was indirectly aimed at the forest trees, or the treasures concealed beneath the surface of the land. The plow boy caroled, and the cradler, in the midst of waving fields of golden harvest, sang. All felt the impulse of Henry's arm of industry. Every stroke of that incessant hammer was a power—an inspiration which lived long after the clear clang of the hammer and anvil had died away along the mountain-side, which marked it in prolonged echoes. Henry earned every crumb of bread he ate, and in earning it, became a human benefactor. Henry had worked, slept, and was contented. I had not worked, had not slept, and was discontented. Henry had turned the iron and the steel into the utensils of labor, and was rich. Henry worked, I speculated. I turned one dollar into ten, and ten into a hundred, and was poor. For aught I had done the forest would be standing yet. I, too, had eaten, but others had raised the bread I ate, prepared it and put it to my lips and said, 'Eat and be filled.' I had not in all my life earned a single crumb of bread legitimately. I had only speculated upon the labor and industry of others. I felt rebuked. Henry was wise; I was a fool. I felt mean in the presence of this noble man, Henry Warren. I felt his greatness, and my littleness; and, compared with his life of usefulness, I felt how insignificant the part I had performed in life, appeared. As I sat beside my friend, and studied in his honest countenance the unsophisticated expression of self reliance and self complacency, I was overwhelmned with the grandeur of his life of cheerful toil, and the sublimity of his contented and dignified old age.

As I sat there, wrapped in bitter reflections, I formed a resolution to do what I never before had done, to earn at least one meal. I determined to settle, by my own experience, the question whether the bread of the laboring man was sweeter than that of the idler.

"The next morning I went to the village tailor and bought a suit of laborer's clothes, and without a penny in my pocket I struck off into the mountains on foot. At night I found myself twenty miles from the little village, tired, leg-weary and foot-sore. I readily found accommodations for the night with a small farmer, who was busily engaged in his hay harvest. In the morning I made a contract with my host to work for him in his hay field, at gathering and stacking hay, for such wages as I might be able to earn, in the best judgement of the farmer. Eda, would you have believed it coming from any other person? I actually worked there in the mountains two weeks, late and early, rain or shine. That was our contract. I worked at raking, pitching and stacking hay, generally; but in rainy weather the farmer found other things for me to do, such as driving up and milking cows, repairing fences, etc. The first few days of my labor, I assure you, I suffered intensely; but in a few days I began to take, first an interest, then a pleasure in my labors; and, in fact, before the time of my engagement had expired, I felt a pride in shaping and topping out a hay-rick. I really felt a flattering self-commendation when my employer pronounced my rick 'very good indeed.' Oh, the sweet sleep that hushed every care, and breathed her balmy rest over the weary body, as with the other hirelings I retired to rest, and slept from evening till early dawn, on the new made hay in the barn! The fare—the simple food, and the keen relish sharpened by daily labor—taught me that no one can know the luxury of eating, but the laboring man. The last week of my engagement I ate more of the plain, yet substantial food, at that farmer's simple board, than I do now in a month, of the luxurious viands at my own sumptuous table. I discovered the secret of true happiness. It consists in health and contentment. I became satisfied that these were not to be found in inflated wealth and bloated luxury, and that they only waited upon honest labor.

"When the term of my service had expired, I settled with my employer. He grinned a broad, honest smile when I reminded him that he was to establish the sum of my wages according to his own estimate of the value of my labor. He handed me five dollars, and asked me if I was satisfied. I bowed respectfully and thanked him. I bade the family farewell, and started on my return to the village. At noon I stopped at a small country inn for dinner. I ate heartily, for I was to pay for it with my own wages—money earned with the sweat of my own brow—*my money;* I may say all the money I ever had which I could in justice call *my money.* Eda, the bread was sweet. Every morsel possessed a peculiar relish, for it was the wages of labor. Blessed be labor! for it is the purest of the pure; it is the poor man's bank, the honest man's wealth. It brings a sweet solace to its votaries. Though its pathways are rugged, they lead to peace and happiness; though its lessons are severe, they teach virtue and wisdom.

"You perceive, my child, that by this voluntary ordeal I solved an important problem in the philosophy of life, while I demonstrated some of its practical theories."

(TO be continued.)

MASONIC NOTES AND ITEMS.

The following extract from Aubrey's "Natural History of Wiltshire," p. 277—a manuscript in the library of the Royal Society, will be read with interest. It appears that Sir Cristopher Wren, in 1691, was enrolled among the members of the Fraternity.—"Sir William Dugdale told me many years since, that about Henry the Third's time, the Pope gave a bull or patents to a company of Italian Freemasons, to travell up and down over all Europe to build churches. From these are derived the Fraternity of Adopted Masons. They are known to one another by certain signs and watch-words; it continues to this day. They have severall lodges in severall counties for their reception; and when any of them fall into decay, the brotherhood is to relieve him, &c. The manner of their adoption is very formall, and with an oath of secrecy.—Memorandum: This day, May the 18th, being Monday, 1691, after Rogation Sunday, is a great convention at St. Paul's Church, of the Fraternity of the adopted Masons, where Sir Cristopher Wren is to be adopted a brother, and Sir Henry Goodric of the Tower, and divers others. There have been kings that have been of this sodality."

Crypto—A word which means secrecy or mystery, from whence we derive cryptographic or secret writings; cryptonymus, or one who conceals his name; crypto-catholicism, the crypt of a cathedral, &c. The Americans call the two degrees "Royal and Select Masters" Cryptic Masonry, because it is alleged that the ark of the covenant, a pot of manna, the rod of Aaron, and a copy of the Sacred Law were deposited in a dark and secret vault. The late Edgar Allen Poe was an adept in cryptography, or the art of deciphering secret writings. Few ciphers, if any, could elude his penetrating mind.—*Mystes*.

"BEING pursuaded that a just application of the principles on which the Masonic Fraternity is founded, must be promotive of virtue and public prosperity, I shall always be happy to advance the interests of the Society, and be considered by them a deserving brother." GEORGE WASHINGTON.

We commend this to the consideration of Phinney, Blanchard & Co.

A GENERAL meeting of the Freemasons of France was held on Friday last. A majority of the bureaux had adopted a resolution to hold an extraordinary meeting in Paris, on the 8th of December, as a reply of the Œcumenical Council; but the Grand Master, General Mellinet, did not allow the assembly to discuss the resolution, and he abruptly closed the sitting.

The earliest recognized specimen of printing in the Greek character is the grammar by Constantine Lascaris, "Grammatica Greca Grœce," printed at Milan, in 1476. The volume consists of seventy-two leaves, of which the first two contain a preface in Greek, with a Latin translation by Demetrius Cretensis, the editor.—*Antiquarius*.

THE Rev. Lyman Seely, D. D., is said to have delivered a very able address before the Grand Commandery, at their late convention at Lexington, Ky.

THE Grand Lodge of Washington Territory granted dispensations for two new lodges, one of which is located at Sitka, Alaska.

THE Rev. Mr. Halleck, who perished in the late Erie Railroad disaster, was an honored member of the Masonic Fraternity.

Michigan Department.

OUR NUMBER TWO.

We come to our readers with our second number, enlarged, and we trust improved in both appearance and matter. We know it will contain fewer typographical errors, for the proof reading has been carefully looked after. It will be seen that we have enlarged to forty-eight pages to the number, and added both to the length and width of our page. THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON is now two pages larger than the *Ashlar* in its most palmy days, under the management of Brother Allyn Weston, and is offered at the *same price*. As but few articles are to be had at the gold rates of 1857, we trust the Brotherhood throughout the jurisdiction will appreciate our efforts to give them a first-class magazine, at a very moderate price, and use their endeavors to give it the liberal support it may merit. We should have a patronage of at least six thousand; and we can have it if our Michigan brethren so decide, and earnestly co-operate with us.

We are already laid under a debt of gratitude to several of our brethren, who have sent in large lists of subscribers, accompanied by the cash. Thus far Quincy is entitled to the palm, and we take this way of expressing thanks to Brother Hawley for his labors in our behalf. His long list of names, accompanied with the full subscription price, included his own. This shows his disposition to serve the cause.

And right here we would remark that we cannot give club rates. We put the price of our journal as low as it can be afforded, and give its publishers a living profit, and it will be a long time, perhaps, ere it will more than pay its monthly bills; so that its corps of editors and canvassers must content themselves, for awhile, to work and hope. We trust each copy will be found worth at lesst *twenty cents*, and where it is taken by the year, the price is only 16⅔ cents per number. It will be our endeavor to make the magazine *good* rather than *cheap*. To this end we shall expend $1,000 per year in paying for brain labor, so soon as our list shall be run up to *five thousand*.

And now, brethren, aid us. We look to *you* for a cheerful and liberal support. PUPLISHERS.

DECISIONS OF THE GRAND MASTER.

INTRODUCTION.

To our Brethren of the State of Michigan:

Having been solicited by the Editors of the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, and by several prominent members of our Order in this State, to submit for publication such extracts from my answers to correspondents as may properly be put in print, and to give my "Decisions upon questions of Masonic Law," as they are rendered from time to time, I desire to say that, in yielding to these requests of our brethren, I shall deem best to present such matters only as in my opinion are well settled by the principles of Masonic jurisprudence; or, in the absence of any law, have become Legal in this Grand Jurisdiction, by being established precedents. It must not be expected that I shall advance anything new to those whose long experience in Masonry has made them familiar with the principles of Masonic law, and the "Standing Orders and Resolutions" of our Grand Lodge; in fact, I shall endeavor to withhold all opinions that I am called upon to give upon matters which I do not consider well settled by law or usage, until they have been submitted to the decision of the Grand Lodge.

It may be said by many, "If we are to find nothing *new* in these decisions, the time spent is perusing them will be thrown away, and the paper upon which they are printed will thereby be made worthless." To all such, I would quote the language of an eminent Mason, and Past Grand Master of this State, S. C. Coffinbury: "The great majority of questions that have been presented for my decision have been frequently decided, and have been, in my opinion, settled rules of Masonic jurisprudence."* "The fact of information having been sought, and opinions required of the Grand Master, upon propositions which have long been settled by this Grand Lodge, impresses it upon me as a duty, to recommend to our brethren throughout the State, and especially to officers of lodges, to read and study at least the proceedings of our Grand Lodge, especially the Constitution, its Standing Rules, and the Decision of its Grand Master upon Masonic jurisprudence. A reasonable knowledge of these will enable the brethren, and the officers of lodges, to decide for themselves many of the questions which are almost daily submitted for the consideration of the Grand Master." †

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* Annual Address of 1868.

† Annual Address of 1869.

All those whose official position has rendered it necessary to reply to the almost endless variety of questions that are constantly brought to a new birth in the working of a lodge, can give emphatic testimony as to the lamentable want of knowledge upon the plainest principles of Masonic law, even among our otherwise intelligent and well educated craftsmen.

It is with the view of being partially able to meet this deficiency, and, perhaps, to some slight extent, lessen the labors of my official position, that I have consented to place my "Letter book" in the hands of the Editors of this Journal.

As the letters from which extracts have been made, were not written for publication, it is expected they will receive a charitable criticism. A. T. METCALF, *Grand Master.*

DIMISSION.

Question.—Can a brother dimit simply because he is dissatisfied with a decision of his lodge?

Answer.—According to the *Old Regulations* "no member or set of brethren shall withdraw or separate themselves from the lodge in which they were made, or were afterward admitted members, unless the lodge becomes too numerous; and when thus separated, they must either immediately join themselves to such other lodges as they shall like best, or else unite in forming a new lodge." As it is the duty of every brother to be a member of some lodge, it is to be regretted that a deviation from the old regulations has ever been permitted. It is now conceded, I believe, by a majority of the Grand Lodges in this country, that a Master Mason in good standing, who has complied with all the requirements of the By-laws of his lodge, is entitled to a dimit; but as it requires a majority vote to grant a dimit, it follows, as a matter of course, that a brother has not the absolute right of dimission. If, in a moment of passion, a brother demands a dimit simply because his lodge has made a decision at variance with his convictions, the lodge is not bound to grant it. For the purpose of harmony, however, it may not be always best to question the motives which induce the application. In general terms, any brother in good standing and clear of the books—except an installed officer—is entitled to a dimit, provided his withdrawal will not damage the interests of the Order, or impair the efficiency of the lodge.

BALLOTING FOR ADVANCEMENT.

Question.—Is it legal to spread the ballot for advancement at other than regular communications?

Answer.—In view of the custom practiced by a large majority of the lodges in this jurisdiction, and in the absence of any law to the contrary, I will give as my opinion, and decide accordingly, that balloting for advancement, at any special communication of the lodge called for that purpose, is legal. Should, however, the result of the ballot stop the advancement, it should not again be spread for the same applicant except at a Regular.

As my attention is directed to Sec. 2 of Art. VI of the Constitution of our Grand Lodge, I would say that I find nothing in it which conflicts, in the least, with the opinion above expressed. If it was contemplated by this section that the ballot for advancement should not be spread at other than regular communications, I think it would have been explicit upon that point. The second sentence would have been made to read something like this:—"No ballot for degrees shall be had in any but a Master's Lodge," at *regular communications*, "and not for more than one degree at a time."

In my opinion, this section contemplates, or at least admits of, balloting for advancement at special communications.

In many jursidictions but one ballot is had for the three degrees, unless called for by a member of the lodge, at some stage of advancement. A vote simply, is taken, as to proficiency.

The wording of our petitions conveys the idea of but one ballot for the three degrees. They read,—"Is desirous of becoming a member thereof if found worthy," and certainly no one can become a member of a lodge until he is a Master Mason.

BY-LAWS.

We make the following extracts from correspondence upon the new "Code of By-Laws":

Question.—Are lodges obliged to procure the new Code of By-Laws of the Grand Secretary?

Answer.—No: get them wherever they can be furnished best and cheapest. It is presumed, however, that our Grand Secretary can furnish them cheaper than the same style of work can be had elsewhere.

Question.—Is a lodge obliged to procure any particular number of copies? If not, will the adoption of the "Code" fulfill the requirements of the Grand Lodge? .

Answer.—There is no regulation limiting the number of copies which each lodge shall purchase, but it is expected that every subordinate lodge will provide a sufficient quantity to supply each member with a copy, and for this reason, if for no other, simply the adoption of the "Code" will scarcely meet the requirements of the Grand Lodge. Every brother is entitled to a copy of the By-Laws of his lodge; otherwise he cannot be held accountable for disobeying rules which they contain.

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TABLE TALK.—NUMBER II.

BY GOTTFRIED.

"They may write against it, the Pope may thunder his direst anthamas against it, religious fanatics may preach against it, hypocritical and subtle politicians may call national conventions and unite their cunning with the hatred of bigotry and the virulent zeal of fanaticism against it in the organization of the anti-secret societies, yet all this will not avail; it will live—it must live—it can not die!"

Thus sententiously, and apparently unconciously, muttered Barney Hagerman, laying a side the daily paper over which he had been pouring for at least an hour, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe on the chair arm, as he leaned back in his chair.

"What must live, Barney?" I inquired.

"Free Masonry," returned he.

"Yes, Barney," I continued, "but how can you presume to predict in relation to the duration or destiny of Masonry, when you, not being a member of the order, can know but little of its elements of duration, or of its combining forces and influences?"

"Do you suppose me to be an ox, or an ass? or what do you take me for?"

"Neither an ox nor an ass, Barney, but for an honest middle aged bachelor, with a well turned and most formal iron gray side whisker of a past age; afraid of a pretty woman and of Free Masonry, yet always praising the one and commending the other."

"Do you suppose I am entirely ignorant of your mystic order? Have I not read everything in relation to it that has come to my hands? Have I not closly watched its influences upon all the social relations? Have I not noted the power it wields in all our institutions, civil and religious, public and private, foreign and domestic? Did I not attend your great National Convention in Chicago in 1859? And did I not then and there see what kind of stuff Free Masonry was made of?"

"You certainly were not admitted to the sessions of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar?"

"No," replied Barney Hagerman, "I was not admitted to the sessions of those Grand Bodies, but I was there then in the city; and I suppose I could observe the members at their hotels, on the streets and at places of public entertainment and amusement? I was also present at their magnificient banquet at the Tremont House. A friend procured me a ticket which admitted me as a spectator."

"And, pray, what could you learn there?"

"Enough to teach me that Masonry can never die. The assemblage at that banquet embraced the greatest number of distinguished men—great men—that I ever saw together. I mean men distinguished for moral worth and intellectual ability. There were men whose names are interwoven with the history of our country, others whose literary fame is world-wide. There were statesmen, senators, congressmen; chief justices, judges, lawyers; doctors, clergymen, editors; merchants, mechanics, farmers; governors, ex-governors and military leaders. There were every complexion and shade of religious faith, Catholics, Jews, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Universalists, and Swedenborgians; all met upon one common level of equality. There is a might, a power, a moral force in an aggregation of intellect. I felt it on that occasion. In fact, I was overwhelmed by the imposing plainness, nay simplicity and unpretending dignity of this assemblage of great minds. There was no acting for effect. A cordial and earnest faith, a calm and lofty thought, and a pure and quiet dignity marked the conduct of these men in all they said and did.

"This banquet was held after the grand bodies had closed, and on the occasion of final seperation of these remarkable men; and, as a final denouement, what do you think they did? They arose to their feet, and each one crossing his arms upon his chest, siezed the hands of those on each side of him, thus forming a continuous chain around the immense banquet table—some two or three hundred men, representing every state in the union; thus standing they sang Burns' Farewell:

"Adieu, a heart-warm fond adieu,
Dear brothers of the mystic tie," &c.

Many of them wept; in fact there were few, if any, who did not. I could not repress my tears; neither could Reuben Mitten who sat next me, and we were only spectators.

"As these great, broad chested, strong hearted men raised their voices, in concert, their hands thus united, I comprehended the moral force of Free Masonry, and I whispered to Reuben Mitten, that Masonry could not die,—that, in its elements, it contained a strength that could not be countervailed—a force that could not be overcome.

"I have just been reading the proceedings of an Anti-Masonic Convention at Chicago, and after reading the twaddle and *fiddle de dee* that marked that convention, my mind went back to that banquet, and again I saw in fancy those great and good men, standing with united hands in an invulnerable halo of moral strength and dignity; and again I heard those strong, low-keyed voices swell up in harmony, and floating away off towards heaven, and, unconciously I spoke just as I thought, and said that Masonry cannot die.

"I am not a Mason, as you know, nor will I ever be, in all probability; but it vexes me to see full grown men, like children, play the fool as these Anti-Masons do, and make such consummate and inexcusable fools of themselves in their endeavor to make fools of others. What can they effect by their conventions? just as much as your little dog Coley does by barking at the moon.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us.
To see oursels as ithers see us,"

said Barney Hagerman, re-filling and lightning his pipe; and, finely fixing his feet upon the window sill, he resumed his daily paper, and leaned backed in his chair, while wreathes of the smoke of the aromatic weed curled and circled around his high benovelent forehead.

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The *Dispatch* reprints an article from the *Evergreen*, on the the clergy, and their relation to Masonry, in which it is asserted that during the past twenty years there have been in Dubuque twenty ministers of the gospel, living in the city, many of whom were made Masons there without fee, only four of whom took anything like a lively interest in the institution, and the interest of two of these four died out so soon as they had filled the oriental chair! Most of these ministers were willing to receive the *honors* of Masonry on festive days, &c., but shrunk away from bearing the burdens of labor. We blush to add that this is true of other localities than Dubuque, Iowa.

SAINT JOHN'S DAY.

From information obtained from various sources, we are led to infer that Saint John's Day was generally celebrated by the Fraternity. The Grand Master was at Holly, where some two thousand brethren joined in the festivities, and the Grand Lecturer and Visitant, Henry M. Look, delivered the eloquent address which we give entire in this number. The proceedings were reported in a Detroit paper from which we give the following:

HOLLY, June 24.

"By far the largest Masonic celebration ever held in Northern Michigan was held to-day at this place. Early in the morning the densely crowded trains began to arrive, and as they discharged their living freight, were welcomed with salvos of artillery. The attendance exceeded all expectation. The vast crowd was variously estimated at from 5,000 to 8,000 persons. Over two thousand Masons were in line, including nearly three hundred Knights Templar in full uniform. The proceedings were under the immediate charge of the Grand Lodge of the State.

The procession formed at about 11 o'clock, in Masonic order, the Knights Templar escorting the Grand Lodge, followed by Royal Arch Masons, Master Masons and citizens, the whole forming a column over a mile and a half in length. By the efficient efforts of the chief marshal, Col. Samuel E. Beach, of Pontiac, the most perfect order was maintained throughout the entire day.

It was nearly an hour after the arrival at the grove before the immense throng could be sufficiently composed to permit of the commencement of the regular exercises of the day. After a few excellent words of welcome from A. G. Comstock, Esq., the following was the order of exercises:

1. Music, choir.
2. Opening address, A. T. Metcalf, M. W. Grand Master.
3. Prayer, Rev. Grand Chaplain.
4. Music, choir.
5. Oration, Hon. Henry M. Look, R. W. Grand Visitant and Lecturer.
6. Music, Band.

The brethren with their ladies then adjourned to the tables, where was served one of the finest out-door banquets of which it has ever been our lot to partake. It was provided entirly by the ladies of Holly, and in quality, quantity, and the polite and attentive manner in which it was served, did the highest credit to the fair providers.

Your reporter was unable to procure a list of the numerous Lodges and Chapters present. Commanderies of Knights Templar were present from Pontiac, Flint, Corrunna, St. Johns, Fenton, Saginaw and Bay City, with quite a number from Detroit, though Detroit Commandery did not attend in a body. Bands of music from Pontiac, Holly, Flint and Fenton, furnished excellent music for the occasion.

The remarks of the Grand Master were as follows:

My Fellow-citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To the members of our Order it is unnecessary for me to state the cause of our gathering, as they are all familiar with the objects, but to you who are not Masons I will say a word, that you may know *why* it is the members of our Fraternity, upon this day, lay aside their usual daily avocations, and, clothed in white gloves and aprons, join in the indulgence of innocent festivity.

The twenty-fourth of June has long been observed and celebrated as a Masonic jubilee by nearly every civilized nation of the earth. It is the anniversary of the natal day of St. John the Baptist, one of the patrons of our Order, and to whom, with St. John the Evangelist, our lodges at the present day are dedicated. It is not so much on account of his being an eminent disciple of the Christian religion that Masons have chosen him for a patron saint, for Masonry embraces within its folds men of every religious creed, but because he was an eminent patron of our Order, distinguished alike for his exalted virtues, and his many deeds of charity; because he sealed with his blood the purity of his motives, his high calling and inflexibility of purpose. It is not strange, then, that we, as Masons, hail this anniversary as a time when we can lay aside our cares and labors for awhile, and enter with festival spirit into the enjoyment of a happy holiday.

It is with great pleasure, my brethren, that I am enabled to greet so many of you upon this occasion, and it is with no slight degree of satisfaction that I behold so many Templars, clad in their knightly costume; and I am no less pleased to see the occasion graced by the presence of so many ladies, for when woman smiles an approval, all our labors are turned into recreations, and all our cares become pleasures. It has been said by some old fogy, that women are not admitted as members of our lodges, because Masonry teaches us to labor and to bear those burdens of life which she is unable to endure. Now at the risk of being expelled from the institution, I propose to let out the real secrèt upon this subject, and have the matter settled, at least so far as this part of the country is concerned. The reason is simply this: should ladies be allowed the privilege of attending our meetings, the flame of love would be kindled in the breasts of our brethren, and, of course, the "green-eyed monster" would then creep into their hearts, and then our *brotherly* love would soon "play out" for the *sisterly* sort, the hours of refreshment would be rather *too refreshing* to make a prompt return to labor very desirable.

Let me assure you, my lady friends, that if Masonry has any benefits—if it confers any favors—upon *you*, though perhaps in a silent, but unmistakable, manner—it bestows its highest blessings.

May your generous smiles ever approve and encourage our Masonic gatherings, and the institution will not fail to "bless and baptize you in the bright light of its love."

As Masons, we are taught that when engaged in any great and laudable undertaking, we should first implore the blessing of Deity. Let us, therefore, in accordance with this ancient usage, before entering upon the ceremonies of this day, reverently bow our heads and ask the Grand Architect of the Universe to so direct our steps that all we may do may be done to His honor and glory.

The Grand Master, at the close of his remarks, introduced the orator of the day, Henry M. Look, of Pontiac, R. W. Grand Visitant and Lecturer.

Holly Lodge deserves the highest credit for the successful manner in which its members have orignated and carried through this monster entertainment. Everywhere present, and everywhere courteous, prompt, and generously attentive, were Hon. Bela Cogshall, T. A. Patterson, A. G. Comstock and C. C. Waldo, Esqrs., and others of its members. Their indefatigable zeal and bounteous hospitality will be long and gratefully remembered by the craft. As the crowded trains moved off, hundreds of hands waved adieu, and the day closed upon one of the happiest festivals which this beautiful village has ever witnessed.

At Monroe the day was also celebrated in an appropriate manner Bro. A. G. Hibbard delivered a very eloquent and interesting address.

which we would be glad to lay before our readers. in some future number. We give the following from an exchange:

"At an early hour large numbers from various portions of the country arrived in this city, and by noon a large crowd was in attendance, notwithstanding the somewhat forbidding aspect of the weather. At about ten o'clock the procession formed on Washington street, and was composed of the following lodges of Masons, and headed by Vetter's fine silver band: Eureka Lodge, No. 107; Monroe Lodge, No. 27; Hiram Lodge, No. 110, from Flat Rock, Wayne county; Blanchard Lodge, No. 102, Petersburg; Russell Lodge, 144, Lambertville. The procession was a very long one, and made a fine appearance. Arrived at Noble's Grove, the following order of exercises was observed, Hon. Lewis Darral acting as president of the day:

1. Music, by silver band.
2. Song, by the choir.
3. Prayer, by Mr. Scott.
4. Oration, by A. G. Hibbard, Esq., of Detroit.
5. Song, by choir.
6. Music. by band.
7. Dinner.
8- Music.
9. Benediction.
10. Song—"Auld Lang Syne."
11. Music, by band.

The address of Mr. Hibbard was an exceedingly fine one, and very much enjoyed by all who heard it. His remarks were based upon the three rounds of the Masonic ladder, "Faith, Hope and Charity," which he wove into his address in the most beautiful language—showing how closely allied to all the best interests of society are those of the Masonic Order. The address throughout was replete with beautiful thoughts happily expressed, and added greatly to the interest and pleasure of the occasion.

The vocal music was presided over by Prof. Rosa, in an able and skillful manner, and was a pleasant feature of the entertainment. The singing was fine, a pleasant accompaniment to the voices being supplied by one of prof. Rosa's rich-toned organs. The repast was all that the most fastidious could desire, abounding with the delicacies of the season—to which ample justice was done by the participants, numbering nearly a thousand. So ample had been the provisions for the guests, that nearly a cart-load of edibles remained untouched after the banquet, which were this morning distributed to the poor of the city.

The occasion was a most enjoyable one, and those from abroad left in the evening trains well pleased with the efforts of their Monroe brethren. The lodges in the county are in a flourishing condition, those particularly in this city being in an unusual promising state.

The following comes from our corresponding editor, Dr. Rix, and gives a description of the good time enjoyed by the brethren on the 24th of June, at

GALESBURGH.

In company with about two hundred Sir Knights, Companions and Brothers, we took the special train on the morning of St. John's Day, at Kalamazoo, for Galesburg, whither we had been invited to attend and aid in celebrating the birth of our great Patron Saint in Masonry, St. John the Baptist. We were accompanied by two silver cornet bands, which discoursed "sweet music" to their very appreciative listeners, during the brief journey, which added much to the pleasure of the trip.

Arriving at the depot, we were met by the delegations that had previously arrived, and escorted to the Masonic Hall where at *high twelve* a Lodge of Master Masons was opened by the Dr., M. W. Alfred, W. M.; and at one o'clock P. M., the procession was formed, under direction of the Marshals, in the following order:

1. Three Khights Templar, as Pioneers.
2. Stacy's Cornet Band.
3. Peninsular Commandery, No. 8 Knights Templar.
4. Tyler.
5. Great Lights supported by two Stewards with white rods.
6. Royal Arch Masons.
7. Kalamazoo Silver Cornet Band.
8. Three Stewards with Silver Vessels of Corn, Wine and Oil.
9. Apprentices.
10. Fellow Craft.
11. Master Masons; Officers at the rear according to rank.
12. Orator and Chaplain.
13. Sword Bearer.

There were in this procession some four or five hundred members of the "Mystic tie," and I must say that the display surpassed anything of the kind I ever witnessed outside the larger cities." After marching through several of the principal streets, we repaired to the Fair Grounds where we found the large amphitheater already nearly filled with the knowing ones, who had taken "time by the forelock," in order to secure seats convenient to the speaker's stand. They were very obliging, however, and readily gave way to those who wore the *badge*.

The crowd was variously estimated at from two to three thousand. All listened with the most intense interest to the eloquent and very able address of our worthy brother Sir Knight, W. C. Ransom, Esq.

The following programme of exercises was carried out on the occasion.

1. Music by the Band.
2. Prayer by the Chaplain.
3. Music by Band.
4. Oration by brother W. C. Ransom.
5. Music by Band.
6. Benediction.
7. Dinner.
8. Sentiments and Music.
9. Closing.

Peace and harmony prevailed throughout, and every one felt that it was good to be there. It was universally acknowledged that the address was one of the very best. It was eloquent and scholarly. We would like very much to give it to our readers, but our limited space in this number will not permit. In some future number, (with the consent of Bro. Ransom,) we will give it in full.

I came very near forgetting to speak of the dinner prepared by mine host, P. Cornell, of the —— House. It was superb, and our appetites did honor to the occasion. T. R.

The writer (W. J. C.) spent St. John's at Gardner, Ill., a portion of that State which has been almost constantly inundated with water since last April. The roads were next to impassible, and some of them entirely so, which prevented the attendance of many who otherwise would have been present to enjoy the festivities. A shower in the morning prevented our celebrating in the grove, but a church was opened for our use, and well filled with attentive listeners, and all went off satisfactory. We are under great obligations to the brethren there, Dr. McMann, W. M., in particular. May his shadow never be less.

WRITE.

It is hoped that the Brotherhood throughout the State will take an interest in THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON, and not only aid the Publishers in procuring a patronage for the journal which will put it on a living basis, but also aid the Editors by reporting Masonic intelligence from all parts of the jurisdiction, and by writing for its pages. This magazine has been commenced for the special benefit of the Order in Michigan, and its pages will always be open to the brothers. Indeed, we wish to have them regard it as *their* journal, as much as ours, in everything that relates to the welfare of the craft.

And where the brethren are not in the habit of writing for the press, if they will send us written statements of whatever may occur in their several localities, which will be of interest to the craft generally, we will put the matter in shape for the printer, and give it a place in the Michigan Department of the magazine. It will be seen that we have enlarged this Department to sixteen pages. This will give ample room for the Grand Master's Decisions, and also reports from various parts of the jurisdiction, of whatever may be of importance to the Fraternity.

Now, brethren, aid us all you can to make this Department of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON interesting and useful. Remember that all have an equal right to a place in these pages, provided the articles sent us are written in the spirit and interest of Masonry. We design to make this journal the *organ* of Masonry in this Grand Jurisdiction.

EXCHANGES.

We have received from Messrs. T. S. Arthur & Son, of Philadelphia, 1st, *Arthur's Home Magazine*, one of the very best monthlies issued on the continent for ladies, and only $2.00 per annum, single; eight copies, and one to getter up of club, for $12.00. 2d. *Once a Month*, a new first-class magazine made up of pure literature for all classes of either sex: $2.00 per year; ten copies, $15.00. 3d. *The Children's Hour*, which excels anything we have yet seen, in the beauty of its illustrations, and the general attractiveness of its reading for the little folks. Terms—$1.25 per year. All three of these truly valuable magazines are sent to any address for $4.00.

The *Ladies' Friend* is also on our table, finely illustrated, and rivaling, if not excelling, the most expensive ladies' magazines. Its fashion plates are exquisite.

New music, from Root & Cady of Chicago, will be suitably noticed in our next. It is of a superior order, and we commend this firm as among the most extensive and reliable in the West.

The *Masonic Monthly* and *Freemason's Monthly Magazine* of Boston; *Mystic Star*, of Chicago; *Trowel*, of Springfield; *Masonic Record*, of Nashville; *Keystone*, of Philadelphia; and *Kentucky Freemason*, of Frankfort; are on our table, and are welcome visitors. The *Review*, of Cincinnati, and *Evergreen*, of Burlington, Iowa, are not received.

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GRAND COMMANDERY.—An article giving the doings of this grand body, at its session in Detroit, on June 1st and 2d, is received too late for the present number. It will appear in our next.

We give a large portion of our Michigan Department to reports of the doings on St. John's Day. They will be read with interest, especially by our brethren living within this State. In general we shall give more variety in this department of our journal.

THE Grand Master of Alabama granted dispensations for nine new lodges, during the last year, and the Grand Lodge added another to the list.

ERRATA.—The last number of our magazine went to press while we were absent, so the proof reading was trusted to others. By a blunder one form went to press without the revised proof correction, in which were the two contributions of Brother Coffinbury. In the poem, third stanza and second word of third line, read *love* for *low*, and on twentieth line from top on page 28, read *godhood* for *godhead*. Other errors occurred which we trust to the reader to correct.

HOTEL COURTESIES.—When in the city our headquarters will be at the *Kalamazoo House*, which is immediately opposite our printing office, and is a hotel we can commend to the patronage of the public.

We have been laid under obligations by the proprietors of the *Pike House* at Niles, *Biddle House* at Detroit, and *Teagarden*, at La Porte, Ind. These are all first-class hotels.

CHIPS.

Bro. F. G. Tisdall, the former editor of the Masonic department of the *New York Courier*, and who has recently been out of health, has so far recovered as to resume his editorial labors, and will edit a Masonic *department* in *Pomeroy's Democrat.*

Be sure to read Bro. Coffinbury's story, *True Wealth.* It will continue through the volume, and take on more or less of a Masonic character, and of itself will be richly worth the subscription price of our journal.

MASONIC CHART.—As will be seen by the advertisement on our cover, Bro. Moore of Lawton, continues to publish his beautiful Masonic chart. It is a beautiful ornament for the parlor.

WEBB'S MONITOR.—We are under obligations to Bro. James Fenton, for a beautiful copy of this excellent monitor. It is gotten up in the best style, and should be in the hands of every brother, especially the Masters of lodges. Address Bro. Fenton at Detroit. Price, $1.00.

We would call particular attention to Messrs. Thos. Chatterton & Co's Card, and remark to our merchant patrons that when visiting New York they will find it to their advantage to call on Bro. E. E. Thorne, one of the firm, who has had many years' experience in serving Michigan trade.

Bro. William Moore, a resident of New Lisbon, Ohio, was born in Ireland in 1777, made a Mason in 1799, and has therefore been a member of the institution *seventy years.* He is still warm in his attachment for the craft, and proud of his seventy years membership. So says the *Freemason's Monthly Magazine.*

The *Mystic Star*, *Masonic Record*, and *Freemason's Monthly Magazine*, for August are on our table—all well filled.

ADVERTISE.—The MICHIGAN FREEMASON already goes into all parts of the State, and will soon be the best medium of advertising in the State. We solicit a limited amount of *first-class* advertisements, and will take no other.

Our associate, Dr. Rix, recently spent a few days very pleasantly at Chicago. He had only one embarrassment—*his money would'nt pass!*

THE

MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. I.—SEPTEMBER, A. L., 5869.—NO. III.

MASONIC ORATION.

NOTE.—The following address was delivered by Rev. Bro. N. S. Sage, of Logansport, Ind., at Galveston, on the recent Saint John's anniversary. It is a very able and practical effort, and we are sure it will repay a careful perusal on the part of all our readers.

BRETHREN:—The events of another year have been added to our Masonic history; and we have met again, on this the anniversary of the birth of St. John the Baptist, an eminent Christian patron of our beloved Order, to congratulate ourselves upon the prosperity which has attended us—to thank God for his continued mercies, and to renew our pledge of fraternal love and obligation. The events of the past year have all been propitious, and have tended to unite us more closely in fraternal feeling, proving that the noble and glorious work, of which the various implements represented upon the Master's carpet are emblematic, has not been in vain. As at the building of King Solomon's Temple, at Jerusalem, which has ever been regarded as the perfection of architectural beauty and symmetry, there was not heard the sound of an axe, or any tool of iron, so no sound of discord has been heard through our mystic Temple, during the past year; no confusion has arisen to disturb its peace, or mar the general harmony. This fact, duly considered, must draw from the heart of every true Mason, and of every lover of peace and social order, a lively expression of deep gratitude to that God who "holds the wind in his fists" and controls the destinies of all things. Masonry is, indeed, rising in importance the wide world over; and a respectful consideration is accorded to it, wherever its object is known, or its influence is felt. It is permanently impressing itself upon the age in which we live. And as its practical workings are becoming better understood by the great outside world, and, above all, we ourselves feel more surely the sacred obligations which it imposes, the people, pointing to us as an example, say, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in *unity*." The strong links by which we are bound together are "Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth." Where these bonds prevail no ropes or cords are necessary. No penal enactments are needed; for such as are bound by these links, become a law unto themselves, and are actuated by that love and tender regard for the general welfare that constitute the fulfillment of the law, and the whole duty of man. No matter what the general hearer may think of the institution of Free Masonry, all must acknowledge that there is no relation on earth, among men, more worthy of encouragement by the wise, the good, and the true, than the fraternal—no feeling that should be more sacredly regarded, or more assiduously cultivated, than that which binds man in the unity of Brotherhood. And, therefore, that form of society is productive of the greatest amount of peace and happiness to human society, that is most firmly rooted in the unity of man with his brother man. That form of religion will ultimately prevail, and that form of State government will be the most lasting and permanent—will achieve the highest success, that best cultivates the fraternal relations among its subjects. Thus, harmony founded on the principle which underlies the command which dropped from the lips of Him who "spake as never man spake" when He said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is a most desirable element in all society. And members of the Masonic Fraternity may well congratulate themselves, that there is no more distinguishing feature in their ancient and time-honored institution than that which binds them together, not so much by the external bonds of membership, as by the internal oneness of kind, neighborly feeling, and sympathy, whose invisible cords are surprisingly potent, and doubly so to the outside wondering world. This spirit of brotherly love and unity, as exemplified in the lessons taught by both ancient and modern Freemasonry, is so nearly allied to that of the Christian relegion that, from among the professors o this religion, it numbers many of its most faithful and zealous devotees and supporters. Indeed, we have good reason for believing that both St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist were earnest and devoted patrons of our Order. And, therefore, since their day, in lands blessed by the light of Christian truth, all Masonic lodges are dedicated to them. Hence, the Christian Mason is bound by a double tie; and in walking within the circle of his duty, he is admonished not to go beyond his Masonic covenent on one hand, nor to shun the counsels of revealed religion on the other. Truly, my brethren, as we have often heard, while the unruly passions of our natures are thus securely guarded and restrained, it will be impossible for us to materially err. While treading within this magic circle, we are taught to regard the whole human race as one vast family, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, bound before God, the infinite Father of all, by a common tie, and united to each other by a common necessity, friendship and Brotherhood. Upon this grand principle, Masonry seeks to unite men of every country, sect, and opinion. Continually reminded by its teachings, of our mutual dependence, it bids us sooth the unhappy, sympathize with the unfortunate, and join heart and hand with the good and true everywhere, to promote the peace of our fellow men.

Its lessons concerning the Cardinal Vitues—*Temperance*, *Fortitude*, *Prudence* and *Justice*—are imparted by the use of such striking and beautiful symbolry that the *true* Mason cannot soon forget them. And under the influence of these lessons, the Mason whose heart has been truly prepared to receive them, must become a peaceful and law-abiding citizen, a kind and affectionate husband, a sympathizing friend and brother, a loving and considerate father. While kneeling at her sacred altar, he is taught the true boundry line which our *Great Light*—the Holy Bible—has thrown around individual conduct; to keep his passions and desires circumscribed within due bounds; to square his actions by the rule of moral virtue, as laid down in the Bible; to walk circumspectly before the world, ever remembering that we are a band of sojourners "traveling together upon the level of time to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." From its lesson of Temperance, he is admonished to avoid excess, or contracting any licentious or vicious habit, the indulgence of which might bring reproach upon the institution, or mar the peace of those with whom he is associated in life. From the lesson of Fortitude, he learns, in the hour of peril and danger, to rely upon God with the full assurance that faith in Him is well founded—a lesson which while yet in blindness and ignorance, is so forcibly impressed upon his mind that it is continually before him. When for the first time he "stands as a just and upright Mason," to receive his lesson of Prudence, he is given a "new name" which is to become his talisman from henceforth enabling him to regulate his life and actions agreeable to the dictates of reason, to wisely judge, and prudently determine, on all things relative to his present, as well as his future happiness. And concerning Justice, he is taught to deal upon the square with his fellows, to render to all that which is due, without respect to persons. This virtue is the cement and support of civil society. Without this virtue, all society would crumble into ruin, and eternal discord would reign supreme. "As Justice in a great measure constitutes the real good man, the Mason is taught never to deviate from the minutest principle thereof."

Rising another step upon the ladder which reaches to the *Sanctum sanctorum* of our beautiful Temple, he now learns the difference between *operative* and *speculative* Masonry; that Masonry and Geometry were originally synonymous terms, referring to the beauty and symmetry of material superstructure. And hence, speculative Masonry refers to the beauty of the moral character that it is made the duty of every Free and Accepted Mason to establish for himself. Having been previously taught the symbolic use of the Gavel in fitting the *rough ashlar* for the builder's use, he learns, also, that the Plumb, the Square, the Level, and the Trowel, have a purpose in the great life work before him, in perfecting that symmetry of character that should be the possession of every member of the Craft. The operative Mason begins his work first, in taking the rough material from the bed of the quarry; then, by regular advancement, by fitting the finished stone into the wall, stately edifices are reared, the beauty of which becomes the admiration of every beholder. In like manner man is taken in his rude, uncultivated, uneducated condition, and instructed in all things good, true and noble. In the work of preparing the rough stone for the builder's use, the Gavel, you perceive, becomes an indispensible instrument. After the work is measured by the *Guage*, the workman commences to break off the superfluous and angular corners, fitting the stone for the place it is designed to occupy in the building. But the speculative Mason is taught to use the Gavel symbolically, for a more glorious object. Morally, he uses it for the purpose of divesting his mind and conscience of all the vices and imperfections of life; thereby enabling him to walk uprightly as a Free and Accepted Craftsman, worthy of the vocation to which he has been chosen, to have an eye single to the promotion of all things good and true, fitting and preparing his mind as a living stone to go into the walls of a living, intellectual moral, and spiritual edifice—even into the house of immortality not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

The operative workman in Masonry devotes his attention to the erection of material superstructures, such as are designed to perpetuate the memory of the dead, and for the comfort and convenience of the living. But the Free and Accepted Mason is building for the eternal living, imperishable man; rearing a Temple that shall become a fit dwelling place for the spirit of Almighty God. The edifices of all operative Masons will yield to the ravages of time, and crumble to the dust, so that not one stone will be left upon another; but the work of the speculative Mason is for all time. The sands of the mind's immortal existence will never run out. Hence the speculative Mason is building for endless ages.

The Plumb, the Square, the Level, and the Trowel are all working tools which belong to the operative builder. In order to cement the walls of his superstructure, the Trowel must be judiciously applied in such a manner as to unite the building in one common mass. But the speculative Mason uses it in spreading the cement of brotherly-love and true affection, that cement which unites the Fraternity into one sacred band of friends, among whom no contention should ever arise. Emulation in good works is the only allowable contention which can be introduced among the workmen in speculative Masonry.

By the Plumb, the speculative Craftsman is admonished to walk worthily of his profession, to carry himself morally upright in every station which he is called to fill, to live creditably in all the relations of life, before God and man.

The operative Mason uses the Square to lay off and to square his work, so that when he places the stone it will rest in its proper place and give *strength* and *beauty* to the walls of the edifice which he has designed. But the Free and Accepted Mason discovers, in this instrument, the symbol of a more glorious use. By studying its moral signification, he learns how to square his actions by the rule of moral virtue,—that his true moral life is to obey the laws of God, and deal justly with his fellow-men.

The level is an instrument used in operative Masonry to prove horizontals and raise perpendiculars. But when used in the speculative art, it reminds us that we are all traveling upon the Level of time to the shining shores of the land immortal—the land of which we are ever reminded when we gaze upon the beautiful sprig of Acacia, which, even when surrounded by winter's desolation, retains all the beauty of its summer hue. The Level also teaches us equality; no merely outward qualification, no worldly pomp, or pride of fashion, or the glittering diamonds of earth, can direct this one to take a low seat in our Temple, or that one to take a high seat. It instructs each member that, in the sight of Him, before whom we all, from the youngest E. A. to the Master workman who presides over the Craft, should bow with humble reverence, all are equal—that he bestows upon the finite and erring creatures of earth and time, his manifold blessings, in perfect harmony with his eternal and unchanging nature. From this lesson of equality before God, arises the whole duty of the Mason—the duty of manifesting toward the unfortunate and needy ones of earth, that Charity

"Which lends an ear to every cry,
And asks no plea but misery."

Bound together, as we are, by the silken cords of that Charity which constitutes the principal step in the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, the lowest round of which is so near to us that the humblest child of God may place a foot thereon and climb to the realms of immortal glory, it at once becomes our duty to relieve the distressed, and sympathize with the unfortunate everywhere.

But, it may be asked, does Masonry bring all its votaries under the influence of the good and wholesome moral lessons which it seeks to impart? Is there not occasionally an instance where a discordant, unsympathizing, one-sided, misdirected person takes upon himself its holy vows from unworthy, selfish motives; gaining an entrance, by escaping detection of the vigilant eye that should watch over even the outer door of the sanctuary, and then striving to make discord where he does not even desire harmony? We have no desire to evade this question. As much as we might wish it were otherwise, truth compels us to acknowledge that there are those among us who are utterly nworthy the name of Masons. But these are exceptional cases which furnish no real ground for objection against the good influences exerted by the Order upon the majority of its supporters. The Church of Christ had a Judas, and this Government had an Arnold; but Judas and Arnold are such exceptions as speak rather in favor of the good from which they fell, than against it. You would not think, for a moment, of judging of the moral power and influence exerted by the Church of Christ, from the traitorous couduct of Judas Iscariot, nor would you think of judging the patriotism of Washington, and Green, and Marion, or of Americans generally, by the dastardly treachery of Benedict Arnold, who, for the love of British gold, entered into a horrible conspiracy to take the life of his country, and which resulted in the death of one of the finest specimens of military gentility that ever adorned the army of a civilized nation—the noble, gallant, high-toned, but, alas! the unfortunate Andre—over whose fate the "father of his country" shed many and bitter tears. If you would not be guilty of such weakness and want of consideration in these respects, ought you not to be guided by the same prudence and forethought in judging of the good or bad influence exerted by the Masonic fraternity, upon those who have become its voluntary devotees? Leaving this question without further notice or argument, I pass to remark, what every Mason recognizes as a fundamental truth of the Order, viz: *Membership in a Masonic Lodge does not constitute a man a Mason, in the true sense of the word*, any more than a mere nominal assent to the divine efficacy of the Christian religion, without an honest and faithful endeavor to practice the moral duties which it enjoins, renders a man a true Christian and follower of Christ. "He only is a Jew who is one inwardly." Even so, he only is a Mason whose *heart has been truly prepared* to receive and treasure up and practice the moral lessons which Masonry imparts. In brief, a man must be made a Mason *inwardly* before he can be made one *outwardly*. It is true, a person must pass through a certain initiatory ceremony peculiar to the Order, before he is entitled to its name, its rights and benefits: but it seeks to distinguish itself more by its good principles and practices, than by its forms—so much more, indeed, that it may be likened to a temple whose halls are the home of all the virtues, while its ceremonies are but the gateway that leads to its outer court. A man who is not a Mason may, indeed, enter the gateway; but nothing less than true fraternal feeling and love of all good morality, will admit him to the home of the virtues. Lacking these necessary qualifications, if he has the presumption to smuggle himself within the outer court, he will probably have the extreme mortification of finding himself a trespasser, and being marched out again. Masonry will throw its arms lovingly and protectingly around a Brother who honestly strives to subdue his passions, and improve the beautiful lessons that it teaches, even though he may, in unguarded moments, come far short of the high mark set before him; but, I assure you, it has no sympathy with that disposition which is hostile to virtue, indifferent to harmony, and is ready to make no sacrifices for the general welfare of his fellow-men.

Against an institution, thus founded upon the highest known principles of virtue, what valid objection can be urged? Various objections have, from time to time, been brought up as reasons why the institution should be discountenanced by those who are engaged in efforts looking to the moral renovation of the world. Among these, we shall notice briefly those which have become the most popular, and are, in the estimation of those who urge them, deemed the most important. 1st, It is said that those, who in early life become connected with the Order, seldom or never attach themselves to any branch of the Christian Church, and justify themselves in this course by saying that to be a just and upright Mason, practicing the moral duties it enjoins, is religion enough for them. There may be those among us who have said this and think it true, but that this is a general feeling among the members of the Fraternity, is not admissible. Facts prove that a majority of the leading "lights" in the Fraternity are members of some branch of the Church, and Masonry, instead of being a hindrance to the Christian life, becomes a most useful auxiliary. It does not claim to be a Christian institution. It claims to be older than Christianity, but, at the same time, its spirit is in perfect harmony with that upon which the Christian religion is founded. 2d. It is objected that the object of the Order is to secure some ecclesiastical or political end, and hence it is destined to work no good to the world. To show you that there is no rational ground for such an objection, I need only to point you to facts that come clearly within your own knowledge. At the altar of Masonry there are found members of every political organization. Now were it seeking a political end, this fact alone would sever the cord by which its votaries are bound, and undermine forever that peace and harmony which constitutes the strength and support of all institutions, especially this. To guard against the strife which political controversies naturally engender, conversation upon, or any reference to, the issues that may from time to time divide, or give rise to political organizations, are, by the rules of the Order, entirely forbidden during Lodge hours. Each brother is permitted to enjoy his own views upon these matters, and it is the highest boast of Free Masonry that it unites, by the cement of brotherly-love, persons who widely differ upon matters pertaining to our political, moral, and social interests. These remarks apply with equal appropriateness to the objection that our Order has ecclesiastical designs. Members of all religious denominations meet within the Lodge room, upon a common *level*, and together bow around our altar and acknowledge their belief in, and consequent accountability to the Great I AM—the Supreme Architect of the Universe. And such is the tenacity with which Masonry adheres to this truth that *no Atheist can be made a Mason!* And here, too, in the theological world, the genius of our institution is most fully displayed. You all know what a powerful influence sectarian prejudice and bigotry wields over the minds of men. Masonry has a tendency to mitigate, and in many instances it has been known to utterly destroy this spirit of sectarian jealousy and animosity. It causes persons who widely differ upon questions which have risen from Christian theology, to unite in schemes looking to the elevation and advancement of the world. While it exercises this good and wholesome influence over its supporters, it asks us to compromise no opinions which we may entertain upon any political or religious question; but it quickens within us a sense of the duties which we owe to our fellow-men, and induces us to *work together* for the general good of all, in the spirit of that charity "which thinketh no evil." 3d. It is objected that Masonry is a *secret institution*. This we readily grant. But it is secret only in its method of recognition, between brother and brother, and the manner of imparting the lessons which it seeks to enforce upon those who have been found worthy to receive its honors. Many honestly suppose that secrecy is a great crime; and yet, strange as it may appear, we almost invariably find such persons practicing it as a virtue, in their business relations in life, and in their family government. To illustrate: A and B are engaged in some legitimate enterprise. For mutual aid and protection they form a copartnership. Each is in possession of some private or secret matter pertaining alone to the business in which he is engaged. This secret if revealed might not do the world any particular *harm*, neither would it do the world any *good*; but kept between the parties interested, the world receives its benefit, and satisfied therewith, it seeks not to pry into the private affairs of those most immediately concerned. So with the family government. In all well-regulated households there are certain secrets, proper and right in themselves, and the purposes sought to be obtained, but which, if revealed to the world, would cause an infinite deal of injury. Perhaps a loved child, in an unguarded hour, may have yielded to the wiles of the Tempter, and stepped aside from the flowery pathway of virtue. No parent, feeling a proper sense of duty and obligation to his child, and through him or her to society, would think of braying the child's shame to the world, under the false impression that it is wrong to keep a secret. But on the contrary, locking the sin within the "repository of a faithful breast," he will go to the "most retired chamber" of the erring one, clasp him in his arms, and having gained the heart so lately estranged, the "instructive tongue" will pour such words of wisdom and sweet counsel within the "listening ear" that the power of the Tempter shall be broken forever, and his child be induced to return to virtue and love once more.

Many good people attach a false idea to this word, secret. They make it a synonym for deceit, trickery and fraud. This is all wrong, as your own good sense must tell you, when you reflect seriously upon the matter, in the light of the few facts, and commonplace illustrations to which we have called your attention. Secrecy is a great and important virtue, necessary for both social and personal happiness and peace. No one can be truly happy, or contribute largely to the happiness of others, who has not learned the great importance of keeping a vigilant guard at the door of his lips. Families and neighborhoods are kept in a constant uproar where this virtue is not cultivated. Societies, political and religious, can only be preserved from utter ruin and overthrow by due observance of this virtue. On a matter of such importance as this, the sacred Scriptures are not silent. The "Wise Man of Old" said of one who had not learned to keep a secret: "He that goeth about as a tale-bearer *revealeth secrets;* therefore, *meddle not with him.*" It will be well for us to heed this admonition, which comes to us from one who spoke from his own experience and observation. And again, mark the contrast which he draws between these mischief-making disturbers of the peace of society, and the "faithful breast" which knows how and when to keep a secret: "A tale-bearer *revealeth secrets;* but he that is of a *faithful spirit* concealeth the matter." Numerous other arguments, in favor of the cultivation of this virtue, might be given; but we shall say no more, other than to remark that a Mason is not bound to conceal the errors of his brethren from the public gaze, when wrong or injustice might be the result of such concealment; nor, indeed, is he bound to conceal a brother's faults at all unless he may, by so doing, induce him to see the error of his way, and to turn therefrom. This is the great *desideratum*—to do good—and by this means prove to the world that the object of the Order is to keep burning upon the altar of our hearts that spirit of charity and good will, which seeks to elevate and bless all who come within the circle of our influence. Nor should we confine our labors of love to the members of the Fraternity alone. The unfortunate everywhere have a claim upon our kind offices. He whose heart is fully imbued with the spirit of Masonry, will go out into the world with an ear ever open to the cries of the needy, with a heart full of sympathy for the unfortunate, and a hand ever ready to contribute to the relief of their distresses. May God, in his infinite mercy, bless us and enable us to so live, and practice the noble lessons of our Order that, when done with the things of earth and time, we may become fit candidates to be received into the Grand Lodge above, whose founder and builder is God.

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EXCLUDING VISITORS WHILE BALLOTING.

There exists in the minds of some of our most worthy Masters of lodges, an opinion which seems to operate very much against the welfare of our institution, which is, that upon their regular communications, while what they term the business of the lodge is being transacted, they can exclude visitors; and this business is the receiving of reports and balloting for the candidates. After this business (which they term private business of the lodge) is dispatched, the doors are thrown open to the visiting brethren, who have been waiting for an hour or more in the ante-room.

The reason given for this is, that the reports of committees, when they have been unfavorable to the candidate, have been communicated to him soon after being made known to the lodge.

Every Mason knows this to be wrong, and it is highly proper that this evil should be guarded against, and that all just means should be used to avert it; but I presume this information is oftener communicated by the members of the lodge than by its visitors, for it is natural to suppose that the members of the lodge where the candidate's application is received are better known to him than the visitors.

The candidate is generally a resident of the place where the lodge is located, and the visitors oftener come from towns adjacent; it would not, therefore, be at all probable that these visitors would come in contact with the candidate, or even have any personal acquintance with him, most of them, after the close of the lodge, leaving town for their several homes.

But the one who proposes the candidate is probably more familiar with him than visitors are, and would be most likely to converse with him on the subject. What would be more natural than for him to seek the canditate, or the candidate him, in order that the result of the proposition may be made known to him, and in communicating the fact of his proposition having been placed before the lodge? Also to mention its reference to a committee, and to remark that it would come up at their next meeting, adding, perhaps, that "you know A, B, or C, or all of them, very well, and there is no doubt that you will be admitted."

The eventful evening comes, on which the report of the committee is to be made. The candidate knows that the lodge meets this night, and perhaps is informed by the proposer that he had better come up to the room to be ready for initiation.

The committee report unfavorably, and the candidate is rejected; the Secretary returns the fees to the person who proposed him, who of course seeks the candidate, to give him the information that he has been rejected.

The proposer of course is disappointed at the result, as well as the candidate, and it would be very natural for the proposer to ask the candidate if he was not on good terms with the persons on the committee. Bear in mind that the names of the persons on the committee were made known to him when his proposition was referred, no doubt existing in the mind of the proposer of the candidate being accepted. The cat is thus let out of the bag, and the committee are waited upon by the candidate with the question, "What is there you have against me to prevent my receiving the degrees of Freemasonry?"

Now this friend who proposes him may not be aware that he has disclosed any secrets of the lodgeroom until he here sees the result; for if the candidate had been admitted, he would have had no occasion to call upon the committee, and they would not have known that he had had any information as to whom his case was referred, but the result being a rejection, the informer finds that he is in a dilemma in having disclosed the names of the committee. This is one way in which this leakage may occur.

And again, this candidate may be an old friend of the proposer, who is as disappointed as the candidate himself at the result, and cannot forbear asking if he has ever had any difficulty with Mr. A or Mr. B, intimating at once that these men were the cause of the rejection, and thus the candidate is indirectly informed who his opponents are, and the next step is to charge them with this result.

Take either of these two ways of informing the candidate, and I would ask if it is not more rational to suppose that the information comes from a member of the lodge, rather than from a visiting brother, who perhaps does not reside in the town, or even in the State, where the lodge is located.

I very much doubt of an instance ever having occurred where any candidate was directly or indirectly informed who his committee were by a brother visitor of a lodge. None of our worthy Masters, who make a practice of shutting out visitors, pretend to have heard of any case criminating them, and should one, two, or more cases be traced to this source, I do not think it would justify this wholesale exclusion.

It is not only unjust towards the visiting brethren, but to his own lodge, who may have an unworthy candidate thrust upon them, which the information of some visiting brother might have prevented.

And, more important still, it is unjust to the Fraternity at large, who are as much interested in the admission of the candidate for the honors of Masonry, as the members of the lodge before whom he presents himself for initiation.

This particular lodge is only one of the entrances to the temple of Freemasonry; and if the candidate is received at this gate, he is admitted to equal participation in the rights and privileges which belong to the body; and we are all as much interested, or should be, in his admission, as this lodge.

It was formerly the practice in our city, and I presume in some of the lodges in the vicinity, to put in a conspicuous place in the anterooms, the names of those who were proposed to the lodge, and whose cases were to come up before the lodge on the evening designated, thus giving the brethren generally the information which was due to them, and giving them an opportunity to make known any circumstances affecting the eligibility of the individual proposed.

While this was the practice, visitors could be more properly excluded than at present, for here was all that was necessary to be known: and if there was an objectional individual on the list, a note to the Master from the visitor would answer as well as his presence in the lodge.

This exclusion of visitors, on account of leakage, seems to me very much like putting in the spigot and leaving the bung out.

I know of but one way in which this evil may be defeated, and which, by reducing the space in which it works and bringing it into a corner, will certainly give us more advantage over it, as we have it in a smaller space.

This method is for the Master, upon receiving the application, to appoint his committee in a private manner, without announcement to his lodge; let the Secretary only know who they are, that they may be recorded and notified by him of their appointment; let this committee be requested to make their report in writing, delivered to the Master of the lodge, to be read by him or the Secretary to the lodge, suppressing the names.

Here you have this evil, which was before running all over the lodge, and impossible to control, confined to five individuals; viz, the Master and Secretary, and the three members of the committee: and no information other than his rejection can reach him through any source but from these members.

This subject is of too much importance to be overlooked by our Grand Lodge,or any other; this exclusion of visitors at the regular communications, when business relating to the whole Fraternity is being transacted, in my opinion, was never intended by any regulation of Grand Lodges, or by any Masonic usage.

It should be brought up for action before the Grand Lodges, and the District Deputy Grand Masters should be instructed to communicate the decision to their lodges, although there may be some objection to the system, I think they are not of so much importance as the defeat of this great evil of babbling.

Brethren, think of these things.—*Boston Masonic Monthly.*

BLUE LODGE MASONRY.

Blue-lodge Masonry is an improper term for Symbolic Freemasonry, which consists of the three degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason, and is the *pure* Freemasonry that was developed from the system of Ancient Craft Masonry which existed prior to 1717—during that year the transition of the Fraternity took place from an operative and speculative character to a speculative alone, and then it was first termed Modern Freemasonry. The degrees of this body are the foundation and root of all the rites that exist in this country and Europe. Chapters, councils, commanderies, consistories, &c., are but branches of this noble tree; hence the tie of a Mason to his blue lodge should be more closely guarded than any link with which he may afterwards connect himself. Generally speaking, the members of the Fraternity understand this, but a few imagine that the higher degrees have the prior claim. *This is a mistake.* True, many of the other degrees are very solemn and impressive—we readily admit their beauty, but we assert that our *first* allegiance is due to our mother lodge, or rather to the blue lodge to which we at the time belong.

The E. A. degree is *the degree of Freemasonry;* two hundred years ago the mass of the Fraternity were satisfied with the simple framework or skeleton of the present ritual of this degree; a few were passed to that of F. C., and the presiding officers alone knew the tradition as exemplified in the ceremonial of the M. M.'s degree. At the present time few neophytes stop till they have been raised, and it is well that it is so, as a thorough acquaintance with these degrees unveils mysteries of the most interesting character, and teaches lessons of the greatest importance. These three degrees, we repeat, are inexpressibly beautiful and sublime; gradually leading the mind of the candidate from the dark, rough ways of the outer world, to the joys and happiness of the Masonic home. The profane grope in darkness for *that light* which Freemasonry sheds upon her children; it is a divine light that illumines his path when abroad, and cheers his family at the evening fireside. Let us then cherish this pure and simple rite, taught two thousand years before the Christian era, and handed down to us through a chain of godly, moral, honorable men.

Blue-lodge Masonry inculcates *first, faith*—not only in the Supreme Being, but faith in the honor and unselfishness of man; faith in the victory of truth over falsehood, a faith in the justness of her cause; a faith in the probity of her principles; a faith in the final triumph of liberality and fraternity over her enemies, bigotry and ignorance.

Symbolic Masonry teaches *secondly*, the propriety of a well founded *hope* in the goodness of the Supreme Grand Master; she impresses upon the neophyte that by leading an upright, honorable life, by obeying the laws of God, and observing his duties towards his fellow-man, he may *hope* at the last to be rewarded by a seat in the Grand Lodge above. This lesson is one of vast and deep interest to every brother, as all should strive to so live here, that when called away to that "undiscovered country from whence no traveler returns," they may *hope* to enjoy the reward of a well-spent life.

Modern Freemasonry, in the *third* place, inculcates constantly upon the minds of her members the importance of *charity*—not only the cold formal charity of dollars and cents, but the fraternal charity of brotherly love, relief, and truth. Masonic charity throws her mantle over the backslidings of a brother, the errors of a friend, the vindictiveness of an enemy.

These are some of the *few* lessons taught in the first three degrees. Now, let us ask ourselves, are we as true to those three great principles as we should be? We think not. *The mission of Masonry has not yet been half fulfilled.* In this country our numbers are counted by hundreds of thousands, but we fear our deeds of charity and brotherly love are hardly in proportion. Let us then put our shoulders to the wheel, and yet more earnestly perform our duties to God and to our fellow-man. There is much that we can daily and hourly accomplish, if we only are true to our obligations. Then, in the name of Freemasonry, we should urge our brethren to *more practical* labors; the day for theoretical charity has passed, and if we listen not to the cry of the widow and the orphan, the distress of an unfortunate brother, then we are false to our Fraternity.

In conclusion, we would remind our readers that the very badge of a Master Mason signifies *purity*. The *lambskin* is emblematic of the gentle, loving innocence of childhood, and is a type of the simplicity of truth; when edged with blue, it reminds us of that friendship that should ever unite brother to brother. This badge has been worn by many of the greatest men in America, and by the kings and princes of the old world. We are assured that it is an honorable badge; its unassuming plainness may be viewed as a characteristic feature of Modern Freemasonry. Our cause is a noble one, far more than the world gives us credit for; and we must not allow ourselves to forget the *first great, strong tie that unites us to modern, or symbolic, or blue-lodge Masonry.* —*Keystone.*

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The fact cannot be gainsayed. A fearless spirit of inquiry is abroad; and codes, theologies, and revelations which have hitherto passed unquestioned are now being tested with analytical minuteness in the crucible of truth. Acute thinkers and subtle logicians have brought the artillery of reason to bear upon many venerable abuses and antiquated superstitions, and the result of their labors is seen in the wonderfully improved condition of mankind in general. But it is easier to demolish than to build, and while admitting to its fullest extent the right of free thought and free opinion, let us not wantonly destroy the beautiful in our anxiety to be wiser than our forefathers.

Among other human institutions, Freemasonry offers to the serious student a problem so unique and so complicated as to challenge investigation and solution. It presents itself to the non-masonic observer in a variety of aspects involving different and apparently irreconcileable conditions. Thus, its secrecy is a stumbling block to those who acknowledge fully its beneficient and charitable element, their argument being that what is good ought not to be concealed.

This view arises from an utter misconception of the objects and aims of the Fraternity. Is it for a moment to be supposed that if the ceremonies of Freemasonry were to be practiced in public, and its initiatory rights conferred indiscriminately upon all who choose to apply—if the good and the evil, the ignorant and the learned, were to be thus admitted without distinction—is it to be believed that the Order could then effect its noble purposes with the same facility; or, rather, would it not shatter that bond of brotherhood which now encircles the earth with the celestial girdle of love, because we desire to link together only the tried, the faithful, and the true? No! Freemasonry glories in doing good by stealth, and works in silence and secrecy, although it is doubtless our hope and belief that, as civilization advances and knowledge increases, so will the light of Freemasonry radiate more and more, until the dream of the poet becomes merged in blissful reality—until the scattered and hostile nations are blended into one vast and glorious "federation of the world." In the meantime, we must act like the early fathers of the Christian Church, who deferred the rite of baptism, as a rule, until the catechumen had been fully instructed in the preparatory mysteries of the faith. We invite all men of sound judgement and strict morals, and he who seeks in earnest shall find in truth. But we cannot, we will not—we dare not dispense with those initiatory observances by which we are distinguished from the body of mankind It is not only that our ceremonies are typical of a sublime system of morality; they are also paths by which the willing mind is led by wise gradations to the contemplation of the works of nature, and the mysterious operations of the Divine Being.

The whole plan of the creation sustains this theory of progression; the bud expands into the perfect flower, the chrysalis emerges from torpor and darkness into winged life and beauty. We place the alphabet in the hands of the child, while the more mature scholar exercises his mental faculties with syllogisms or geometrical symbols.

Thus it is in the speculative science of Freemasonry—the aspirant proceeds by regulated steps or degrees to the goal he desires to reach.

It is not to be expected, however, that a system which persistently excludes from participation in its rites, all upon whom the stamp of folly or vice is set,, should be very popular, nor can we as Freemasons regret the circumstance. What we have most to fear is the relaxation of discipline in our own ranks, not the disorderly array of the foe. The admission of one improper person into the Order strikes a weightier blow at its stability than all the platitudes of priests or pontiffs. Greater caution in the selection of candidates—and, we may add, in the multiplication of lodges—is essential to the future welfare of the English Craft.

The most flagrant violations of the Constitutions are being committed day by day—members are admitted without due inquiry into their character—brethren are advanced to office without the slightest qualification to perform their duties, and the want of authoritative supervision is daily and increasingly felt.

Now is the time to strike a blow at the root of the evil, for, as one result of the Prince of Wales' connection with the Craft, we may expect a greater influx of candidates—many of whom will enter out of mere curiosity, or, perhaps, influenced by more ignoble motives.

We were among the first to hail the Heir Apparent as a brother, and apart from his personal merits, we did so on the ground that the Prince is the descendant of many illustrious Masons, whose renown we hope his Royal Highness will emulate and justly inherit. The initiation of so exalted a personage also affords a complete answer to the vapid and hackneyed charge of disloyalty which some puerile minds would fain attach to the Craft; and, further, to quote the remarks of a very eminent brother, we are at all times glad to welcome distinguished men, because their names alone are a guarantee to society that the objects of the institution are just, lawful, and consonant with due subordination to civil government and the maintenance of order in the State.

Freemasonry fears no inquiry; she can bear unmoved the Ithuriel touch of truth, and the probe of the most sceptical metaphysician. She alone has withstood the assaults of ages, while other institutions have passed away, and mightier systems have gone down quenched in the abyss of oblivion. Why? Because her great heart throbs with the heart of humanity; because she is the representative of human thought, the visible incarnation of that immortal idea which folds within its wide embrace of peace and fraternity the world at large, without distinction of clime or creed, regarding the manifold races of the earth as the children of one common Father, and the beloved fold of one divine Shepherd.—[*London Freemason*.]

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"THE CHRISTIAN CYNOSURE."

We have before us a copy of a paper bearing the above title, published fortnightly at No. 88, LaSalle St., Chicago, by Ezra Cook, purporting to be the organ of the "National Association of Christians opposed to Secret Societies," which august body is now said to be made up of "between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty members"—many of whom, according to their own confession, have perjured themselves by swearing to keep certain matters secret which they now use every effort to reveal to the public. This novel publication has reached the twenty-third number of its first volume, and has not paid expenses. Hence its main supporters, Messrs. Blanchard, Hart & Co., are making earnest appeals in its behalf, for the moderate sum of $10,000—some $3,000 of which they say is already pledged—to aid in the crusade against all secret societies, but Masonry in particular. The movement is represented to be a *Christian* one, and the reward of those who aid therein, will no doubt be imperishable!

But, seriously, this publication is a singular one. It is under the control of professed Christians, yea, measurably, of ministers of the Gospel; and yet its contents are the most *unfair* and *untruthful* of anything ever published in the English language! The most unscrupulous and false political sheet ever issued from the partisan press of our country, is *pure*, and *temperate*, as compared with *The Christian Cynosure.*

Let us give a few examples. In an article signed ANTI-MASON, 33*d Degree*, (few will dispute that the writer is *anti* at least 33 degrees, to all the truthfulness and honor taught as Masonic morality,) we find the following: "I am opposed to Masonry because Masonry is opposed to Christianity."

We need only reply to this, that Masonry is entirely *unsectarian*, and opposes no sect. All worthy persons who knock for admittance at its portals find an entrance, be their honest religious sentiments what they may, so that they believe in one God, the Supreme. And we may be permitted to refer to the multitudes of Christians, good and true, who have sought and gained admittance into our temple, and have proved themselves faithful to the highest interests of Masonry. They have come from all the denominations, certainly from those most renowned for their piety and learning. Now if the assumption be true, that Masonry is opposed to Christianity, why is it that it was never discovered till the days of J. Blanchard and I. A. Hart? The truth is, Masonry inculcates the belief in a Supreme God, receives the Holy Bible as its *Great Light*, inculcates a reverence for God and the Bible, the practice of prayer, of obedience to the moral law and the laws of the land, of our duty to keep the Sabbath holy unto the Lord, of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us. We may, therefore, pronounce the declaration that Masonry is *opposed* to Christianity as unqualifiedly, if not intentionally, false.

Again the writer says: "The square and compasses, the triangle, the ladder, the trowel, level, common gavel, rough ashlar, cable-tow, mallet, &c., &c., may all be made to mean one thing as well as another. The meanings given them are well suited to interest *vulgar* and *ignorant* minds, and render them pliable under the hands of those who make use of them to juggle with. *No honest, manly, right intentioned person ever resorts to such jugglery to conceal his meanings*; but on the contrary, there is no surer sign of *kavery* or *ignorance* than the making use of equivocal signs, symbols and myths."

"*Equivocal signs, symbols and myths!*" Are the signs, symbols and myths of Masonry equivocal? On the contrary are they not fully and unequivocally explained in every monitor and text book? And are not these text books to be found in every respectable book store in the land, and as much open to those who have not entered the Masonic institution, as to the members?

But this sagacious writer is opposed to the use of symbols entirely. Well, then he must abandon his Bible, for there are few books of any age which abounds more in symbols and mythical (parabolic) teaching. Was Joseph "*honest, manly and right minded*" when he used symbolical language, and represented his father, mother, and eleven brethren by the sun, moon and eleven stars? It is a pity that so good a book were not better understood by these would-be Christians. Did *they* rightly understand the sacred lessons which are taught in the beautiful parables that abound in the scriptures, and glitter like gems on almost every page of the sacred volume, they would be more candid and truthful, and less hostile towards societies whose aim is the elevation and reformation of mankind, the caring for the widow and orphan, the watching at the bedside of the sick, the decent burial of the dead.

All the symbols of Masonry are clearly explained, and have no doubtful meaning. Nor do they have any hidden meaning—all, we again repeat, is published in our monitors for the instruction of the craft and of the outside world.

The *Cynosure* is *not* intended to expose the secret orders, and show the fallacy of their doctrines and teachings. If the publishers of this sheet intended to perform such a work, they would send their paper to Masons and Odd Fellows, especially to the editors of Masonic and Odd Fellow publications. But this they do not do. On the contrary, they have published almost an entire volume, and we have chanced to get hold of this solitary number through the courtesy of an outsider! In our candid opinion, no higher object induces this publication, than a desire to speculate out of the prejudices of the ignorant—to "juggle" at their expense.

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THE POPE AND THE FREEMASONS.

The following article appears in the *Free Lance* of April 3rd, a serio-comic paper, published at Manchester:

"Almost side by side in last week's papers appeared the two following paragraphs:

'THE EARL OF ZETLAND AND THE FREEMASONS.—The present year completes the quarter of a century during which the Earl of Zetland has held the office of Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, and his Lordship having intimated his intention to retire from the office at the close of the year, the Freemasons are getting up a testimonial to him, which promises to reach the sum of $5,000. His lordship lately declared that he would not apply the testimonial to any personal object or to any of the existing Masonic charities, and it now appears that it is his intention to invest the money in the name of trustees, and devote the interest to the relief of distinguished Brethren who may become distressed, and their widows or other relations depending upon them.

"Having looked on that picture let us look on this. The writer is giving the general tenor and contents of a letter of His Holiness Pius IX.

"Among other things the letter expresses again "affliction and astonishment" that the Archbishop should have been present at the obsequies of Marshall Magnan, Grand Master of the Freemasons. The Freemasons, indeed, are very heavily denounced. "They are," the letter says, "sects of impiety, bound only by complicity in odious crimes; full of perverse manœuvres and diabolical artifices; corruptors of morals, and destroyers of every idea of honor, truth or justice; propagators of monstrous opinions. disseminators of abominable vices and unheard-of wickedness; reversers of all authority of the Catholic Church and of civil society, if possible, of driving God Himself out of Heaven!"

THE LAST PARTING.

BODY TO SOUL.

Farewell, old comrade, fare the well!
Time tolls the bell; the parting knell
Strikes on my ear; old friend, old friend,
Our journey's o'er—here lies the end,

In the same temple we have dwelt,
At the same altars we have knelt;
Life's hopes and fears, its smiles and tears,
We've shared them, friend, for sixty years.

Twin brothers of one mortal birth,
One sprung from Heaven and one from earth,
While dreams have fled and joys have paled,
Ours is a love that hath not failed.

'Tis true that I, bound to life's track,
Have kept thy soaring pinions back—
But for the feet which kept not pace
Thou might'st have run a swifter race

And yet, old friend, I've served thee well!
This faded form wherein did dwell
Beauty and power, and strength and skill,
For sixty years hath wrought thy will.

These eyes, once lit with fire divine,
This peerless brow, these lips are mine—
These faded lips which love has pressed,
These hands fast entering into rest.

The tuneful tongue that gave the speech,
The sculptured ear through which could reach,
Those loving tones that to the end
Have blest thy life, are mine, old friend.

I was the first, the loved of all;
On me the last sad tears shall fall;
Yet what am I with that last sad breath
Which gives thee life and brings me death?

Above my head the grass shall grow,
The bright birds sing, the soft winds blow;
The wild wood flowers shall veil my brow—
I go to death. Where goest thou?

Ah! dost thou see the glorious band,
The aureate gates, the promised land?
What stream, what flowers, what joys appear?
Speak quick, oh friend, for death is here!

Too late, too late! my task is done;
Deaf, dumb and blind, my race is run;
The parting pang what tongue may tell?
Farewell, old comrade, fare thee well!—SELECTED.

OUR WAGER.

BY ADA POWER.

"Venus, what a figure!"

The exclamation came from between the moustached lips of the only son, hope and heir of the Courtney's—Tom Courtney. The person to whom it was addressed was—your humble servant—his friend and ally. The cause—the lovely Miss Gaston, who was rich beyond estimation, also in the possession of a perfect *physique.*

She was crossing the street, and her light summer scarf had been suddenly lifted by the breeze, displaying her fine form to the admiring view of, at least two lazy wights, who sat in the cool, elegant apartment of my friend Courtney; looking down in grand indifference and supreme contempt upon the swaying, surging mass of human beings, who rushed along in the full blaze of the July sun, as if their only aim in life was to be gained by alternate crowding and pushing, and getting as warm and uncomfortable as possible.

In this spot, so favorable for observation, we sat, and viewed the living panorama, moving beneath us; the kaleidoscopic changes in the roaring, bubbling crowd, each fraction of which was bent upon its own private business,—some moving leisurely along, as if life to them was as a gentle stream, and they were being wafted down its bosom to mellow music,—others rushing frantically along, as if they saw the last almighty dollar tumbling off 'round the corner, and they must tumble after, to secure it.

Happy Tom! *He* had never been obliged to run after anything in this world, and I,—well, *we* sat, our physical thermometers somewhat lower than the one beside us on the table, which was up to 90° in that shadiest of all shady places. Being there, was an uncommon occurrance for *me*, who had so few holidays; but most common for Courtney,—who had no one in the wide world, but himself, to think of, as far as comfort went, and with unlimited means at command.—So it was one to him whether he worked or played,

> "Whether the world went up, or the world went down."

A dusty office down town, a small library of law-books, some pictures, and an honest heart, were all I could call myself master of.

That day, having met Courtney in the street, I was decoyed into "his den" (as he called it) to look at a new piece of statuary—a birth-day present for his mother. I had not intended to stay, but the unusual treat of a soft-cushioned chair, being enticing, I yielded.

Now as a general thing I don't approve of, and seldom indulge in, the habit of making comments upon passers, especially ladies; but who could resist this time, when that traitorous scarf fluttered aside, and displayed that graceful form? surely not gallant Tom Courtney.

For once I was in fortune, beyond this petted favorite of the fickle dame, for I could claim an acquaintance with the lady, and he had never before seen her, owing to the high social circle in which he moved. That circle into whose charmed centre none had admission, unless they possessed the magical golden key. Miss Agnes Gaston was not of the *crem de la crem*, speaking in a social sense, but of excellent and unquestionable family, that numbered many of our nation's heroes among its ancestry. The Gastons lived on a neat, but unfashionable street in a quiet part of the city; comfortably, but without any pretense of ostentatious show; and I had ever considered an evening pent in their cozy, little parlor, as something added to the few joys and improvements of my life.

Just as Miss Gaston had crossed the street, while we were watching her still, Courtney's eyes, full of an expression of interest, she was met by an elderly gentleman, who, upon greeting her, put out both hands. With the frankness and assurance of a child, she placed both hers within them, and looked up into his face with a bright, confiding smile. Just then, the breeze, that seemed detailed for special mischief that day, again caught up the scarf, and flung it defiantly in the gentleman's face, then whisked it off down the *pave.* Puffing and catching, the old gentleman hurried after it; and, as is always the way in such cases, scarf was not to be caught. Like a playful child it would flutter along, just within reach of his hand, and when he was sure it was within his grasp, off it would flit, coquettishly flapping and capering, expressing exultant laughter and derision in every fold of its silken wantonness. And then—above the roar and rattle in the street—peeled out (*I* thought it a chime of silver bells!) a laugh, which, as I had heard such an one before, I knew came from the healthy lungs and bird-like throat of Agnes Gaston.

"What a hoiden!"—and my elegant friend threw himself back in his velvet-lined chair in splendid disgust;—"I never wish to know more of persons after hearing them laugh aloud in a public place."

"But you'll admit the circumstances are sufficient to make such a thing allowable, and pardonable in the present instance?"

"No; no true *lady* would allow such a trifle to effect her in such a way. Think of the splendid effort Anna Balch made to control her risibles, when poor Leighton fell overboard, from the yacht, last summer. She showed the elements of true politeness, and the genuine *lady*, in that act."

"Anna Balch!" I know there was a sneer upon my face, for I had one in my mind. "The stiffest, most precise of all mortals! If you take *her* for your model, don't ever ask me to dine when you marry. It is my candid belief that she never moves, without first asking herself, 'Is this elegant? proper? conventional?'"

"Nevertheless, I think I shall marry just such a person, if any."

"Perhaps the fair Anna herself, Tom?"

"No. Leighton, being profoundly grateful to her after his unexpected bath, has decided to devote himself to her service hereafter, so of course has become an immovable obstacle in *my* way. But I trust to be fortunate in finding some one to my taste."

"There is as much heart in what you are saying, as if you were bargaining for a horse, or a brace of hounds; but let me tell you now, Courtney, the most valuable thing I possess—my Ruben's group—I wager, that you will marry just such a lady as I saw opposite to-day."

"My saddle-horse, Sultan, against it!"

"Agreed," and we shook hands.

Just then some letters fell into the box by the door. Courtney rose, and taking them out, sat down to examine them, pushing the last *Harper* towards me. I opened at the "Drawer," and was reading steadily when I heard a low, supressed whistle from Courtney, and he tossed a letter to me. I glanced over it, and saw it was an invitation from a widowed aunt to spend the remainder of the summer with her, as contrary to custom, Courtney had staid in town, while his family and "dear five hundred" were "off and far away." This aunt lived in a beautiful, rural spot in the northern part of the State, and as an inducement to him, she wrote; "The trout-streams are full, and the beauties jumping up, impatient to be caught. I don't *approve* of fishing, *you know*, but as the deacon, whose boys were given to piscatorial pursuits upon the Sabbath, said, "if you *will* fish, remember *I am very fond of them.*'"

"You'll go, of course?" I said.

"Yes, I never refuse *her* invitations. I wish you would give up your maxim, 'Labor is worship,' and go with me."

"I thank you, but 'Work before pleasure,' you know. The latter is not for me yet. Some day, perhaps, I may feel free to enjoy myself without feeling the ever-present consciousness that I am letting time go to waste, as I do now. I must be up and stirring."

"You should have been born rich, K——, you were never intended by nature to drudge. There is a great mistake somewhere."

"Which can never be righted while I stay here idling away this fine morning. But let me tell you, I would not exchange places with you in life, for all your wealth and ease!"

"I believe you, K——. I believe you have a greater and better share of true enjoyment than I." He looked thoughtful.

"When will you be off?" I asked, as I held the door-knob in my hand.

"In a week or two, at the utmost."

"Well, *adieu*, if do not see you before that time. I must work harder now, to pay penance for the morning's play-time. Don't forget *our wager*.".

(*To be continued.*)

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THE *Evergreen* gives notice of "*a woman imposter*," who represents herself to be the widow of Joel S. Miles, who was formerly a member of Coletto Lodge No. 124, Texas. Bro. W. R. Penick, President of St. Joseph Masonic Board of Relief, warns the craft against her, and recommends her arrest wherever she may attempt obtaining money under false pretense.

Since the above was written, we have received the August number of the *Evergreen*, which confirms the fact that the above Mrs. Grant—not Mrs. Miles—is a base imposter, and the publishing of her as such, in the July number of the *Evergreen*, saved the Masons of Iowa City from imposition. Pass the intelligence on to the brotherhood; for this woman is said to be educated, shrewd, and well calculated to deceive.

JAMES M. AUSTIN, the R. W. Grand Secretary of New York, and General Grand High Priest of the United States, who has been much out of health, is now reported to be rapidly improving.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

CHAPTER III.

"The problem in life's philosophy which I have solved, and the practical theory I have demonstrated is this," said Mr. Wilson, "He who has more of this world's goods than he can rationally use, has that which does not legitimately belong to him; some one, perhaps many, ought to have the sum of his superabundance. So, you perceive this vast fortune which I have accumulated, or at least so much of it as I cannot properly appropriate to my own wants, does not belong to me. It is not mine. I only hold it in trust for others. How to dispose of it equitably, and consonantly with the demands of humanity, causes me many embarassing anxieties and mental agitations."

"Well," said the daughter, "while I confess that I cannot understand your philosophy, nor appreciate the anxieties arising from the causes you mention, I must say that I have been much interested in the romance of your visit to Mr. Warren. But, papa, I must mention the cause of my visit to you."

"Proceed," said the banker; "it is not often that my little pet shows herself in my office. What is it, Eda?"

"I have brought you this little surprise as a memorial of your fiftieth anniversary; now, papa, kiss your Eda," said she, presenting a morocco case, the raised lid of which exposed a highly ornamented gold watch.

"Thank you, my child;" said Mr. Wilson, kissing his daughter; "but where and how did you obtain the means of purchasing this most extravagant time piece?"

"You know," replied Eda, "that on my birth day every year, since I was nine years old, you gave me one hundred dollars for pocket money during the year. Well, I saved every penny of it. Aunty kept it for me. I am now seventeen years old. Last fall I had seven hundred dollars of my own money. I sent it to Paris and had a watch made for my dear papa. It only cost six hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"You are a good girl," said Mr. Wilson, again kissing his daughter. "Although I need no new time-piece, and although I have not been in the habit of indulging in extravagancies of any kind, especially when I remember that these meritricious baubles, while they may be indications of riches, are not the legitimate symbols of that contentment which constitutes true wealth; yet, when I consider the providence and self-dėnial on your part, of which this is a significant token, I am pleased—more than pleased; and, in return, I now promise that the very next wish you express to me I will gratify it, if within my power to do so; for, after this manifestation of your prudence and economy, I can trust that your wish will be a reasonable one."

"Why, I have no wish in the world to gratify," returned Eda.

"You may have," said the banker. "I never knew a girl of your age pass many days without some peculiar wish."

"That may be, so remember your promise," said the daughter, laughing gayly, and patting her father's cheek.

"Eda," said Mr. Wilson, thoughtfully, "you are my only child. You are all I have to care for, or provide for. When I can see you happily married—"

"Why, papa!" interrupted the daughter, giving full scope to a burst of loud and ringing laughter, while a blush of rose rushed to the clear complexion of her neck and face—"I never thought of such a thing! I marry! I am but a girl yet — a great big girl. Why, whom do you suppose I would marry? Who ever dreamed of such a thing? It would be so funny—just think of me getting mar—"

Eda was interrupted by the opening of the door, as a young man was shown into the office. After gazing a moment in sheer astonishment at this young man, she turned aside to conceal an illy suppressed smile at the expense of his unique figure.

This young man was above the medium stature, and very erect in his form. He was dressed in a new and illy fitting suit of striped linsy woolsey stuff. The pea jacket, or roundabout (as it was then called,) lacking in both the length of the sleeves and in the body. His cheek was brown, but when he took off his hat, a broad white forehead, and a profusion of rich, nut-brown hair, was displayed. He appeared to be twenty-one or twenty-two years old. Notwithstanding his straight and erect form, his deportment was awkward, and his manner diffident. After unbuttoning his roundabout, he produced a newspaper from an inside pocket. This paper he turned over and over; his eye at length rested upon a particular article, and, pointing to it, he placed the paper in the hands of Mr. Wilson, saying:

"Is that your advertisement?"

As the eyes of Mr. Wilson ran over the article, Eda's eyes scanned the advertisement and read as follows:

"ACCOUNTANT WANTED.

"A young gentleman of good habits, with reliable references, and capable of filling a clerkship in the counting room, can find employment by making application at the banking house of

E. WILSON, 123, —— St., Baltimore."

"Yes, sir," said the banker, "that is my advertisement. What will be your pleasure, sir?"

"I am an applicant for the situation, Mr. Wilson," said the youth, in a clear voice, earnestly looking into the face of the banker. Mr. Wilson looked at Eda and smiled; then turning to the young man, the following dialogue ensued:

"What is your age?"

"Twenty-one years and four months, sir."

"You are from the country?"

"Yes sir."

"Have you ever been employed in a bank?"

"No sir."

"Do you feel competent to assume such a position?"

"I would not assume a duty which I did not feel myself competent to discharge."

"I am sorry to say, sir, the place has been supplied. I employed an experienced clerk last evening."

During this conversation, Eda's eyes had been steadily fixed upon the countenance of the young man, who, during the whole time had gazed earnestly into the eyes of the banker. As Mr. Wilson pronounced his last remark, a cloud passed over the countenance of the young man; his eyes dropped to the floor, where they rested a moment, when he raised them and gazed long and earnestly out of the window. A sadness mingled with the expression of his features; his chin slightly quivered; he compressed his lips firmly, and sighed with the unaffected and natural innocence of childhood, as it clears up its bright countenance, after moping over some harrowing disappointment. That expression of sadness, and that sigh, like glittering steel struck into Eda's heart, and there awoke the indescribable emotion mentioned in the beginning of this narrative. Her head dropped upon her bosom as she turned away, and a tear stole down her cheek. In that brief struggle with her own feelings, Eda Wilson passed from giddy, reckless girlhood, to sedate and thoughtful womanhood.

Again she turned her eyes upon the young man. The shadow still rested upon his countenance; his eye still gazed fixedly as if he were peering into the future. At length he aroused from his reverie, sighed again, and, bowing, bade good morning as he left the room.

"Oh, papa!" said Eda hurriedly, after the door closed upon the young man. "pray do not let him go! Give him a place!"

"As I told him, I have no place for him; it has been filled; besides, a green, country boy, as he is, could be of no use to me."

"He can learn," said Eda. "You have promised to gratify my first wish; I now hold you to your engagement with me. You must *make* a place for this young man, and give him employment in the bank. My wish is expressed; you will redeem your promise."

Mr. Wilson rung a small bell, which immediately brought a messenger to his side, who was directed to follow the youth, and bring him into the office. In a few minutes the young man returned, when the following colloquy between him and the banker ensued:

"Young man, I have recalled you," said the banker.

"Yes sir," replied the youth.

"Where have you resided?"

"Near the State line, forty miles from the city."

"What has been your employment?"

"A day laborer, the greater part of my time."

"How have you been otherwise employed?"

"I taught school two winters last past, and I occessionally did a small job of surveying for our neighbors."

"When did you learn to survey, and qualify yourself for teaching school?"

"I studied at night."

"What! when you worked all day?"

"Yes sir. I never sleep until one o'clock at night. I also spent three months in King and Queen's college, in the study of civil engineering."

"What relations have you?"

"A mother and sister."

"They have some means?"

"No sir, none."

"They support themselves, I suppose?"

"No sir."

"Who supports them?"

"I do, principally. My mother, although scarcely past the meridian of life, has for some years been an invalid, through an affliction from which she has, within a year, recovered; and, being able to move a little, can contribute to our support in a small degree; and this circumstance enables me to leave her for a time. My sister is too young to earn anything."

"What is your name?"

"Charles Preston."

"Return to-morrow morning, and I will give you employment in my counting room, In the meantime, I advance twenty dollars on your wages," continued the banker, presenting some bank bills to the young man.

"I thank you, Mr. Wilson, for your generous kindness," said Preston, "but I cannot consent to accept an advancement upon my wages."

"Why not, Mr. Preston?" enquired Mr. Wilson.

"In its acceptance I would violate one of the rules I have established for the government of my own individual conduct."

"Pray, what is the rule, Mr. Preston; if I may be permitted to know?"

"Never to receive a penny until I have honorably earned it, and have, thereby, a legal claim to demand it as a right."

"I commend your rule. Return at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Thank you. Good morning, Mr. Wilson," and, bowing, Charles Preston left the banking house a second time.

[To be Continued.'

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Speak the truth in love. It never appears so beautiful as when thus uttered. What is lost in emphasis is more than regained by the attractiveness, the sweetness, the silent power of love. Even a censure spoken in love loses its sting; when administered in hatred it only serves to enhance the evil it would heal. Therefore speak the truth in love.

TABLE TALK.—NUMBER III.

BY GOTTFRIED.

"Mr. Burns, the Minister, is a very liberal man for a hard-shell Baptist," said Barney Hagerman, lighting his pipe, and seating himself opposite me, after tea.

"I think so too, but what particular reason have you for mentioning that fact at this time?" I inquired.

"A conversation which I had with him last evening first brought that fact to my knowledge, and, as you know, I am somewhat addicted to speaking my thoughts, or, as some people say, of *thinking aloud.* I just now happened to *speak my thoughts*, as parts of our recent conversation recurred to my mind, embracing remarks of his of such breadth, as I little expected to hear from such a source."

"Barney, why do you say such a source? Is not Mr. Burns not only a profound scholar, but a most elegant man?"

"True," said Barney, looking at me in surprise, "but (pardon me) you compel me to say that we are not apt,—or, at least, I am not apt to look for very liberal ideas from a minister, especially a Baptist minister; therefore, I was the more surprised to hear Mr. Burns give expression to them."

"And why not expect them from a Baptist minister?" asked I.

"For the very reasons assigned by Mr. Burns," he replied

"What were they, pray?"

"I will endeavor to repeat the remarks of Mr. Burns in his own language," said Barney. "I know I can present his ideas, substantially, should I fail in his language."

"Mr. Burns said, 'Much of the intellectual labor of the student in our theological schools is wasted over abstract propositions of faith. These are made specialties in the course of studies, and the tendency of the course is more to build up and strengthen a particular faith, than to enlarge the mind with a broad comprehension of morals—a nice appreciation of the intricate theories of ethics as a science, and liberal truths in the philosophy of humanity, as applicable to man as a reasoning being. Now, it is my opinion that it is a matter of much less consequence what a man believes than what he does, so far as it affects his present welfare and his future happiness. In other words, if a man's conduct be pure and circumspect, it is of little moment what may be his religious faith, or whether he have any, inasmuch as the object of the most pure and perfect faith is to lead to the same end, a pure and circumspect life.

" 'When the theological student graduates he considers that he has not much yet to learn. He may well so regard himself—he is pronounced consummate in all things by his reverend professor, and carries his diploma away in his hand, which so certifies in good, Latin sentences, printed on durable sheep skin. He receives a call, and takes charge of a congregation in a country village, perhaps, as I did. He is still fully impressed that he knows all, and that he has nothing to learn. Every circumstance of his daily life strengthens this impression. His congregation look up to him as "Sir Oracle." He does not mingle with them, or with his fellow-men, on an equal footing. He walks among them as a superior. The world—the great temple of knowledge and of truth—is open before him, but he does not enter. He stands at the threshhold ignorant of the gems of knowledge, and the precious scientific truths, that lie sparkling within. From his stand-point, he cannot perceive the shrines smoking with pure incense, and the sacred altars inviting to deep devotion, He does not live in the world, where his true relation to God and to his neighbor is taught. He lives in his study, his congregation and his meeting-house, where only the peculiar tenets of a particular faith are taught; or, at most, where the divine attributes of Deity, and our relations to man, are taught in a sense, or view, limited and circumscribed by such peculiar tenets, and such limited faith.

" 'This course of life and mental servitude must inevitably, perhaps unconsciously, lead the mind into intolerance and bigotry. These bring in their train, as their proper attendants, jealousy, envy and hatred; and these arouse the soul within us into virulent antagonisms. They prompt him to quarrel with his fellow-man and hate him—ultimately, to quarrel with and hate himself. My opinions upon this subject are formed upon my own experience. Five years ago I was a bigot. I hated my fellow-man, because he disagreed with me in faith. I loved my congregation, not through pure piety, or any innate humanity, but because they indorsed my faith, and approved my bigotry. The same bond united us which binds and holds together political parties; we thought alike upon certain points of religious faith—they upon certain points of political faith; we agreed—they agree. This agreement was all that united us; it is all that unites them. They hated their opponents—we hated ours; and, in so doing, I hated my neighbor.

"'There was one of my neighbors, (I will not name him for you know him very well,) that I actually hated. He was a man of good position in society, and was highly respected. No one could truthfully say an evil word of him, or aught to detract from his high reputation, as a moral man. In short he was without reproach. This man, on one occasion, had the impudence to tell me that, while he respected me as a man and a neighbor, he had no respect for my cloth; in other words, while he respected the man, he did not respect the minister. This mortified me, and wounded my pride; and, in pure spite and bitter hatred, I leveled a vindictive sermon at him, and thereby made the pure gospel a weapon of offence; and prostituted the sacred desk to the base uses of an engine of social warfare. Here I was, picking the mote out of my brother's eye, with the beam in mine own. Instead of carrying out my solemn pledges to preach the gospel, I took advantage of my situation to magnify the foibles of my neighbor.

"'But now I know myself better. I have learned how little indeed I know. I have learned that this very neighbor was one of the best of men. Although he professed no religious faith, he *practiced* all the Christian virtues. This he did silently, quietly, piously; without blowing a horn before him, or without letting his left hand know what his right did. His good example without a profession did more good in society than my preaching, and high profession, *without example*. I looked around me and saw where I stood; I was surprised, and rebuked by the same circumstances which opened my eyes to see myself the bigot that I was. I have reformed and am a better man now.'"

"I told him that I would regard the circumstances which could open his eyes to such a knowledge of himself as most extraordinary; but, that I presumed they were of such a nature that he could not permit himself to mention them."

"'Not at all,' he replied. 'They were the simplest in the world. I joined a lodge of Freemasons. My neighbor was a member of the same lodge. Of course he voted for my admission. I would not have done the same for him, with my bosom overflowing with the gall and bitterness of hatred towards him. In this one thing I saw in him my superior in Christian virtue—he, the non-professor, I the

Christian minister—the light of a Christian congregation. In him I found the high, the pure, the noble man. His heart overflowed with benevolence and love for all mankind; I only loved "the household of the faithful." His heart warmed with tender pity for human suffering, affectionate compassion for the evil doer, and the broadest charity for the faults of his fellow-man. I was proud of my cloth and hated sinners. I bowed my head at the Masonic altar, as the pure light of moral truth, untrammelled by the fetters of religious prejudice arose from it. For the last five years, my mind has been expanding to a higher knowledge, and a purer faith, than is taught in sectarian schools. It was impossible for me to approach the fountain of this knowledge before, on account of the barriers interposed by my religious education. I attend the Lodge regularly. I there kneel with the Jew, the Romanist, the Unitarian, the Universalist, the Spiritualist and the non-professor at the same altar. I have, in truth, entered the world—the great temple which had long stood open before me, and I am drinking at those fountains of knowledge, and moral truth, from which the student is debarred by college discipline and theological dogmas.'"

"There! what do you think of that for a preacher, and a Baptist at that?" said Barney Hagerman, knocking the ashes out of his pipe by way of emphasis, with a vehemence which broke it into twenty pieces.

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LAYING CORNER-STONE AT MUSKEGON.

On the 5th of July, M. W. Grand Master A. T. Metcalf convened the Grand Lodge in the city of Muskegon for the purpose of laying the Corner-stone of a new Court House. A large number of brethren were gathered together upon the occasion, some of them coming a distance of sixty miles. With but few exceptions, the programme was carried out as previously announced. Some delay in forming the procession was occasioned by the non-arrival, at the expected time, of the steamboat "Detroit," which was expected to have on board De Molay Commandery—Sir W. J. Champlin, E. C., and a number of brethren from the Valley City. Our Muskegon brethren would gladly have delayed still longer, but the crowd about the Masonic Hall appeared to be rapidly increasing, and standing room in that vicinity was getting scarce—the County and City Officers were getting tired with waiting, and the impatience which seemed to have hold of the people generally, made it necessary to form and move the procession without waiting longer to welcome the guests with whom they expected to be honored.

The ceremonies of laying the Corner-stone were grand and imposing, and were witnessed by a large number of citizens. Before the conclusion of the ceremonies, the "Detroit" arrived, and De Molay Commandery was escorted to the grounds by the Sir Knights of Muskegon.

The following programme was observed upon the occasion:

Music, by the Valley City Band; Command of silence, by the M. W. Grand Master; Song, by the Glee Club; Prayer, by the M. Rev. Grand Chaplain; Address of the M. W. Grand Master of the State of Michigan; Spreading the Cement, by the M. W. Grand Master; Corner-stone lowered three feet; Artillery salute; Deposit of the Coffer, by the R. W. Grand Treasurer; Salute; Grand Honors; Corner-stone lowered three feet; Salute; Grand Honors twice; Corner-stone lowered to its place; Salute; Grand Honors thrice; Corner-stone tried by the Implements of the Craft; Presentation of the Corn, Wine and Oil, and ceremonies of pouring the same upon the Corner-stone; Presentation of the Implements of Architecture to the Grand Architect; Song, by the Glee Club; Benediction; after which, Music, by the Band, and Oration, by Hon. James V. Campbell, of Detroit.

We give the Grand Master's Address:

"MY BRETHREN:—We have assembled upon this occasion to participate in the celebration of the anniversary of the natal day of American Independence, and to engage in one of the most solemn ceremonies which the regulations of our Order permit the performance of in public. While we, as Masons, hail the return of this anniversary, and join with festive spirit in the demonstrations of our fellow-citizens, we can indulge in peculiarly happy memories and bestow homage upon those illustrious brethren of revolutionary fame, whose names emblazon the pages of our country's history.

"It is, my brethren, with a just pride that we can turn to the records of the infant days of our republic, and point to a long line of immortal heroes—patriot brothers—who disdained not to add to the long catalogue of their virtues and acquirements the title of Freemason. It is not my province, at this time, to enumerate the patriots of those days, or to utter words of panegyric on their deeds, their virtues and their sufferings; but I should feel recreant to my trust, should I fail to mention on such an occasion as this the name of that brother who was first in the ranks of his country's champions, and first to pour forth the warm current of his generous blood, a martyr to his country's liberty. WARREN still lives in the hearts of his countrymen. The lofty column on Bunker Hill, which carries the history of those times down to future ages, was designed no less to perpetuate the memory of him than the remembrance of an event which will live long after the pillar shall have crumbled into ruin. And it was a fitting tribute to his memory, that the corner stone upon which rests this immense structure, should be tried by the Square and adjusted by the Level and Plumb of Lafayette—that brother, whose unselfish patriotism and exalted benevolence made him the confidential friend of *our* Washington.

"It is our privilege, my brethren, to commingle the festivities of this occasion with the solemnities pertaining to one of the peculiar rites of our Order.

"We are here, to-day, clothed in white gloves and aprons—the insignia of Free and Accepted Masons—to place in the north-east corner of the ground plan, the first stone upon which is to be built a superstructure that shall stand before this community and the world as a temple erected to the cause of Justice.

"It has been our custom, from time immemorial, with appropriate ceremonies to lay the corner or foundation stones of such edifices as it was supposed would endure to after ages, and by this means, transmit to posterity a brief history of our people, the nature of our institutions, the progress we have made in the arts and sciences, and the achievements toward civil and religious liberty. Anterior to and all through the middle ages, our ancient brethren took almost sole direction of the science of architecture, and it is to them that the world is indebted for those magnificent specimens of grandeur which lie scattered throughout Europe, as beautiful relics of a refined and cultivated people. Those magnificent edifices were the results of the labors of associations of Freemasons of various nations, who, united by secret pledges and governed in lodges, travelled from country to country wherever their superior skill was demanded. They transmitted the mysteries of the Craft from generation to generation, countenanced by the wisest men and the most powerful monarchs, until their traditionary lore became disseminated among the people, and finally resulted, through arbitrary power and papal selfishness, in the organization of that important fraternal institution which we humbly represent.

"In the hands of our ancient brethren, the implements of architecture were used for the construction of material temples, while in our hands they have become expressive symbols to prepare our hearts and minds for that spiritual temple which cannot be completed until time shall be no more.

"Before our institution was divested of its operative character the laying of the corner-stone was fraught with an interest in proportion to the extent and significance of the structure to be erected. To-day, we symbolize their emotions and their labors. Indeed, the ceremony which we are about to perform around this perfect ashlar is the only labor of an operative character which we have inherited from our ancient brethren. It has been imitated by other societies—both civil and religious—but in its origin and nature it is purely and exclusively Masonic. As the inscriptions upon the exhumed tablets of the Old World have chronicled for us the annals of their history, so may the coffer which we deposit in the cavity of this corner-stone convey to future generations the records of this day, and may the stone ever remain a faithful landmark to those who shall succeed us in life's weary pilgrimage.

"My brethren, let us now proceed to lay this corner-stone according to ancient usage."

The oration of Hon. James V. Campbell, of Detroit, was a scholarly effort, and was listened to with attention by all who could get within hearing distance.

Our Grand Master speaks in the highest terms of the attention paid him by the Brethren of Muskegon, and reports the Lodges of that place as being in a flourishing condition.

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BY-LAWS.

The new "Code of By-laws" having caused a large amount of correspondence on the part of the Grand Master, we conclude that anything from him upon this subject will be of interest to the Craft in this jurisdiction, and therefore present to our readers an extract from a joint communication of the Lodges in Detroit, and the Grand Master's reply. Our next number will contain some important decisions upon this subject.

* * * * * * * * * *

" By ancient custom and usage, subordinate Lodges have always exercised the power of making "By-laws, Rules and Regulations" for their own government—not inconsistent with the landmarks or principles of the Craft, or with the Constitution of the "General Assembly" or Grand Lodge. This right is most distinctly recognized in our rituals. The power of Lodges in this respect is further guaranteed in express terms by the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of this State, (Sec. VI of Art. VI,) which provides that subordinate Lodges *shall have and enjoy the power* of regulating their internal police by the adoption of a *Constitution*, *By-laws and Regulations*, subject only to the condition that they be not inconsistent with the provisions of the Constitution and the ancient usages of the Fraternity. Knowing that our Lodges enjoyed this privilege guaranteed by the Constitution. * * * * * we had supposed that an effort, which it was reported would be made at the last Communication of our Grand Lodge, to adopt such a Code would be unsuccessful; otherwise we would have instructed our representatives to earnestly protest against such action.

" To our surprise and deep regret, we have learned that the Grand Lodge did adopt a "Code of By-laws" for *all* subordinate Lodges, to take effect on the 24th of June.

" While we, in our own judgment, may deem the action of our Grand Lodge inconsiderate and unwise, we are nevertheless anxious to strictly and cheerfully comply not only with the *letter*, but also with the *spirit* of all lawful reqnirements.

" Being in doubt as to our duty in the premises, we request the aid of your judgement and brotherly counsel."

REPLY.

" Your communication of April 30th, covering an address from the several subordinate Lodges in the city of Detroit, was duly received. I have delayed a formal reply partly on account of a pressure of correspondence that required immediate attention, but more especially for the reason that I desired to give the subject, by you referred to me, the serious consideration which its importance seemed to demand.

" The Lodges of your city are not alone in the views which they entertain in regard to the new Code of By-Laws, as the action of the

Grand Lodge in this particular, and the question of both its legality and propriety, have been severely animadverted upon by very many of the Lodges, and by many prominent Brethren throughout this jurisdiction.

"You, of course, are well aware that our Grand Lodge has not acted without precedent in this matter. Our sister Grand Lodge of Ohio, and, if I am not mistaken, other Grand Lodges of the United States, have for many years exercised the power of prescribing regulations for the local or internal government of their subordinates, and of making them imperative upon them. I am not, however, prepared at this time to say how far they are warranted in such action by the organic laws of their respective jurisdictions; but as it is hardly to be supposed that they would trench upon the several powers of their subordinates, for a succession of years, without arousing a determined resistance, we may infer that they have not, by such legislation, transcended their legitimate powers.

"In our own case, it is my deliberate opinion that, under the provisions of Sec. 6 of Art. 6 of our Grand Lodge Constitution, the subordinate Lodges *intended* to reserve the right to themselves to provide for their own internal regulations; and I may safely say that such reservation was in strict accordance with the practice of Lodges, for the most part adopted, since Grand Lodges became a part of Masonic polity.

"While I am clearly of opinion that the recent action of our Grand Lodge in enforcing upon her subordinates a Code of By-laws, was an *unintentional* infraction upon their several rights, still I am not prepared, at this time, to abrogate the enactments of our Grand Lodge in relation to the Code of By-laws, because I may consider them unconstitutional and opposed to the ancient regulations; neither should I recommend our Lodges, who find the new By-laws insufficient for their government, to set them aside, or in any way nullify them, and thus defy the wisdom of our Grand Lodge. I think that before proceeding to so extreme a measure, an opportunity should be first given our Grand Body to retrace its steps, which I cannot doubt will be promptly done when the matter shall have been properly presented for consideration.

"I do not think the Grand Lodge intended its action to reach so far as—from their communication—the Brethren of the Detroit Lodges seem to have inferred. I am of opinion that it is perfectly proper, and that a subordinate Lodge is competent to pass any additional By-laws and Regulations which the situation and circumstances may require, so long as the same do not contravene the provisions of those prescribed by the Grand Lodge, and I have no doubt that such was the intention of that body.

"Should this decision not entirely relieve the Lodges in your city from the embarrassments of which they complain in their address to me, I would most fraternally request that they endeavor to meet the inconvenience of the situation with the best spirit possible, with the assurance that, at the next Communication of our Grand Lodge, I shall take occasion to present the subject for a re-consideration."

GRAND COMMANDERY.

The following synopsis of the proceedings of the Grand Commandery at its recent session at Detroit, came too late for our last issue. We give it at our first opportunity, and hope to hear from Bro. H. again and often.

DETROIT, Aug. 1st, 1869.

Dear Bro. Chaplin:

The last session of the Grand Commandery which convened is this city June 1st, and remained in session during the next day, was not marked by any legislation of special interest. The different subordinate Commanderies were represented, and the various reports showed Templar Masonry to be in a healthful condition throughout the jurisdiction. The report of Grand Commander J. H. Armstrong, of Hillsdale, was an able production, filled with noble sentiments, at times genuinely eloquent, and fairly burning with zeal and devotion for the Orders of Christian Knighthood. We believe that no effort has been spared by this officer to advance the interest of Templarism during his term of office.

Sir Theron A. Flower of Pontiac was elected to succeed in the command. If we mistake not, Sir Knight Flower has been Eminent Commander for a longer term than any other officer in the State, and if success is any test of fitness, he may point to Pontiac Commandery with a feeling of proud satisfaction. However able have been the men who have preceded him, we hazard nothing in saying that his administration will demonstrate that he is *primus inter pares*, like Zerubbabel of old.

A bright future seems to be waiting upon our Order, not only in Michigan, but throughout the whole country. And it has often occurred to us that this might and would be hastened by retaining in office the Grand Commander for a term of years, to enable him to carry out a given line of policy, to become personally acquainted with the different subordinates, in order to correct errors, and secure uniformity in ritual and drill. A little reflection will convince those who are familiar with the peculiarities of our Order, of the desirability of this.

As you will perceive, my letter is hastily written, but may be of interest to those who have a thought for the Grand Commandery.

Yours courteously, A. G. Hibbard.

OFFICERS GRAND COMMANDERY, 1869–70.

R. Eminent	T. A. Flower,	Pontiac,	G. Commander.
V. "	J. L. Mitchell,	Jackson,	D. G. Commander.
"	D. Boon,	Coldwater,	G. Generalissimo.
"	L. C. Starkey,	Kalamazoo,	G. Captain General.
"	Rev. J. Coggshall,	Grand Rapids,	G. Prelate.
"	J. Goldsmith, Jr.	Jackson,	Senior Warden.
"	C. G. Curtis,	Detroit,	Junior Warden.
"	W. Barclay,	Detroit,	G. Treasurer.
"	O. Boarke,	Detroit,	G. Recorder.
"	J. J. Smith,	East Saginaw,	G. Standard Bearer.
"	S. C. Randall,	Flint,	G. Sowrd Bearer.
"	E. M. Storens,	Fentonville,	G. Warden.
"	W. U. Griffith,	Detroit,	G. Capt. of Guards.

Regular Annual Meeting first Tuesday of June, each year.

HASH.

The *Masonic Monthly* for August comes to us on the 3d of September, and is usually well filled with well written articles—many of which, however, seem to reflect the spirit of captious hypercriticism and fault-finding so common to this journal. The leading article, by the editor, headed "*A Grand Lodge that needs Reformation*," represents the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts as "long oppressed by the weight of incubi," which has caused it to descend, "step by step, in the estimation of the thinking among the brethren" until "it has descended as low in its career of mismanagement, or no management, as it can go! It has touched bottom," &c. We do not pretend to know the state of affairs in the jurisdiction of the State of Massachusetts, but even if they have not gone just as the editor of the *Masonic Monthly* would have them, we think this style of criticism is exceeding bad taste. The spirit of the article is this: "What is not done according to the dictation of the editor of this journal is either mismanagement or no management."

But we took up our pen to notice briefly a series of articles appearing in the issues of the *Masonic Monthly* entitled "*Hash.*" They purport to be written by "BRO. JACOB NORTON," and the publisher of the *Monthly* calls them "clear, crisp, and cutting criticisms," and adds that this writer is "the dread of charlatans and quacks."

But who are these "charlatans" and "quacks" who are made to writhe under the lash of Bro. Norton's criticism? We answer, every Masonic editor or author whose opinions do not run in the same groove of the sagacious conductors of the *Masonic Monthly*. He who believes in the antiquity of Masonry, or who has any reverence for the "ancient landmarks," and endeavors to serve the Craft according to his ability and understanding, is sure to be set upon by this cats-paw of the *Monthly*, and dubbed a *charlatan*, *quack*, or some equally fraternal cognomen; for to dare to think and act contrary to this clique is—to be made into *hash*. And such is the cannibal appetite of these hash gormands that they cannot spare their own species—their own brethren even!

According to these critics, Dr. Mackey, who has been a life-long Mason, and devoted his gifted talents to writing the most popular and useful publications ever given to the Craft, is either a "quack" or a mischievous deceiver who writes only to dupe his brethren, and make cash out of their gullibility. C. W. Moore, who has served the Craft long and well, and whose magazine has stood the test of nearly thirty years, is rarely spared this *hashing process* for a single month. He is represented as having outlived his usefulness, and as being dry and savorless, but into the dreaded hash-pan he must go, ***nolens volens***. Age does not exempt him. His bones must be broken upon the cruel rack every month to satiate the cannibal appetites of his Titanic neighbors of the *Monthly*.

And even at our remote distance from Boston, we find no place of security. Like the gossips who always know more about the affairs of their neighbors than they know themselves, no sooner did our first issue see the light, than it was seized, half fledged as it was, for Bro. Jacob Norton's hash dish. He knew our correspondents much better than we did. Such and such articles were prepared for our journal—even selected ones, that had been before the public, well, we will not say how long, for the oracle knows—and they were no credit to the new journal, nor was it a credit to us. We did not make so good a start as when we commenced the *Mystic Star*, &c., &c. In a word, we were *hashed*, every inch of us, two hundred and thirty pounds avoirdupois! And the dish must have been savory as no morsel of us was left over to September.

But like Jonah, when swallowed, we can still think *little* thoughts, and now comes our time for laughing at the calamities of others. In the number before us, we find the dismembered bodies of some half dozen of our honored comfreres. Poor Bro. H. G. Reynolds, of the *Trowel*, is terribly mangled—his unpardonable sin being, 1st, Great success as editor and publisher; 2d, Repeatedly elected Grand Secretary of his jurisdiction; 3d, Is now chosen to the honorable office of Grand Master of Illinois. All this is proof that he is not overburthened with the thinking functions, but, on the contrary, "is a man of vaulting ambition." Bro. Reynolds has our sympathy, even if we have our laugh to see him pelted! He must be *hashed*, and there is no use of squirming. Perhaps he is like the eels the woman had skinned alive for ten years—"got used to it."

The *voice of Masonry* is too *sectarian*. The *St. Louis Freemason* panders to the Church of Rome. The *American Freemason* is Ishmaelitish. (Now, who would have thought of such a criticism from the *Masonic Monthly*, all of whose conductors are native born Ishmaels.) And the *Craftsman* of Canada is political, because it takes the motto —"The Queen and the Craft." The *Mystic Star* alone seems to merit the courted blessing, and even that is told of its former sins.

We are not opposed to honorable criticism, nor indeed to an occasional plate of palatable hash; but we do object to that captious spirit which can live only at the expense of other people—that seems to rejoice at the failures of others, and, like the gulls along our rivers, feast on offal. There is a generous way of rebuking the faults of others, which may do them good; but to be ever carping about their faults, and blind as the eye of a mill-stone to anything and everything save their faults, is neither profitable to the critic or the one criticised.

Bating this Ishmaelitish spirit, the *Masonic Monthly* is one of the very best Masonic publications of the times, and we wish it success. While it is scratching its contemporaries with the spirit and zeal of a wild cat, we will endeavor to grasp its editors with the lion's paw of a true Mason, and lead them up to the temple of our ancient and honorable Order, where we may each listen to the ennobling lessons of brotherly love. Kneeling at this altar, we shall learn to reverence and adore the one God and Father of all, and to live to make mankind better and happier. So mote it be. W. J. C.

MASONIC TRIALS.

By Henry M. Look, R. W., Grand Visitor and Lecturer of Michigan; W. W. of Pontiac Lodge No. 21; K. T.

This work, now in preparation, and soon to be issued from the press, will be a complete treatise upon the law of Masonic Trials, and especially of the *Methods of Procedure* therein. It will contaim the ancient landmarks of Freemasonry; the ancient Constitutions, Charges and Regulations; an elaborate code of Practice and Procedure, with Rules for conducting trials; Masonic Forms and Documents of every kind, adapted to every offense and emergency; a Digest of all the Resolutions, Orders, Edicts and Regulations of the Grand Lodge of Michigan from its organization to the present time; an account of the most important Masonic Trials in History; a History of Freemasonry in Michigan; a list of all the officers of the Grand Lodge of Michigan from its organization to the present time, with the dates and terms of their Office; biographical sketches of the most distinguished founders and leaders of Masonry in Michigan, and a complete index to the whole.

Although more particularly adapted to the jurisdiction of Michigan, the work is designed as a hand-book of practice and procedure for the craft at large, and will be found of almost equal value in every portion of the country.

The preparation of this work, the pressing need of which has so long been felt, has been undertaken with the hearty concurrence of the Grand Master and other distinguished brethren; and with the high authorities and able assistance at command, the author feels confident of making it as thoroughly reliable in its matter as it will be useful in its nature. It will be condensed into a volume of ordinary size, printed upon the best paper, and bound; and will be sold at the extremely reasonable price of ONE DOLLAR. No Mason should be without it. So much valuable matter can be procured nowhere else in the same compass, or for the same money.

In order that some estimate may be made for the first edition, those desiring copies are requested to forward their names as soon as possible. All Masters of Lodges are requested to act as agents for the work. Upon the issuing of the volume, notice will be given, and the money can then be forwarded.

Address Chaplin & Rix, Kalamazoo, Michigan; or, H. M. Look, Pontiac, Michigan.

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CHIPS.

The *Review* publishes a letter from Bro. J. A. Shingledecker, who resides near Pokagon, Michigan, exposing the tricks of a swindler by the name of John Talbott, hailing from Kentucky, but at last accounts was in jail at Cassopolis. Bro. Moore truthfully remarks that "about forty-nine out of every fifty of these beggars for Masonic assistance are impostors." We fully agree, and advise the craft to govern themselves accordingly.

WE have received resolutions passed by a Lodge on occasion of the death of a member, with a desire that we print them in our magazine. We would suggest that a better way is to send us the names of deceased Brothers, together with the age, place of birth, and brief sketch of their Masonic lives, and out of this we can prepare a brief biography of each, stating that the usual resolutions of condolence were passed. This will be more satisfactory to both the friends of the deceased brethren, and the general reader.

THERE are ten Encampments in the Dominion of Canada.

CENTENNIAL.—St. Andrew's Royal Arch Chapter of Boston, Massachusetts, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary on the 28th of August. The *Keystone* says this Chapter commenced work August 28, 1769, and there is but one older Chapter in the United States, which is Jerusalem H. R. A. Chapter No. 3, of Philadelphia, which commenced work in 1758.

St. John's Day was never so universally observed as on the recent 24th of June. Our exchanges abound in glowing descriptions of the celebration in all parts of the country, in Europe as well as America.

At the recent session of the Grand Lodge of New York, six hundred subordinate Lodges were represented by twelve hundred representatives and as many proxies, making twenty-four hundred delegates!

A NEW Masonic Temple is in course of construction in Philadelphia, which will be of immense size, and great beauty. It is being pushed forward to completion with true Masonic zeal.

Bro. H. G. Reynolds, Grand Master of Illinois, is said to have delivered a very able St. John's address at Lewistown, Ill., on June 24th. We should be glad to see it in print.

It is proposed to hold an international convention of Freemasons at Amsterdem, Rotterdam, or Utrecht in September, which will be during the Netherlands exhibition.

The editor of the *Keystone*—one of our best exchanges—is on a pleasure tour, and gives a very readable letter from Lake George, in his paper of August 7th.

The Brotherhood in Newport, Indiana, have recently been swindled by an imposter, who passed under the assumed name of Delos G. Terry.

PAST MASTER GEO. B. CARPENTER, of Blaney Lodge, Chicago, was recently presented with a coin-silver table service valued at $650.

A NEW Masonic Hall is being erected at Newtonia, Missouri—the finest, it is said, in that State.

THE Masonic Hall in Goldsboro, North Carolina, was destroyed by fire on the night of Sept. 4th.

There are ten thousand Masons in the city of Chicago.

THE

MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. I.—NOVEMBER, A. L., 5869.—NO. IV.

MASONIC ADDRESS.

BY BRO. A. G. HIBBARD.

Published by request of the Lodges at Monroe, Michigan.

Ladies, Officers and Brothers:—

The Order of Freemasonry, under the sanction and auspices of which we have convened to-day, is confessedly the most ancient of any order or institution existing in our country, and perhaps, in the civilized world. It has numbered in its membership thousands and tens of thousands of Earth's noblest sons. Worthy of respect, alike on account of its benign influence and holy teachings, as well as its noble representatives, who stand as shining lights all through the centuries. It was a body of statesmen, whose names we all reverence, composed largely of Masons, who framed the Constitution of these States; and our first President, and many of the succeeding Presidents, were brethren of the Mystic Tie. The soldiers who fought for and achieved our National Independence, often enduring hardships and privations almost beyond our conception, were animated and sustained by their fraternal gatherings, where the only boast of officer and private was, that "I am a Mason!" The Declaration of Independence was the result of the labor and patriotism of men, many of whom were in the habit of meeting on the Level to part upon the Square! Had I the time, it would be an interesting task to take you through those works which constitute our ancient and modern classical literature, to quote the language of theologians, philosophers, poets and dramatists, and to show you how they have used the phraseology, and their writings have been permeated by the spirit of Freemasonry. The intelligent and observing Mason will discover the influence and universality of our Institution in everything he reads, from the epic poem to the village newspaper.

But I do not stand here to-day, on this blessed Festival of St. John, to attempt either a glorification or justification of our Order. It asks not, and needs not, that such a work should be performed by myself or any other brother of the Mystic Tie. Masonry has brought us from darkness to light, and has made us partakers of rights and privileges that have been to us not only a source of strength, but of fraternal feeling and never failing joy. It found us poor, penniless and ignorant, it proposes to make us rich in Goodness, to clothe us with Beauty and give to us Wisdom as we desire and need.

Let me then, my Brothers, divert your thoughts from all eulogy and rhetorical glorification of our Order, while I direct your attention towards some of its ministries, and correlatively, your duties, responsibilities and privileges.

Goethe, (who has been called the German Shakspeare, and who certainly was the peer of our greatest English author in his delineation of typical characters and wonderful insight into human nature and discernment of the motives to human action,) was the greatest German poet, if not the finest poet of modern times. And of all his beautiful poetic creations, with which his works are teeming there is none more beautiful than his character of Mignon, the child. Clothed in all that constitutes reality, we seem to feel her presence as we read his lines, and she wins our sympathy, our tenderest pity and most heartfelt devotion and love. Born of a noble family in Italy, surrounded by all the appliances of luxury and refinement, she was stolen by a band of vagabond actors, and brought up by them with coarseness, brutality and harsh treatment. Though very young when taken from the parental home, and memory could only recur to its scenes with a sort of twilight indistinctness, her refined native instincts, her shrinking temperament warned her that the cold German airs were not native with her; her loneliness among her rough and jolly companions attested that she was not born with them; and ever, in her mind, there floated a cherished, though vague, vision of the beautiful skies, luxuriant gardens and superb halls and ornaments of her Southern home. She experienced a constant unrest, a yearning for something, she could not tell what; but a subtle instinct inspiring her heart, guided her steps southward. Of those whom she chanced to meet as she wandered along, she would ask if they were going North or South; and if they said the latter, her eyes would light up with hopes to which they had long been strangers, and she would ask them to take her with them—she was so cold there. The child met her first and only friend, Wilhelm; he entered into her feelings and aspirations, cared for her, soothed her, and she came in time to worship him. One day he was sitting alone, and heard the sound of soft and delicious music, and soon Mignon entered with her cithern, and sang, with impassioned voice, what has been called the finest lyric composition of modern times, in which all her dreams of home and vague longings concentrated—

"Know'st thou the land where the citrons bloom,
And the orange lights up the leafy gloom;
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows—
The myrtle thick and high the laurel grows?
Know'st thou it then?
'Tis there! 'Tis there!
O, my true loved one, thou with me must go!"

Poor Mignon! She never reached her Italian home; but, while yet a child, she was taken to a brighter home, a sunnier sky, a tenderer Father, where the flowers never fade, where love never fails and none could steal her away.

The Countess D'Ossoli has called Mignon the type of lyric poetry. But I agree rather with the writer whom I have quoted, in deeming her the type of all that mysterious, yearning, striving thing within us, which we call *the soul.* For is not the soul God's child—born out of God's heart, and in his beautiful halls? What matters it that they have stolen her away and brought her in contact with coarse natures, and she must lead a shrinking life amid the chilling airs of impurity and evil? In secret, every soul still pines for its first, sweet, innocent home; and weeps and prays for a hand that shall guide it there. And when we come close to the human heart of any one, it matters not how sinful that heart may be, let us listen well, and we shall hear the chords swept by an unseen hand, and the music, now "querulously high, now softly, sadly low," of a heart yearning for its Father's house—for something higher, nobler, purer, manlier,—the land where the fair fruits of the spirit bloom.

Is it not true, my Brothers, that the heart of each one of us, is seeking for something it feels to be its rightful possession, something it inherits by virtue of its Divine Sonship and heavenly home? There is in your soul and mine, an unrest which can be banished by nothing less than perfection. And only with the consciousness of improvement and growth, comes peace or joy.

I have said all this to prepare the way for saying, what I sincerely believe, that the teachings of Freemasonry meet and answer these longings and aspirations, as they are not met and answered by any other human institution. The Church, alone, can claim to exert a similar influence. And if you will give me your attention for a short time, I will convince all but those who wilfully disbelieve that what I say is strictly true.

The sum of our Masonic ethics may be expressed in three very familiar and pleasant words—Faith, Hope, Charity; Faith in God, Hope in immortality, and Charity to all mankind. Animated by these virtues, man becomes the peer of angels, and his divinity even human eyes can discern.

Sectarian theology has involved these simple words in a cloud of obscurity, from which we hold entirely aloof and have nothing to do. Masonry teaches us that Faith is nothing more nor less than such a reliance on the providence of God, as a little child has on its parents, confiding in him who protects us and supplies all our wants. A firm belief in the *existence* of God, and profession of trust in Him, is an indispensable pre-requisite to an individual's becoming a Mason, and they are truths which are inculcated at meeting and parting, and reiterated repeatedly in our ceremonies in the Lodge, Chapter and Asylum. The possession of this virtue is the seal and crown of our manhood. Animated and inspired by it a man feels himself a child of God, an heir of inexhaustible riches, always confident that every want will be supplied, walking about in a Father's world, dwelling in a Father's house, and cared for and ministered to by a Father's love. Such a feeling as inculcated by Masonry, and possessed by the true Mason, cannot but originate noble moral action and heroic endeavor. It cannot but inspire the soul with motives, prompting to action which shall lead away from passion and sin, which too often hold the soul enslaved, directing the steps in the path ending in bliss unutterable and enduring joy. If this be so, am I not justified in saying that, in this respect, Masonry meets and answers the universal longings of humanity? Does it not guide and cheer the Mignon of the human soul?

The principle of Hope embraces both a belief and a desire. What we believe in as good, we desire to have. Our confidence and reliance in God is just what we desire. It is what we need; without it, we would be like Mignon among her rough companions without her memories and aspirations to stimulate and cheer her heart. There is no longing more universal than that for immortality. "If I die shall I live again?" has been the anxious inquiry of every human being from the beginning until the present day. Hope in immortality cannot be cherished to the extent that will bring enjoyment, without a conviction and persuasion of its truth, from evidence that in any case of moment would be deemed satisfactory. And the "great light" in Masonry not only reveals to us the being of God and teaches us what are his perfections, what is his power and what his care, but it also reveals a life never-ending, as something for which we may confidently hope. We learn that the life now commenced will never end, that in the Divine Economy there is no such thing as death, and what we call so is simply passing on to a higher life. The faculties with which we are endowed enable us to perceive that we are possessed of vast capacities and noble possibilities, but that we are easily led away from that which is highest and that which is best for us, and while we have wings that we might soar as angels, our passions lead us to grovel in the dust. We see that we may remain but a brief period amid these earthly scenes and enjoyments. We ardently desire and long for this existence to be continued in some other world where the possibilities shall be no less than they are in this. Here comes in the beautiful teachings of Freemasonry; and where our minds are illuminated by its light, we rationally hope to obtain that for which we so ardently long. Brothers, can we ever forget the impressive lesson, and equally impressive manner, in which we have been reminded of our mortality, and the cheering scenes which followed, teaching us so effectively what our hearts longed to know; and inspiring us with the blessed hope that, *we all live to God*, that no sleep can lock our senses so soundly but that His voice can arouse us, and that that voice shall some day call to this Mignon the human soul, in tones sweeter than the music of angels, and powerful as when it called light into existence, asking it home,—welcoming it from a state where passion and sin too often enslave it, to range in the world of perrennial purity and glory. Yes, we need not *wait* for that voice which shall introduce us to the true immortal life, but now may hear it saying—

"'Tis there! 'tis there!
O, my true loved one, thou with me must go."

Charity is the principle which Masons should enthrone in their hearts, we certainly exalt it in our teachings, above all other virtues. It is this which principally constitutes the glory of the Godhead. When the inspired writer would combine all excellence in a single word, that word was Charity. It is a principle, which in human hearts prompts to the utmost devotion to both God and man. In the Divine Being, although we may not comprehend it fully, we may be certain that it means the best possible thing for man. Nothing but lack of power will prevent its securing the highest and utmost good. Its possession is essential to true excellence. Did we possess other virtues, to the neglect of this, it would avail us nothing in producing a harmonious and beautiful character. The principle involves unbounded benevolence and unlimited philanthropy. It makes of every man a Savior to his less fortunate fellow-man. It does not look for goodness to stimulate its efforts, but like Aristotle, works for humanity. It believes that—

"The drying up a single tear, has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

But this principle means something more than to put a favorable construction upon the foibles and faults of our fellow-men. It is something more than to say of a weak and erring Brother, "he means well." It maketh all a Brother's care and weakness its own. It goes to the fallen one and tenderly lifting him up bids him stand, in the name of God, and puts the support of his strong arms beneath him until the strength is gained which shall enable him to do so. It takes him by the hand who has wandered from the path of right-doing, and with encouraging voice leads him in the right way and bids him go forward. It does not hesitate to reprove errors and improprieties, but it never does so with the spirit that "I am holier than thou." It seeks to elevate physically, intellectually and morally the whole family of God. It realizes and acts upon the great truth, that we are all brethren, children of a common Father, living in the same world, subject to similar temptations and trials, and hoping to gather at last in the same home. It looks to the love of Him who causeth his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and the rain to fall upon the just and the unjust, and strives to imitate such unselfishness.

When our elder Brother commanded us to love our neighbor as ourselves, he enjoined nothing impracticable or unreasonable. It is the principle that lies at the foundation of every moral and social duty; of good homes and of good communities. We could no more rejoice or rest easy under the misfortunes or wrong doing of others than if they were our own. We should labor and pray for everything that would make man more like God, and this world of ours more like heaven.

This principle will go with us into the other world, and it will be as impossible for us to cease our efforts while there is misery there as here. And it is a cheering thought that God would have us believe nothing which we cannot hope for, nothing which the tenderest love and charity would not desire. Like our Grand Master above, we may embrace in the arms of our love every son and daughter of humanity. And in proportion as we cultivate this feeling do we become like God.

These three Masonic virtues are to us, the ladder let down, on which the angels of God descend to us, and by the help of which we hope to enter heaven. They are the links of the chain which bind our human hearts to the heart of God. But the most far-reaching and essential of these is *Charity*. When Faith is lost in sight, when Hope ends in enjoyment, Charity survives and extends through the boundless regions of eternity. It is the spirit that shall inspire our hearts, and lend melody to our voices as we surround the throne of God. Its eternity is a certain pledge that, in the world of which inspiration has said, " there is no night there," there shall be no need of it as a time of rest from toil, or its shadows to hide our sins.

And now, my hearers, if these words I have uttered are truthful, I wish to ask you, if the institution having for its object the inculcation of such principles, is not worthy the grateful homage of all human hearts? Is it not deserving all the devotion that man may give it, and the tender love and reverence that woman can bestow upon it? What can do more? What *does* as much? Is it not to the Human Soul what Wilhelm was to Mignon and do not our souls find expression in her words:—

"'Tis there! 'tis there!
O, my true loved one, thou with me must go!"

Some one has very truthfully written—

"There are three stars of lustre bright,
  Which cheer the Mason's conflict here,
And cast their pure and holy light
  Across Life's billows, dark and drear.

The Star of Faith, when doubts arise
  And vail the troubled heart in gloom,
Points to bright realms beyond the skies,
  And lasting joys beyond the tomb.

When o'er Life's ocean, rude and wild,
  Our fragile boats are madly driven,
The Star of Hope, with radiance mild,
  Points to a harbor sure in heaven.

When thoughtless of a brother's tears,
  Down Pleasure's slippery track we go,
The Star of Charity appears,
  And points us to that brother's woe.

Oh! brothers of the Mystic Tie,
  Pure light upon our path will shine,
If on these Stars we fix our eye—
  Faith, Hope and Charity divine."

If such are the teachings, such the influence of the institution of Freemasonry, it becomes a question of some interest to us,—who and what are Masons? If such the tree, what are its fruits; if such the vine, what are its branches? It is most certainly true that the tree is known by its fruits, but it is also true that the best tree may have some poor and gnarley fruit, the most healthy vine may bear some clusters which suffer from blight. Many hundred years ago, Diogenes might have been seen threading his way along the streets of Cythara, and, although it was broad day-light, bearing in his hand a lighted lantern. When asked his reason for such singular procedure, he replied, that he "was looking for a man." And well might the cynic search with care, for I tell you that every day we meet with persons in business and pleasure whom Diogenes would have passed in utter scorn when he was looking for a *man*. Masonry demands *manhood*, in its noblest sense, of all who bear its name. Hypocrites there are among us; men who steal the livery of heaven in which to serve the devil; wolves in the lambskins; but the fact that they *are* found among us only evinces that they are not so far gone in vice but that they desire to pay some tribute to virtue. They know that they are supposed to be ennobled and made better by becoming Masons. Had I met Diogenes, and desired to exalt his ideas of humanity, I would sooner have taken him to a Masonic Lodge than to any other place on earth, for there have I seen manhood in its noblest and highest forms.

The good or even the *bad* man cannot become a true Mason without becoming better and purer than before. In the Masonic Lodge it has been my privilege to meet with some of God's noblest sons. I have seen them stand in the midst of traffic and worldliness, where inducements to selfishness and dishonesty assailed them on every hand, with serene countenance, with clean hands and a pure conscience and not even the dust of suspicion could attach itself to them, and I have thought as I looked upon them that this broad earth could have no fairer sight. In the Lady of Lyons it is well said that "honest men are the gentlemen of nature." I honor them, first and foremost of all; for they honor, and make honorable, and give dignity to the name not only of Mason but of Man. They are the fixed stars, the suns in the moral and social systems, around which your mean men, your men with small souls and petty meannesses and trickeries revolve, in orbits eccentric enough it is true, but still in a way to illustrate the power and influence of a just and upright man.

> "Man is his own star, and the soul that can
> Render an honest and a perfect man,
> Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
> Nothing to him falls early, or too late."

And I have heard such men say that Masonry made them what they are, and I am certain it would make us all like them if we would but heed its teachings.

The people who constitute human society are prone to be severe in their criticisms, censures and judgments, and hence the failings of the faithless make a stronger impression than the fidelity of the devotedly honest. Prejudice often visits the principles of a system with the inconsistencies of its upholders, and proceeds to condemn the whole for the misconduct of a part. While we are far from acknowledging the justice of this, we know the world so well that we expect it and every cause must have inherent strength to support itself, or fall under the weight of the inconsistencies of its adherents. Masonry has survived these inconsistencies and will continue to do so for centuries to come, but we pray those who are without its circle, to enlarge their view and let the works consistent with our teachings speak for us.

But one thought more and I have done, and I find that thought in the following story, from one whose pen will never cease its influence in instructing and uplifting the world.

One day a philosopher came to Athens, from a far country, to learn the ways of the wonderful Greeks, and perhaps to teach them the great love he treasured in his heart. The wise men heard him, sought his company in the gardens, talked with him in private. The young men loved him. He passed for a wonder with that wonder-loving people. Among those who followed him, was the son of Sophroniscus, an ill-favored young man, a mechanic of humble rank. He was one of the few who understood the dark, Oriental doctrines of the Sage, when he spoke of God, Man, Freedom, Goodness, and of the Life that never dies. The young man saw that these doctrines were pregnant with actions, and would one day work a revolution in the affairs of men, disinheriting many an ancient sin now held legitimate. So he said to himself, when he saw a man rich or famous, "Oh, that I also were rich and famous, I would move the world so soon. Here are sins to be plucked up and truths to be planted. Oh that I could do it all, I would mend the world right soon!" Yet he did nothing but wait for Wealth and Fame. One day the Sage heard him complain with himself, and said, "Young man, thou speakest foolishly. This Gospel of God is writ for all. *Let him that would move the world, move first himself.* He that would do good to men begins with what tools God gives him, and gets more as the work goes on. It asks neither Wealth or Fame to live out a noble life at the end of thy lane in Athens. Make thy Light thy Life; thy Thought, Action; others will come round. Thou askest a place to stand on hereafter and move the world. Foolish young man, take it where thou standest, and begin now. So the work shall go forward. Reform thy little self, and then thou hast begun to reform the world. Fear not that thy work shall die."

The youth took the hint; reformed himself of his coarseness, his sneers, of all meanness that was in him. His Idea became his Life and that blameless and lovely. His truth passed into the public mind as the sun into the air. His Acorn is the Father of Forests. His influence passes like morning, from continent to continent, and the rich and the poor are blessed by the light and warmed by the life of Socrates, though they know not his name.

Brothers, friends, you need listen to no application of this story, may each one of us make it in our own heart and life. Let us be—

"Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which we have done in earnest of the things that we shall do"

And now that I must utter the last word, comes the thought that, never on the shores of time shall all these eyes meet mine again, and what words can be more fitting than the lines which use has made so familiar:

"There's a world where all are equal, we are hurrying toward it fast;
We shall meet upon the level there when the gates of death are passed;
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer by his own unerring square.

Let us meet upon the level, then, while laboring patient here,
Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor be severe;
Already in the western sky, the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools and part upon the square.

Hands round, ye faithful Masons, form the bright, fraternal chain,
We part upon the square below, to meet in heaven again;
What words of precious meaning these words Masonic are,
'We meet upon the level, and we part upon the square.'"

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ROYAL ARCH MASONRY—THE INNOVATIONS OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.

In the character and mission of Masonry, we recognize no distinction between symbolic and capitular; blue or red, or Master Masonry, from the Royal Arch; and it would probably be well if there were less as to organization and form. There is scarcely any branch of the institution, which, as a general thing, and as far as regards organization especially, is so little understood as that of the Royal Arch.

The forms, a knowledge of which are generally considered as the end and aim, are, we regret to say, more studied than its history. And yet, Royal Arch Masonry, as a separate and distinct organization, is comparatively of modern date, and in the United States varies essentially from that practiced in the mother country, from whence we derived it.

The Royal Arch is in truth founded upon, and but a part of the Master's Degree, as is the Mark but the perfection of the Fellow Craft; and there is no doubt that a large majority of the best informed Companions, as well in Europe as America, regret that it was ever so separated. Indeed, in England, at the present day, it is conferred upon any Master Mason who has been such for one year, without being required to receive the intermediate American degrees of Mark, Past, and Most Excellent.

The separation of the Arch from the Master's degree grew out, and was one of the results of the memorable schisms in England, which occurred in the early part of the last century, about the time

Masonry was introduced into America. This schism was not completely harmonized there until 1813, and the remembrance of it in America is embedded in the phraseology of many of the rituals in the term, "Ancient York Masons." One of the effects it produced was over-legislation, out of which grew change and innovation.

The earliest mention of the Royal Arch as a separate degree is in 1740. It is there noticed as one of the results of the schism in England, and as a difference between the *work* of the opposing Grand Lodges. The Seceders from the Grand Lodge of England called themselves "Ancients," and stigmatized the Grand Lodge and its adherents as "Moderns." They organized as the "Grand Lodge of all England," cut off the Royal Arch from the Master's Degree, invented a system of writing by characters, and assumed to themselves the honorable title of "Ancient Masons acting under the old Constitutions, cemented and consecrated by immemorial observance." The claim of regular descent and authority from York, where Masonry was first established, it is said by *charter*, and the first Grand Lodge was held in A. D. 926; but which a work published a few years since on the building of York Minster tends to disprove—added to the great activity and ability of Lawrence Dermott, their leader, gave this body great popularity, both in England and this country, although their opponents were undoubtedly the constitutional and regular Grand Lodge, and patronized and sustained by the royal family and nobility.

The first Royal Arch Chapter ever opened in America, of which any account has been published, is that of No. 3 in the city of Philadelphia, under their Lodge warrant, about the year 1768. This Lodge and Chapter derive their authority from, and hold communion with, the "Grand Lodge of all England," called "Ancients," in which body the Royal Arch, as a separate degree, undoubtedly originated, and had been arranged not twenty years before. Royal Arch Masonry in America, therefore, emanated, both as to date and authority, from the source above intimated, and had it been preserved as it was received, it would now be free from those innovations and changes which cause it to differ from that practiced in the mother country; free from these intermediate degrees which were added for the purpose, originally, of increasing the fees, but which became a part of what is known as the "American system," at the time of, or shortly subsequent to, the formation of the General Grand Chapter, January 24, 1798, when jurisdiction was claimed by that body over these degrees, though Saint John's Lodge, No. 1, in the city of New York, did not relinquish her right to make Mark Masons until May 20, 1801, and for years after, other Mark Lodges in several of the States continued to confer that degree, under Lodge warrants, where it rightly belonged. At the Triennial Convocation of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, in 1856, several Grand Chapters, component parts of the same, proposed to omit one of the intermediate degrees, the Past Master's. The subject was referred to the Committee on Jurisprudence, who reported adversely to its abolishment. The matter was recommitted to them again, when they recommended the following *half-way* measure, which was adopted:—

"*Resolved*, That the General Grand Chapter do recommend to the Grrnd Chapters and the subordinate Chapters under this jurisdiction, to 'abridge' the ceremonies now conferred in the Past Master's degree, within the "narrowest limits," only retaining the induction of the candidate into the Oriental chair, and the communicating the means of recognition."

Well would it have been, in our opinion, if it had excised it as an installment of the commencement of a return to first principles, for it has been and still is prolific of trouble among uninformed Masons, who have had the hardihood to claim that, as Chapter Past Masters, they were entitled to the same rights and privileges in symbolic Masonry as those who had earned them by election and service as such.

That the Mark Master's degree has been boldly and unblushingly *stolen* from that of the Fellow Craft, a moment's reflection by any intelligent Mason will determine; while the so-called degree of Most Excellent Master was undoubtedly manufactured by the concoctors of what is now known as the 'American system.'

It may be impossible to uproot that system and divest it of its excrescences, as common honesty would dictate; but we have done our duty in furnishing the Craft with historical facts well worth their pondering on.

We find the above article in Pomeroy's New York *Democrat*, the Masonic Department of which is, as we have heretofore stated, under the able management of our Bro. Tisdall, from whose pen it emanates. We have felt very little faith in the commonly received theory that the Royal Arch ever properly formed any part of the Master'a degree. Where it originated, it is now difficult to say, but probably with Ramsay. The brethren composing the Grand Lodge of England, which was organized in 1717, evidently knew nothing about it, and they were probably acquainted with all the Masonry which at that time was recognized by the Lodges then in existence; nor does it appear that they had anything to do with it until the union in 1813. While, on the other hand, Dermott, who may be regarded as the father of the Schism in the Grand Lodge of England, which led to the organization of the body calling itself the Grand Lodge of *Ancient* Masons, introduced it into his Lodges, and made it, not only a mark of distinction, but a cause of reproach, that the original Grand Lodge and the Brethren connected with it knew nothing about it. We do not believe that it is necessary to the perfection and completion of the Master's degree. That is perfect and complete as it is, when properly interpreted.

We entirely agree with our Brother, that the Mark properly belongs to the Fellow Craft's degree, where it should form a third section. The Past Master's degree belongs to the Installation service, and should be restored. It is worthless in the Chapter, and its being there makes it of little value in the Lodge. The Most Excellent Master's degree is, we believe, exclusively American in practice, if not in origin.—*Ed. Boston Freemasons' Monthly.*

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TEMPERANCE.

"Temperance is that due restraint upon our affections and passions which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice. This virtue should be the constant practice of every Mason."—[*Freemasons' Monitor.*

This is a comprehensive view of one of the most important virtues. To be really temperate is to hold the affections, passions and appetites under proper restraint, and to do all things with moderation, and according to the laws of God and the country in which we live. The temperate man eats, drinks, sleeps, works and refreshes himself with moderation. This has a tendency to strengthen him in body and mind, and to promote a healthy condition of all the faculties. God gave us faculties to use, not to abuse, and the proper use of them gives them tone and vigor. But the abuse of them tends to debilitate, sicken, and, if persisted in, destroy. So palpable are these facts that no argument is needed to support them. The history of every individual who has lived long enough to have experienced aught of the operations of providence, has learned enough of the government which God has instituted over his intelligent creatures, to know that these things are true beyond contradiction. They are accepted by Masons as indisputable axioms.

But it is one thing to admit a truth, and another, and oftimes quite a different thing, to practice it. It is not every one who admits that temperance is a virtue, who practices the theory he so cheerfully admits.

And if we have a vice among us which is to be deplored, it is that of intemperance. And with it comes a swarm of evils, which are the pest of society, and which degrade humanity beneath the level of brute creation.

The truly temperate man eats to live, rather than lives to eat. He labors to provide an honest means of livelihood, and not simply to hoard wealth. He avoids whatever is calculated to injure himself or his fellow-man. He therefore avoids the use of intoxicating drinks, and, in the language of the great Light of Masonry, he "looks not on the wine," knowing that "at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

We are glad to know that our Lodges and Grand Lodges are taking a high stand upon the temperance question. The experience of the past shows that men adicted to drunkenness make poor Masons. It is an excess which leads to every licentious and vicious habit, and also to the disclosure of those valuable secrets, which every brother has promised to conceal and never reveal. And what can be more odious than a drunken man! A being made by God to fill a high rank in creation and reflect the most exalted virtues, wallowing in the filth of dissipation.

Masonry teaches her votaries to walk uprightly, and when they disregard the principles of the institution, after being admonished with that brotherly kindness peculiar to our customs toward the erring, and persist in their evil course, they should be dealt with according to their deserts, and not be permitted to call down reproach on our noble Order.

And if it be contrary to the spirit and laws of Masonry to drink intoxicating liquors to drunkenness, it is equally contrary to the spirit and teachings of the institution to keep degrading liquor shops, in which temperate people are lured, and by degrees debauched into lives of dissipation.

We find but few loafing, drunken members belonging to our Order. In this respect there has been a great reform within the last quarter of a century; and it may be remarked that this reform is general. A half century ago, it was common to treat the parson when he made his parochial call, now such an act would be an unpardonable offense. It is hoped that the good work will go on until whisky saloons will be numbered among the things that were. So mote it be.

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OUR WAGER.

[CONCLUDED.]

BY ADA POWER.

"My Dear K——," wrote Courtney a month after the preceding events—"Trouting at a discount,—market surfeited—become a drug. There is only one commodity quoted "lively" in these parts, and I am half tempted not to tell you that, for I fear you will entertain ideas of a gallop on the Harlem Road, on Sultan. But you need not flatter yourself as being so fortunate yet awhile, for I'll never surrender my ideas, and therefore never be the loser in that wager. If it were not for the extreme strangeness of the matter, I wouldn't tell, but decidedly there is something romantic in the way matters have been presented to me, in the past few weeks. I had been here a week, when, coming home, tired and sleepy, after my daily tramp, (with rod, dog, gun and game,) I threw myself, in my rough, dirty condition, upon a lounge in my Aunt's little parlor. Soon Aunt came in with the everlasting knitting-work old ladies always have on hand, (and their friends on foot,) and told me I must 'brush up a bit.' (I mentally wondered if she were going to send me to the stable to clean harness, or horses; but the conclusion cleared matters up.) The young lady who had charge of the school where her neice attended, was coming to spend a week with her according to the custom sometimes in the country in 'taking turns' in boarding the 'school marm,' or in common parlance, *a la rural*, 'boarding round.' I sprang up as a vision of a tall, sour-visaged maiden arose before me; who would sit perpendicularly, carry her elbows at right angles, who had horizontal eyebrows, vertical nose, with aspiring point, and who described a right-angled triangle inverted, by shoulders and waist; who wore side curls and nankeen *mits* in the house, and would say—'Did you address me?' when spoken to. I suddenly thought of some important business to call me to the city; and began, in a sheepish, round-a-bout way, to tell Aunt how necessary it was for me to be on the move, &c., all of which she received with a quiet smile, which had a dash of sly rougery in it, and which seemed to penetrate my weak argument—not very flattering to my reputation as 'the boy who never told a lie.' Just then I heard the patter of feet in the hall, and little cousin Mamie rushed in, looking back and exclaiming, 'Oh Aunty, see Miss Gaston!' Then followed with just a little less impetuosity—a young lady, (I will do her the justice to say, quite unlike the picture I had mentally painted,) who stopped on the threshold, and seeing me, blushed,—*just a little*—then burst into a laugh, not coarse and loud, but one like which I remember to have heard but once before, and, strange to relate, *from the same source.* And as I said on that occasion, I said then, (only to myself this time) 'What a hoiden!' I will describe the picture to you, as I saw her first, and perhaps you will recognize it. She had on one of those half-gipsy hats, which was now covered with a wreath of maple leaves, curiously braided together. She has since taught—*I mean* I have since *learned* to braid them; and this wreath was the cause of Mamie's merriment, as she had crowned her on their way from school. She had a small, light scarf thrown about her, and you will perhaps call her to memory, when I tell you, we once saw the same scarf whisked off down the street, and an old gentleman puffing along after it. Her name is Gaston—Agnes Gaston—but my Aunt calls her 'Aggie,' which seems best suited to her free, wild ways. I assure you she is quite a study—sings and plays with a style that would do credit to any drawing-room in our goodly city. In conversation she quite bewilders one; she seems to have such a rare fund of quaint things stored away in her rattle-brained head. She is fine looking, but not what one would call really beautiful,—her mouth being rather too large. This may have been caused by its being in constant use; (*she* says so;) so it may be an accidental, not natural defect. I asked her the other day, why she, with her accomplishments, spent her time in such an humble and plodding way as country school teaching? She answered promptly and briefly, 'In order to make a living.' 'But I should think you would prefer some broader and more important field for labor.' 'Ah, that is *so* easy to *say*! I have advertised,—but one needs inflnence in this world to succeed;

and that, unfortunately, I cannot command.' 'Have you no friends to whom you might apply for assistance?' 'I have friends—warm and true ones—but they all lack the wonderous power of wealth, even as I do.'

"This sounded strange to me, H—, and there suddenly seemed something cruelly unequal in the bestowal of the gifts of life. It is strange that this young girl, capable of enjoying earth's choicest blessings, with a noble, sensitive nature, full of warm impulses and generous promptings, should be fated to drag on, day by day, in an occupation fitted to nothing she was ever intended by nature to be. She has picked up an *air* somewhere, and perhaps has a natural gift of gentility, which shows itself upon occasion. I think there is a latent refinement about her, which, by proper surroundings, might be developed—were it not for her hoidenish propensities—laughing loud, running, and—yes,—actually *climbing fences*. You ought only to see her scale a fence! If it were not for it's being so confoundedly *outre*, it would be positively graceful. Aunt proposes that I advise mother to secure her as nursery-governess for Lillie and Maude, but such as she shall never be the *hobby* of two such domestic tyrants, as those two representatives of our respected house.

"We had quite a little adventure the other day. Miss Gaston went trouting with me in the morning, (by the way 'trout' are again quoted 'lively,') and on our homeward way we had to cross a brook. a winding, unsteady sort of a stream; decidedly Tennysonian:

"'That winds about, and in and out
With here a blossom sailing,
With here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;'

Over which, for a bridge, a log had been thrown. She tripped over in her squirrel-like manner; and I followed—soberly as usual. (Miss G. says my sobriety is nothing but *laziness*—the horrid girl!) She had just turned to watch my progress, when, as if premeditated, the treacherous log turned, and of course I went into the water rather more suddenly than was consistent with my puritanical notions of dignity! And that embodiment of all that is mischievous stood and laughed at me; laughed until the woods, in league with her, took up the chorus, and rang out a peal! Well, you know the laugh, and can judge of the sound, echoed and re-echoed, by a thousand woodland nymphs as fun-loving as herself. Immediately I thought of Anna Balch and Leighton; but if Miss Gaston had looked down at me, as

Anna Balch looked upon that poor dripping wight, full of mock concern, for my accident, I should have been disgusted and provoked. I could not have borne to be pitied either, and was really thankful that her quick appreciation of the ludicrous (for I certainly looked like a huge porpoise floundering about) prompted her to relieve my embarrassment by her well-timed raillery. I walked home in a moist, but very satisfied state, minus the trout, that had joined their native element. Miss Gaston fishes divinely, (don't understand and think I mean *human* pices,) and understands the business—and how few ladies there are that learn to manage a rod properly, before marriage! I suppose this is because it is a *masculine* pursuit. She staid a week, and is now a mile from here. Quite an interesting affair, isn't it? seems 'specially sent to fill up the interval which must elapse before I can, in honor due my aunt, leave here. I have written what may be of no interest to you, and pray forgive. I will not trespass upon your time nor patience, in future, with this subject. In fact I had naught else to write about, the country being so devoid of interesting subjects, just now. Yours without fail,

COURTNEY."

Later, he wrote :—

"H—, you sly rogue! why did you not tell me you knew Miss Gaston that morning when we saw her on the street? I suppose it was because I made that flattering remark about her. I am obliged for the information respecting her family. I have often heard Father speak of Murry Gaston, but I believe he has lost sight of him for many years, owing to the different driftings of their life-currents. I need not keep my promise about 'trespassing' as the subject is interesting, &c. Glad of it." Here followed a description of a late pic nic excursion, in which Miss Gaston figured conspicuously, and the letter closed with, "But my watch says 'quarter to four,' and I am due at the school house at four, with saddled horses. Yours, rurally,

TOM."

"P. S. Please send me Tennyson for Miss Gaston. Did you ever notice her teeth when she laughs? A large mouth is *au fait* when such teeth can be shown. I have concluded—don't laugh—that her habit of running is not so very out of taste, she rather glides than runs. T. C."

Oh these unmistakable signs! Strict conventionalist that Tom Courtney was, the ice of fancied superiority was beginning to melt around him, and he was approaching a natural and sensible level.

How bright grew my expectations of possessing that rare piece of horse-flesh! Again he wrote :—

"Dear H—: Just off for a boat ride. Aggie accepted your kind 'remembrance and Tennyson,' and returns you her best wishes and regards—is delighted that we are friends. In haste, TOM."

A week later, and he wrote :—

"Dear H—: An unconditional surrender! Go up to the stables and trot out the chestnut. He is yours, by all that's fair. Happily and *sensibly*, COURTNEY."

There was a small storm in my small office that day, I danced, I sang and actually kicked Blackstone across the room. "Caught at last, and by a hoiden!" I shouted. The next winter there was a pleasant wedding at the Gastons', upon which occasion I officiated as groomsman, and Belle Courtney as bridesmaid. "Auld acquaintance" had been renewed which had never been "forgot" between the heads of the families, and all were assembled in happy reunion upon this most happy occasion. The next day I sent a note to Mrs. Thomas Courtney, Jr., stating, as circumstances made it inconvenient for me to keep a horse in the city, would she accept Sultan as a *bridal* gift.

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YOUNG MAN, STOP.

You, young man, on the way to the ball-alley, or billiard-room, with a cigar in your mouth, and with an appetite for a mint julep—stop a moment. Are you not in a dangerous way? Will those places, or your habits, lead you to respectability or usefulness in society? Will you, by them, become more moral, more virtuous, or more intelligent? If not, stop where you are, we beseech of you. You have nobleness of heart, perhaps, and a generous disposition. You may do good to those about, if you will. Your example, if it be such as will lead to virtue, will draw others after you; or if it lead to vice or error will also, and the more readily, lure others in the way of evil. Then, young man, stop and think upon your course! Where is it tending? If to bad habits and low associations, stop instantly. Stand firm. Take not another step in the dangerous way, but turn back while you have power, and seek the ways of virtue, the paths of intelligence, and you may do good in your day and generation, and be esteemed by those who enjoy your acquaintance.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

CHAPTER IV.

Eda Wilson returned home from her father's private office in his banking house. She retired to her room, and spent an hour alone, in an attempt to analyze the sensations which had brought the tear to her eye while watching the silent, but expressive countenance, of her father's clerk, and had induced her to interpose in his behalf with her father. She also endeavored to find a cause for those sensations in the circumstances of the interview between the young man and her father; but her process of reasoning with herself was unavailing. Although, by it, she taught herself a profound and enduring lesson in the philosophy of womanhood, yet she could discover neither the cause nor the nature of the emotion which impelled her peculiar sensations.

Notwithstanding the fruitlessness of her attempt, and the fact that she arose from her self ordeal more deeply involved in intricate metaphysical mysteries, still, she smiled thoughtfully as she said to herself, "I am a wiser girl. I will be a woman, henceforward. I will arise superior to the frivolties and trifling gayities of girlhood. I have a more important part to perform in life than I had dreamed of, and I will prepare myself to perform that part like a woman, and in a manner worthy of myself."

When Charles Preston entered the banker's private office, it was with difficulty that Eda could suppress the burst of laughter which his unique figure and unpolished manner excited. The clear, decisive voice of the young man, the resolute and definite purpose with which he placed the advertisement before her father's eye, the confident and hopeful manner that marked his bearing as he gazed directly into her father's face, as he announced that he was an applicant for the clerkship, attracted her deeper attention. Her father turned towards her and smiled with an expression which said, "Silly boy, a pretty clerk would he make, indeed!" While Eda's eye still rested on the applicant, during the short dialogue that followed, all that her father had, but a few minutes before told her of Henry Warren; his simplicity of manner and habits of life, his unsophisticated mind, his pure and elevated integrity, his lofty moral discriminations; the assiduity of his industry, and his steady but modest ambition all rushed upon her mind in one sweeping swell, like a billow, and she at once appreciated, and sympathised with, the aims and the aspirations, the struggles and the ambition, the resolute intentions and the lofty hopes of the young man, into whose very soul she unconsciously gazed. Unpolished and unseemly in his manner, dress and personal appointments, he stood awaiting the result of his first experiment in treading the wheel of life. There was a moral force in his simplicity and unsophisticated ignorance. There was a consequential character in his carefully prepared but uncouth apparel. There was a grandeur in the moral strength which brought the inexperienced youth to the counting room of the millionaire as the first step on the highway of life with a determination to shape out for himself an honorable destiny. All this Eda felt, for, without knowing it, she had penetrated to the interior springs of the young man's soul; and, for the moment, she became identified with that destiny, and imbued with the spirit of his aspirations. Here stood the brave youth, strong in the consciousness of his own moral rectitude—strong in his confidence in his fellow-men—strong in his belief that he could fill an important place in human relations, and that such a place awaited him. Eda felt the force of his position, and sympathised with his impulses. One sentence was sufficient to disappoint him in the realization of his well-matured plans of life—his long-cherished hopes and aspirations. This was not the worst. The same sentence entirely unhinged and contradicted the philosophical reasonings upon which those plans of life were based, and out of which arose those hopes and aspirations. So illy was he prepared for this disappointment, that, for the time being, he was left without a purpose in life. One moment he stood with a high purpose and a lofty hope, in the next he stood without a present aim. He must needs go to reasoning again, and upon a new basis of philosophy. His theory of life had failed him in the moment of its first trial. He must reform his theory, and rebuild his plans. A momentary agony shook his frame as he fully realized the necessities to which he was again subjected by the disappointment of his well arranged plans of life. He looked out of the window into the deep and distant future. A dark shadow fell over, and shut out the dim perspective of that future. His chin quivered with the emotion of his soul. Eda could sustain the ordeal no longer. The indescribable and inexplicable emotion which many have felt, but which none can tell—an emotion which had been for some time rising and swelling in her heart, at last wreaked itself upon her soul and found expression in a silent tear. It was not pity that moved her, for the young man stood there, before her, grand in the strength of independent manhood. Although he stood in the midst of a populous city, and in the immediate presence of others, still, he had withdrawn himself from all surrounding human presences into the solitude of his own presence, where he stood reasoning, supreme in the dignity of his own selfhood. Although in his disappointment his highest hopes were crushed, and his plans of life were overturned, he did not weep. He was too self-reliant to weep. It is the province of men, under disappointment, to renew schemes, and to redouble their efforts in the struggles of life. Eda saw his disappointment. She saw the thwarted aspirant wrestle with his disappointment; she felt all he felt, and with him shared his disappointment. She was a woman, and could weep over his misfortune, while she yielded a respectful homage to the strength and firmness of his self-reliant manhood.

It is only self-knowledge that builds up, within this outward tabernacle, the sacred altar of our divine nature. A complete comprehension of the philosophy of our being is not necessary to enable us to perceive, and to appreciate that divine essence, which pervades and actuates our being. It is enough to perceive and to acknowledge the incomprehensible mystery, without the ability to penetrate its source, and solve its phenomena, in order to command our adoration and our worship. The soul's dominion over itself is often taught by lessons of self-confliction, deep anguish and consuming trials of bitter emotion. But, the great truths which these teach us in relation to ourselves—the knowledge that they bring to us touching our own interior nature burst suddenly upon the soul in a volume of moral beauty like the outgush of a pent up fountain of pure and dazzling light. In this baptism we reverently bow our heads in homage to our own divine nature. From this devotion we arise to a purer and a higher attitude of being—to a sanctity of nature as, within our own soul, we recognize a reflection of the universal divine essence.

Thus was it with Eda Wilson. She knew not the interior springs from which, so suddenly, arose this mysterious recognition of herself. She could not comprehend nor solve those metaphysical problems which wrapped and veiled her own nature; but deep within her own soul she felt the divinity move, and she could not mistake its nature. She knew that it was good, and bowed in homage to herself. She wondered that she had never before discovered what she now felt so plainly and with such exact certainty, but what she could not even yet account for. She could not understand that all that she had hitherto perceived of herself, was merely the shadow of her real sel- within the external moving form. In contemplating this shadowy, superficial, external nature, she had overlooked the vailed angel that walked hand in hand with her as a part of her higher being. But now she suddenly awoke to the solemn realization that she was not only Eda Wilson, the daughter of the millionaire, but that she was Eda Wilson, a responsible individual in the great aggregate of struggling humanity—a link in the revolving chain of human relations. She at once felt as a woman. Eda Wilson, the child—Eda Wilson, the gay thoughtless girl—was no more; but Eda Wilson, the woman was introduced to herself.

[To be Continued.]

DISPENSING CHARITY.

Beyond all dispute, charity—true unaffected charity—is the most exalted and heavenly of all the virtues. In the Great Light of Masonry, speaking of the virtues, we are informed, "the greatest of these is Charity." Faith will be lost in sight, Hope will end in fruition—but Charity will endure as long as Heaven shall endure. The holy angels around the throne of the Invisible in the exercise of this noblest of the virtues, are represented as rejoicing when a sinner repenteth, showing how exceedingly unselfish is real charity. Not content with personal honor, wealth and happiness, it goes out in anxious solicitude for the good of others.

This exalted virtue is the chief corner-stone of the Masonic edifice, and is the pride of every good Mason. The practice of charity, for its own sake, and not for the applause of man, the aiding of the worthy poor, and unfortunate, not expecting a return of the favor—unless a time of unexpected need should come—and the deed of kindness to be done unostentatiously, without sounding a trumpet to call the multitude to witness the deed,—this is what Masonry teaches, and what all true Masons delight in practicing. It is what all truly good men must approve, and what religion, "pure and undefiled," commands.

But noble, exalted and Godlike as is charity, like all other virtues, it is subject to abuse. And perhaps there is no class of people on earth who are so subject to the abuse of charity as are Masons. They are taught the nature of charity, and have learned to love it so well, that they *will* practice it, and they rarely stop to discriminate, especially when they are approached by one who proves himself to be a member of the Mystic Tie. They give, and give cheerfully. Yea, they give bountifully; and give again, and again. When they have given amiss, and their moral sense is shocked to find how unworthy the subject was on whom they lavished their unmerited gifts, yet when another beggar came along, appealing for aid, their willing hands again go to the pocket, and the supposed needy one is bountifully supplied. And in nine cases out of every ten, if not ninety-nine out of every hundred, these wandering beggars are idle, dissipated vagrants, whose pretenses are all sham. And thus it is, that in dispensing charity in an indiscriminate manner, we throw away upon our unworthy subjects large amounts, which is really needed by a worthy class of modest, unfortunate poor people who would rather die than start out as wandering street beggars.

Our advice is to dispense charity only to those who prove themselves worthy. For one the writer has ceased to give charities to street beggars.—So often has he been duped, and given to unworthy ones, what he owed to those who were known to be needy and worthy, that he is resolved to give only to such as he knows to be worthy, as well as needy.

It may be asked, if nothing should be done for strangers? We answer that if strangers come to your door hungry, give them food; and aid them to obtain work whereby they can earn their own bread. If they need clothing, give them work to earn clothes, and aid them in advance when *they give satisfactory evidence* that they will work and act honestly. When they refuse to work, refer them to the *Great Light*, Prov. 19: 15; "*An idle soul shall suffer hunger;*" and let them verify the truth of King Solomon's Proverb till they learn to be "diligent in business," and not to eat the bread of idleness.

And remember that flipancy in'the ritual of Masonry is no proof, that a beggar is a worthy Mason, but on the contrary, is to be rather set down as a mark against him. These vagrants, as a general rule are prepared. They have learned their lessons well, and always court examination. Nothing suits them better than the most rigid tests of the ritual; for that is the only place where they can shine!

In conclusion we say, Practice charity, but be careful how you dispense it.

THE THIRTY-THREE DEGREES.

It may be interesting to our readers to peruse a brief synopsis of the degrees known as the Ancient and Accepted Rite, from the M. M. to the 33d°. We clip the following from the London *Freemason*, which we esteem as one of our most valuable exchanges:

"4°. *Secret Master.*—Duties, to guard the *sanctum sanctorum* and sacred furniture of the Holy Temple.

5°. *Perfect Master.*—Gives particulars of the tomb of Hiram Abiff.

6°. *Intimate Secretary.*—Candidate represents Joabert, who in the way conveyed by the ceremonial obtained the Secretaryship from Solomon and Hiram.

7°. *Provost and Judge.*—Constituting the office of Provost and Judge over all the workmen of the Temple of Jerusalem.

8°. *Intendant of the Buildings.*—The election of a successor to Hiram Abiff for the completion of the secret works of the Temple.

9°. *Elect of Nine.*—The punishment of the first assassin.

10°. *Elect of Fifteen.*—The punishment of the second and third assassins.

11°. *Sublime Knights Elected.*—A reward for the zeal of the elect of fifteen.

12°. *Grand Master Architect.*—A school of architecture, established by King Solomon.

13°. *Knight of the Ninth Arch.*—Alludes to the concealment of the Holy Name by Enoch—see the "Book of Enoch," brought from Abyssinia by Bruce, and translated by the Archbishop of Cashel. According to Finch's ritual, this degree formed the *first part* of the old English Arch.

14°. *Grand Elect Perfect and Sublime Mason.*—Professes to reveal the true pronunciation of the Sacred Name, and alludes to the crusading Knights. Bro. Oliver states that it was invented by Bro. Ramsay; the chapter represents a subterranean vault, and it has been styled the "Sacred Vault of James VI.," who patronized a Lodge at Stirling. The foregoing degrees are termed "Ineffable" because they relate to the sacred name, they seem to have been practiced in France about 1750. Degrees 4 to 8, are adapted from supposed offices in the temple, and the hint may have been taken from officers of a Grand Lodge. Degrees 9 to 14 are more historical.

15°. *Knights of the East or Sword.*—Represents the return of

Zerubbabel. It is the English Royal Arch degree, and according to Finch, formerly constituted the *second part* of the ceremonial prior to 1813. It is also identical with the degree of "Red Cross of Palestine."

16°. *Prince of Jerusalem.*—An appendant to the foregoing, and represents the edict of Darius.

17°. *Knights of the East and West.*—This degree professes to date from 1118, where eleven Knights made vows of secrecy, friendship, and discretion before the Patriarch of Jerusalem. The opening of the seven seals is common to this degree and that of the British Templar Priest, but they are differently applied.

18°. *Prince of Rosy Cross, Rosy Croix, or Rose Croix.*—The lecture of this degree, as given in England at the commencement of this century, derives the Order from the old Fraternity of the "*Rosy Cross.*" It is probable that the degree was practised in England before the establishment of the modern Grand Lodge of 1717, and there is said to be documentary proof in 1721. The "Royal Order of Scotland" revived the two degrees of H. R. M., (the Red Cross, Royal Arch, or Knight of the East) and Rosy Cross in 1736, and are said to have minutes from 1740. Their ceremonial connects it, however, with the Templars who aided the Bruce at Bannockburn, and relates the history of the Order in quaint rhyme. Hence the question arises, whether a portion of the degree of Kadosh has not been engrafted on the Rosy Cross at its revival.

19°. *Grand Pontiff.*—In this degree St. John is mentioned as a Mason, and the ceremonial has reference to the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse. The candidate enters decorated as a Knight of the East and West, and the two ceremonials seem to be nearly related.

20°. *Grand Master of all Symbolic Lodges.*—The candidate in this degree represents Zerrubbabel admitted to the Symbolic Lodge of Grand Masters.

21°. *Noachite, or Prussian Knight.*—Alludes to Peleg and the Tower of Babel.

22°. *Knight of the Royal Axe.*—Alludes to felling of cedars for the Temple.

23°. *Chief of the Tabernacle.*—This degree commemorates the Jewish Order of Priesthood.

24°. *Prince of the Tabernacle.*—Represents the Lodge held by Moses at the construction of the Tabernacle. These two degrees may be supposed to hold some relation to the "veils," forming an intermediate portion in the English Royal Arch.

25°. *Knight of the Brazen Serpent.*—This degree is said to have been founded by John Ralph during the crusades. The motto is "Virtue and Valor."

26°. *Prince of Mercy, or Scottish Trinitarian.*—Alluding to the triple covenant—first with Abraham by circumcision, next by Moses in the wilderness, third with all mankind by the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

27°. *Sovereign Commander of the Temple.*—It is difficult to pronounce on this degree. Teutonic crosses are used, and the words Solomon and I. N. R. I. It may have been intended to imply the connection of the Crusading Templars with the military officers of Solomon's Temple.

28°. *Knight of the Sun, or Prince Adept.*—This degree is philosophical and moral, and conveys us into the land of spirits; it may have been originally connected with some sect of modern Rosicrucians.

29°. *Knight of St. Andrew.*—Dr. Oliver states that this degree was invented by Ramsay, and was the first of his series. The learned Doctor must, however, in this case have drawn upon his imagination for his facts, as everything in relation to Ramsay's doings is purely conjectural.

30°. *Knight of Kadosh.*—Next to the Rose Croix, this ceremonial is the most important and ancient in the rite. It is really the ceremonial of the "Masonic Knight Templars," and five apartments are necessary to confer the Order properly. Candidate is instructed in the history of Masonry from Enoch to Solomon, Zerubbabel, and the Essenes, to the Crusaders of 1118; he is obligated and questioned and receives seven passwords in a manner very similar to the degree of Knight Templar Priest, after which he is instructed in the history of the extirpation of the Templars. Bro. Dr. Leeson informs us that he has seen a Constitution, printed at Brussels in 1722, in which the following degrees are alluded to as mentioned in the 37th clause of the Constitutions of the English Grand Lodge, approved on St. John's Day, 1720:—"Masters of Lodges, Knights Elected Kadosh, Superintendents, Knights of Palestine, Princes of Jerusalem, Masons of the Secret, Scotch Elected Knights of St. Andrew, Ancient Masters of the Royal Arch, Officers of the Grand Lodge, Masters, Companions, and Apprentices." It is noteworthy that the Rosy Cross does not appear in this rite by name. Now, as Desaguliers visited the Operative Lodges of Scotland in 1721, the question arises whether the

Belgians pre-dated the printing of this Constitution, or the Moderns in the intervening two years determined to strike off the high grades when they printed their Constitution in 1723 on what they found in Scotland where the Grand Mastership had passed into an hereditary office. It is quite certain pure Operatic Masonry prior to 1717-21 had ceased to exist in England, and that the "Ancients" always asserted that their system was the old system of Speculative Masonry, and this view was shared by the Grand Lodge of York, which in common with the Ancient body, recognized the Royal Arch, Rose Croix and Kadosh as of equal authenticity with the other degrees, and this as besides the question whether the present Order of St. John and the Temple had any formal connection with Masonry prior to 1745.

31°. *Grand Inquisitor Commander.*—Duties, to examine and regulate the subordinate degrees.

32°. *Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret.*—A lecture on the history of Masonry is given in this administrative degree, in which the whole is connected with Christianity and the Templars.

33°. *Sovereign Grand Inspector General.*—The Grand Commander represents Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the nine members of the Chapter have the control of the rite, the worst feature of which is that, like the late Manx "House of Keys," the Chapter elect themselves. JOHN YARKER, JR."

WITHIN THE LODGE.

The transactions of a Lodge, in the discharge of its varied Masonic duties, are secret as to the rest of the world. Inasmuch as its business relates exclusively to Masonry, and none but Masons are interested in it, therefore none but Masons should know what transpires therein. It is an offence, therefore, against Masonic usage, as well as fraternal confidence for one to reveal to a profane any of the transactions within the Lodge. In the by-laws of some Lodges it is provided that if a *visitor* should be guilty of such an offence, he shall be denied the privilege of visiting it in future; and if a *member* should so far forget himself, he shall be liable to such penalty as the Lodge shall see proper to inflict.

To reveal to one not a Mason what has transpired within the

Lodge *may* be productive of very serious consequences. This is the case especially when the business is action upon a petition for initiation, and consequent inquiry into character. It is necessary in such cases, to speak with frankness and freedom, if anything is said; but it must also be in the strictest confidence. The necessity of this is obvious to any one who will reflect a moment. We do not wish to injure any one, but rather do him good; yet we owe it to the Order to discuss the fitness of applicants with the utmost freedom, sometimes, which would not be proper before the world. Now, if such things are repeated outside the tyled door, an unintentional injury may be done to the applicant. But the rule does not apply only to the case referred to; everything done within the Lodge should be—*must* be—kept there,—"in the repository of faithful breasts."

The violation of this confidence has always been considered a grave Masonic offence and drew upon the offender a suitable punishment. In the course of our reading recently we met with a case which occurred in a Lodge in Scotland, we believe it was in Ayr. The brother had been found guilty of "communicating to outside persons, in a clandestine and illegal manner, the whole supposed proceedings of St. Paul's Lodge, and defaming the character and government of said Lodge." Such an offence, we are sorry to say, is not very uncommon even in this day of general Masonic intelligence. The brother was tried and found guilty of the offence as charged, and the sentence was: 'That he be suspended from his office for two months from the date hereof; and that upon the first monthly meeting after this term is expired, he shall in open Lodge read the following:—'I have been guilty of a crime highly prejudicial to the good order of society and the interests of St. Paul's Lodge; and I declare this to be a proof of my contrition, and hope it may be a warning to all members, and in case of a complaint, that they may lay it in a legal manner before an open Lodge, and not to be misled by those who neither consider their own nor the interests of the Lodge.'"

This occurred in 1811, and shows how strict our brethren were a half century since, in enforcing proper discipline among the members.

We need not speak of the evils resulting from a diriliction of duty among Masons in matters of this kind; they often occur, too often,—and the consequences are sad indeed. We knew a case of this kind: a brother applied to a member of another Lodge, in a neighboring town, for information about the character of an applicant who formerly resided there. Under the strictest injunctions of secrecy it was given. But, untrue to his Masonic duty, the brother receiving the information (which was of an unfavorable character,) immediately communicated it to the applicant. The result was the personal ill-wil the applicant towards the informer, which was never removed. This repeating to the applicant the information received, was entirely unnecessary, and was the more aggravated because secrecy had been enjoined, and the informer had given the information as he had received it from other Masons, on inquiry, as he had no *personal* knowledge of the applicant.

How often we have known the action of a Lodge, especially in relation to applicants who were rejected, known to the applicant himself the next day! Of course two results followed: 1st, the applicant lost his respect for Masonry, seeing its influence was not sufficient to preserve discipline among its members; and, 2d, a personal hostility towards certain ones who had been instrumental in his rejection. To this might be added a bitterness of feeling among the members themselves, growing out of this violation of confidence and duty to each other.

Whenever a brother is found guilty of thus revealing to a profane the secret transactions of a Lodge, he should be at once dealt with; the punishment, if the offence were deliberate and intended, should be severe in character and promptly inflicted.

We are constrained to believe that discipline in the Lodges is generally too lax. We could report a large number of cases of this, but it is unnecessary. The masters of Lodges should remember that the charter of Masonry is, to a large extent, confided to their keeping, and depends upon the enforcement of discipline.—*Masonic Review.*

LAWS FOR MASONS.—Thou shalt neither vex a stranger or oppress him, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.

Ye shall not afflict any widow or fatherless child. If ye afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry; and my wrath will wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

If thou lend noney to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not be to him a usurer, neither shalt thou lay upon him usury.

Thou shalt not raise a false report; put not thine hand with the wicked to be an unrighteous witness.

Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil; neither shalt thou speak in a cause to decline after many to wrest judgment.

If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again.

Keep thee far from a false matter; and the innocent and righteous slay thou not, for I will not justify the wicked.

Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren or of the strangers that are in thy land within thy gates; at this day thou shalt give him his hire; neither shall the sun go down upon it, for he is poor and setteth his heart upon it.—*Great Light.*

◆

MASONIC ITEMS.

There are eighty Masonic Lodges in the city of Paris and its immediate vicinity. Fifty-three are under the jurisdiction of the Grand Orient of France, and the Grand Council numbers twenty-seven.

Bro. F. G. Tisdall, of Pomeroy's *Democrat*, is giving a "*Portrait Gallery* of *Living Masons*," which is very interesting. Will he please forward *No.* 1?

A new Chapter of the Order of Eastern Star was recently established at Newark, New Jersey, at which Robert McCoy presided during the ceremonies of institution. The New York *Courier* thinks the Order is increasing in Strength and Beauty, doubtless also in Wisdom.

The Grand Lodge of Maryland refuses to have its proceedings reported by the secular press. Nonsense!

Since the recent revolutions the Masonic funeral service has, for the first time, been used at the graves of deceased Masons in Spain. This is another proof that reforms do not go backward.

J. W. Saunders, W. M., of Oakland Lodge No. 82, of Oakland, Miss., offers $700 reward for the arrest and confinement in jail of Dr. A. J. Lott, a non-affiliated Mason, for the murder of Bro. F. D. Barnes, S. W., of said Lodge.

A splendid new Masonic Hall is to be dedicated in Allegheny City, Penn., on the 26th inst. It is being furnished at an expense of $10,000.

THE WIDOW.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

Behind a cloud the sun was dimly setting,
  The winter winds were whistling chill and bleak;
A big, bright tear a glist'ning trace was wetting,
  Adown the widow's sad and pallid cheek.

A broad, pure gush of sunlight brightly beaming,
  All glowing burst across the widow's floor;
She ceased her weeping—ceased her cheerless dreaming,
  And, hoping, dried her tears and smiled once more.

When life seems darkest and its storm most threatning,
  Beneath the cloud a beam of light appears,
To comfort care—the cup of wormwood sweet'ning,
  Suppressing bursting sighs, and drying tears.

A visitor has sought the widow's dwelling,
  And with him brings abundantly of store;
Within his breast a gen'rous heart is swelling,
  He tells the widow she shall want no more.

Upon the stranger's breast a mystic token,
  Such as her lost one once was wont to wear,
The widow sees—a sacred pledge unbroken,
  The signet of the compass and the square.

TABLE TALK.—NUMBER IV.

BY GOTTFRIED.

"Now, Barney, I have just been waiting an opportunity to give you a sound scolding; for, you know, it is the privilege of our sex to scold, and I will improve the present meeting in the enjoyment of our privilege, for it may be some time before so favorable a chance is again presented."

Thus threateningly, with a slight French patois, spoke Marie Dai, shaking her auburn ringlets into a shower of sparkling light, as, in the dusk of the evening, she drew her chair into the corner of the piazza—to a point in the circle of friends which had gathered in that corner, that entirely blockaded the only avenue by which Barney might retreat.

"I am not surprised," said Barney, after puffing a volley of tobacco smoke into the mat of trailing vines that had crept up in a thick mass along the trellis of the piazza, "I am not surprised," said he, "that you should claim it as a privilege, in common with your sex, and all the rest of womankind, (as Artemas Ward would say) to scold me for what you all are pleased to call my besetting vice, to-wit, (as legal gentlemen say) the habit of smoking a pipe of tobacco occasionally. I thank you for the warning you have given me of your intended attack, and will put in my defense before the attack is made. So now for my defense.

"Every person who indulges in the habit of using tobacco, has some plausible or specious excuse for the indulgence. This one smokes for the toothache; that one for heart-burn; another for neuralgia. I also have my excuse; and a better one, I think, than any of them. It is this: I love to smoke. It is a pleasure for me to smoke; and this, alone, is the reason why I smoke. I only expect to live one life upon this earth, and, as I travel along life's journey, I desire to enjoy all that I can without injury to myself or others; therefore, I smoke because it is a pleasure to me. Now fire away with your scold, Marie, I am done."

"No, Barney," rejoined Marie. "I make no war with you for smoking. In fact, I rather like the aroma of a fine Havanna or of a pipe of as highly flavored a quality of tobacco as you use. Pray, what kind of tobacco is it?"

"It is the 'Yacht Club.' It is manufactured by P. Lorillard &

Co., in the city of New York. It is the pure article and the only brand I use," returned Barney.

"Well," said Marie, "if I were a gentleman I would be a smoker, and would use no other but 'Yacht Club.' But, my charge against you is of a more serious nature. You are an incorrigible old bachelor. Your hair is rapidly turning gray. You ought to get married."

"This judgment," rejoined Barney, "would come with a better grace from one who had set the example of what they recommend to others; or," continued he, re-filling his pipe, "am I to infer that you claim absolution from your own censure by a plea of a matrimonial engagement?"

"Ah, Barney," said Marie, blushing, "I forgive your half conceded sarcasm on account of your amiability. But, now, answer me his plain, flat question; do you ever intend to marry?"

"I like 'a plain, flat question,' for it demands 'a plain, flat answer;'" returned Barney, "and, accordingly, here is my answer—I never intend to marry. So that ends the matter. Go on with your scold."

"Why will you not marry? Is there no lady good enough for you? I know that is generally the complaint of you fastidious old fellows. I suppose you can find no one good enough for a wife for you."

"No, Marie," said Barney, "I see ladies every day good enough for me, I presume; too good, perhaps. Nevertheless, I will never marry. I have a reason for my which, for me, is sufficient."

"Pray, what is your reason?" I will tell no one," said Marie, coaxingly.

"Nay, Marie," said Barney, "such promises are very apt to be broken. If I tell you my reason, I will give you full permission to tell it to whom you may be pleased to relate it. At home, where I was raised, it was no secret. There are those here, in Michigan, who know it. I will narrate an incident of my early life which will explain the reason why I am a bachelor, and why I will never marry.

"The north-western part of Ohio, where I was raised, was originally covered with a dense wilderness of heavy timber. Here, in the thick forest, my father, with about twenty other families, settled when I was quite young. They all belonged to the Society of Friends. I was reared a Quaker, I suppose you know.

"One of our neighbors had a daughter a few months younger than I was. We called her 'Little Allie.' She was a sweet child. I remember her as well as if I had seen her but yesterday. Even now, when I shut my eyes, I can still see her beautiful lineaments, her soft light blue eyes that beamed with a celestial spirituality. I can see the light flashing upon her golden ringlets that fell in natural wreathes along her neck and shoulders. She was as gentle as she was beautiful. I loved little Allie. Of course I loved little Allie, for, every one loved her. She was of a gentle nature. Do you know what I mean when I say, 'a gentle nature?' I mean one whose kindness of heart penetrates your bosom in every smile, and in every word she utters. One whose action reminds you of the swaying of a wild flower in a gentle zephyr. One whose spirit breathes in voice, will, soul. One whose mind, when disclosed, and unfolded to the view, presents a sanctuary of precious treasures, like the most holy place of a sacred temple. One whose external charms are but dim shadows of the soul within which glows with affection and holy thought. This is what I mean by a gentle nature.

" Little Allie was of such gentle nature. Although we were but children, it is not strange that I loved her, for, I repeat, every one loved her.

" Many were the days that we wandered together through the deep, thick woods, to gather the falling chestnuts and hickorynuts. Many were the times that she tremblingly drew nearer to me, as the squirrel, startled by our footsteps in the dry, rattling leaves, let fall his half denuded nut, and clambered still higher up the lofty tree.

"There were other dangers that occasionally beset us. The thick woods were infested with hordes of wild swine, which, in the season of nuts, became ferocious and dangerous, as they gained flesh. These herds often numbered from three to four hundred. When a herd of these ferocious animals pursued, our only safety was in retreating to some highly arched fallen tree, or, in clambering up some large buckeye tree. This latter retreat, when such a tree was convenient, was easily accomplished, for, the branches of the buckeye tree project, laterally, from the very ground upwards to the top, making the tree a a pyramid of steps easy of ascent for any one.

" On one occasion, when I was out nutting with little Allie, we were obliged, late in the afternoon, to seek refuge from the wild hogs, in one of these buckeye trees. We ascended it just in time to escape the pursuing brutes, which devoured our sacks of nuts that we were obliged to abandon at the root of the tree. I held little Allie in my arms till three o'clock that night in the top of that tree.

"There is a proud independence, a sense of defiance, after an escape from imminent danger, to feel your own safety, and to hold the dearest object on earth to your bosom, knowing that her safety depends upon the continuance of the embrace which holds her there. It was sadly sublime to measure the waning day by lengthening shadows in the forest from our tree-top—to watch the sinking sun as it hid behind the sombre trees—to note the deepening twilight, to fancy wavering pictures, and vague advancing forms and retreating images, as the dim twilight slowly thickened into darkness. And, after all, it was lonesome and melancholy to cling there to the tree-top in the wild wood, anxiously awaiting the note of deliverance, and fancying that every whispering breeze that kissed our cheeks bore it upon its wings.

"Our neighborhood had its 'regulations,' which were strictly observed. A gun discharged thrice, in rapid succession, after sunset, was a signal to the neighborhood that a child, or a woman was lost in the woods. This signal brought all the neighbors to the dwelling where the gun was discharged. After hearing all the circumstances attending the absence of the lost one, the neighbors formed into parties, and with guns, torches and bells scoured the wood in different directions. The men carried long, tin dinner-horns, upon which they were wont to wind long and loud blasts.

"Ah! how little do the generations of the present day know of the sufferings, the privations and the perils of their pioneer ancestors.

"On the occasion I speak of, as the darkness thickened around us, I asked little Allie if she was afraid. She said, 'No, Barney, I am never afraid with you.' And she laid her head upon my shoulder so gently, and so lovingly! Ah, poor little Allie! She fell asleep, and slept as softly as an infant. I felt her little heart beat against my bosom all the time, until the rescue came at three o'clock that night.

"In the winter that I was thirteen years old, little Allie was just past twelve—but she was small of her age, and as slender and fragile as a flower-stem—poor little Allie! That winter we went to the same school. The school-house was a mile and a half from our homes, which were near together. It had snowed from morning until night. When school closed, I took little Allie by the hand, and we endeavored to make our way homeward by the usual path through the forest; but the snow had fallen two feet deep, and poor little Allie could not make headway. The bows of the forest trees and the underbrush were bent down across the narrow path with their burden of snow, and so obstructed it, that we were obliged to leave it, and creep along through the trees and brush as best we could. I took little Allie up in my arms and plunged along through the deep snow until it was nearly dark, when I found that I had entirely lost the path, and, with it every idea and trace of the home direction. Darkness was rapidly coming on. I wept as I sat little Allie down, and told her that we were lost, and that I was quite exhausted. She was already chilled with cold. When I told her of our situation she did not cry, as children are apt to do. She looked into my face, and smiled affectionately, and just said 'poor Barney!'

"The next minute we heard the howl of a pack of wolves on our track. I took little Allie up in my arms again and hastened to the root of a large buckeye tree, which, with much difficulty, on account of its covering of snow, we succeeded in ascending, at the expense of being covered with the damp snow that clung to and melted on our clothing. While it was yet light enough to see below, I counted thirteen wolves at the root of the tree, rearing on their hinder feet, and tearing the lower branches of the tree as they rent the air with hideous and incessant howls.

"The night grew bitter cold. I found it difficult to maintain my position among the limbs of the tree, and, at the same time, to render the necessary aid to little Allie. We both stood upon the same limb; she held with both hands, to the limb above our heads. I held, with my left hand, to the same limb; my right arm was around little Allie's waist to support and steady her in her position.

"At last the alarm gun was fired. I heard the winding of the horns and the shouts of the many human voices, but they bore another way and went from us. My heart sunk within me as all sounds died away except the fierce howl of the wolves below, as they gnashed their teeth for poor little Allie and me.

"Again I heard the sound of the horns at a great distance. I told little Allie to take courage, that our deliverers were at hand. She said she could not hold on much longer. At last she began to sink and hang heavily on my right arm. Her breath grew short and thick. I aroused her. She raised up with an effort and said, 'Kiss me Barney, for I can hold on no loger.'

"I pressed my lip to little Allie's—they were icy cold. I felt her arms give way above; her whole weight came upon my benumbed right arm; it yielded—then followed a crash through the limbs of the tree—a faint, shrill shriek—a struggle among the wolves below. I leaped, but my hand clung to the limb of the tree above my head—it was frozen to the limb. A dizzy sense of swinging in the air was the last I remembered for several days.

"When I became again conscious, two fingers of my left hand had been amputated, for I was found hanging to the limb of the tree by my left hand, which was frozen to the limb. This must have been but a short time after poor little Allie fell.

"I asked for little Allie; my friends looked at each other and wept, but made me no reply.

"The weather continued bitter cold for weeks and weeks. I recovered so far as to be able to go out before a thaw came. One day I went to the buckeye tree which we ascended that fearful night. There were the tracks of the wild beasts as they had beaten down the snow for rods around the tree. The snow was still stained with blood. A glossy ringlet of hair was trampled into the snow by the feet of the wolves, where it still lay frozen into the crusty snow. I thawed it ou with my breath. I have got it yet. It has been by me constantly for forty years. Those blood stains, that ringlet of hair, and a few tatters of clothing, were all that was ever seen of poor little Allie, after she fell from my arms on that fearful night. I never asked for poor little Allie again."

A great tear rolled out of Barney Hagerman's eye, traced his cheek, and hid itself away in his iron gray whiskers, as he slowly knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and placed it in his breast pocket.

"Poor Barney!" said Marie Dai. her eyes filled with tears, and with extended arms approaching him. "Poor Barney! let me kiss you!"

"No, excuse me, Marie!" said Barney Hagerman. gently pushing her aside. "You are very beautiful and pleasant to me, but the last lips that ever touched mine were little Allie's. *I will carry her parting kiss to Paradise on these lips where she left it, as pure and unsullied as she gave it.*"

JUSTICE.

BRO. W. J. CHAPLIN:

Justice concedes to every accused person the right of vindication. You have been pleased to bring my name prominently before your readers, coupled with uncomplimentary adjectives. In the name of justice, I hope you will accord me sufficient space in your journal to exonerate myself from your erroneous charges.

Pharoah imprisoned the butler and baker; the former for spoiling the wine, and the latter the bread. The justice of Michigan appears to be even less than that of old Egypt. I am punished there for serving an unsavory dish, when it is manifest I had nothing to do with the cooking thereof.

The *Masonic Monthly* is edited solely by Bro. Evans, the articles "Hash" are signed ED. The logical inference, therefore, is, that Bro. Evans, not Jacob Norton, is the author of them.

Having disposed of the main cause of your ire, I shall now proceed to set aside your arguments in favor of other parties whom I *did* accuse of charlatanism. You say, "There is a generous way of rebuking the faults of others which may do them good." But suppose the "generous way" has been tried again and again, and was not heeded, must we, therefore, remain silent to their abuses?

Every society, from the creation of the world, that has been started, was liable to corruption, and in time was corrupted; must the reformer be silent because the corruptions are advocated by aged men, or by men who once rendered good service to the said society! Let us take a retrospective view of the state of civilization in the fifteenth century, and compare it with the nineteenth. Examine the reforms and changes produced in religion, politics and science; review the number of truths in every department that in the interim came to light, and the number of errors removed. Has not every step of the reformer encountered the opposition of aged men and aged organizations, that may at one or more times have rendered solid services to society? The Roman Catholic Church has rendered good services in the old barbarous times; was Luther wrong in attacking it? Luther was a prodigy of a reformer in his day, but would Luther's belief, and his theory of Church and State government, suit the present age? The Magna Charta was, in its day, lauded as the acme of human liberty, but we now regard it as a little better than slavery. Ptolemy and Strabo were the scientific giants of their day, but their notions are now laughed at by school girls. The Democratic, the Whig, and Republican parties had at different times their wise and patriotic leaders, who strived for and accomplished some good services; must I therefore continue to support their corruptions, because, at a former period, or on a particular occasion, they were the saviors of the country? Arnold had for a certain period rendered good services to the struggling cause; would that have been sufficient reason to suffer him to ruin it? The same mode of reasoning, my dear brother, is equally applicable to our erring Masonic leaders. When they are right, they deserve our esteem and support; when they err unconsciously, "a generous way" should be used to correct them; but when we find that their misdoings proceed from selfishness, pride, and stubbornness; when every appeal to argument and justice is either evaded or snubbed at, because they regard themselves infallible, then, I maintain, we have a right, nay, a duty, to expose their errors, to call things by their proper names, and even "to be forever carping at their faults."

Masonry professes to unite men of every country, sect, and opinion, be they what they may, (provided the candidate believes in the G. A. O. T. U.). Each candidate is solemnly assured that there is nothing in the institution to conflict with his civil, moral, religious or political opinions and duties. Bro. N. S. Sage, in his Saint John's Day address, printed in the September number of your journal, says: "To guard against strife, which political controversies naturally engender, conversation upon, or any reference to, the issues that may from time to time divide, or give rise to political organizations, are, by the rules of the Order, entirely forbidden during Lodge hours;" and adds, "Each brother is permitted to enjoy his own views upon these matters." I can bear testimony to Bro. Sage's statement, that politics is excluded from the Lodge. The most fanatical Republican or Democrat would not dare to propose that Lodges should be dedicated either to Mr. Lincoln, or Mr. Douglass, or that the Lodge should turn out in procession on their birthdays, or that the day should be observed as a Masonic festival, and why? Because they were representative men of different parties. Each brother is indeed permitted to enjoy his own views in regard to the excellencies, the disinterested patriotism, etc., etc., of the leaders in question. They enjoy the privilege of turning out in procession and of celebrating the day with their respective parties. But Masonry keeps itself aloof from intermeddling with the matter. She does not tolerate in a Lodge the members of either party to blame, or praise the leaders of either party. If that regulation was not strictly observed, the harmony of the Lodge would surely be destroyed thereby. Now the question comes, Are the brethren as honest in keeping and enforcing the promise given to the candidate about religion? There are probably thousands of Jewish Masons in the United States. Each was solemnly promised that there was nothing in Masonry to conflict with his religious opinions. The introduction of Christian Saints is certainly as offensive to him, as the name of Mr. Lincoln would be to a Democrat, or that of Mr. Douglass to a Republican. Why, then, is Masonry faithful to the politician, and why is it false to the religionist? What respect, what kind of brotherly love, do you expect from the Jewish Masons when they find themselves deceived by your false promises?

The above question was, in 1851, submitted by me to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts; when Grand Master Randall reported, in behalf of the committee to whom the petition was referred, that Masonry was at one time in the hands of the Jews, when it was dedicated to King Solomon; it afterwards fell into the hands of the Christians, when it was dedicated to the Saints, and became a Christian institution.

The above was the sum and substance of his argument. But in the first place, allowing the truth of his historical narrative, if it is a Christian institution, why are Jews admitted at all? And if the institution is cosmopolitan, as well as the early Christians could change the dedication from Solomon to the Saints, why can we not restore the ancient Landmark, or dedicate it in some other way? Here Bro. Mackey steps forth with an apology. He admits that the Grand Lodge of England had discarded the patronage of the Saints in 1813, on account of the sectarian feature it imparted to Masonry; "but," says he, "we do not dedicate our Lodges to the Saints because they were Christians, but because they were eminent Masons." Now had Bro. Sage said so, I should have believed in his sincerity, but Bro. Mackey who had made Masonry his business all his lifetime, or at least for so many years, could not have been sincere in his assertion. He must have known that the Saint Johns were no more Masons than President Lincoln was; and, indeed, Mr. Lincoln knew more about Masonry than the Saints John did, because Masonry did not exist in their day, and if it did exist, it must have been, as it was in the middle ages, merely a society of builders; and of what use could the patronage of a poor priest, who had no means to build, have been to a society of builders? Bro. Mackey must have known that the Masons in the middle ages knew nothing of the Grand Mastership of the Saints John; and, moreover, even Anderson, who was perfectly familiar with the history of Masonry from the day that Adam saw light, to his own time, and who gives a list of all the Grand Masters and Wardens from the creation of the world, knew neither about the Grand Mastership or of the Masonry of the Saints. In short, Bro. Mackey knows as well as I do, that the legend of the connection of St. John with Masonry is a very modern fabrication, and that Lodges are dedicated to them, not because they were Masons, but because they were among the founders of Christianity. The Masonic apologist might plead with justice that the society is not responsible for here and there a bad man getting admission into the institution, but here we see the Masters of Lodges delivering fine orations about truth and justice, exhorting the candidate that "truth and justice should be the invariable practice of every Mason," that "hypocrisy and deceit should be unknown amongst us;" that "sincerity and plain-dealing should be our distinguishing characteristics," etc., etc. But at the same time, they are guilty nightly, that is, every Lodge night, of practicing deception, making promises which they never intend to keep, while the great writers, the great authorities, the great American luminaries, justify that species of deception by contemptible quibbles. I ask, therefore, in the name of justice, whether I am to blame for losing faith in the efficacy of Masonic teaching, and whether the false teachers do not deserve to be denounced as quacks and charlatans? Here, then, is the whole head and front of my offence. I am striving to make Masonry consistent with its sublime teachings. If our brethren are determined to have Christian Saints and Christian prayers in our Lodges, let them expunge all allusions to universality, and exclude by law from the privileges of Masonry all who do not believe in Christian theology. And if they are not prepared to do that, it is their duty to keep the same faith to the Israelite as is done to the politician.

In conclusion, Bro. Chaplin, I entreat you to impress on the minds of your readers that measures are preferable to men, that Masonic principles and consistency are of more consequence than legends

and ceremonies, and that the practice of those principles will better serve to establish harmony and brotherly love amongst the fraternity, and will better demonstrate the beauties of Freemasonry to the world at large, than all the efforts of its luminous apologists. Wishing you success in your enterprise, I remain fraternally yours,

JACOB NORTON.

Boston, Sept. 29, 1869.

DECISIONS OF THE GRAND MASTER.

[The following decisions of the Grand Master are taken, by permission, from his "Letter Book," and are inserted here as matter of great interest to the Craft in this State generally, and especially to the Masters of Lodges.—ED.]

Question—Has a Grand Lodge the *right* to prescribe a form of By-laws which shall be obligatory upon her subordinate Lodges?

Answer—So far as my information extends, all writers upon Masonic jurisprudence concede this right. In 1854, the Grand Lodge of Kentucky adopted a "*Standard form of By-laws*," and since that time several other Grand Lodges have done the same. In short, the Grand Lodge is supreme in its sphere of jurisdiction, and has control of both subordinate Lodges and individual Masons.

Question—Does the new Code of By-laws annul the old time-honored By-laws that have governed some of our Lodges for so many years?

Answer—They have no more effect as By-laws until approved by the Grand Lodge.

Question—Was the new Code of By-laws, as adopted by the Grand Lodge, intended to be obligatory upon *all* subordinate Lodges or did the Grand Lodge merely intend to recommend its adoption by such Lodges as might choose to do so?

Answer—Judging by the *action* of our Grand Lodge upon this subject of By-laws, there is but little if any room to doubt the *intention*.

The Committee who prepared the new Code supposed they had made ample provision for the general government of subordinate

Lodges, or as nearly so as a standard Code could be made to answer the purposes of Lodges in different localities. It was considered by the Grand Lodge, section by section, and after discussion and amendment, adopted, ordered to take effect on the 24th of June. It has the same binding force upon all subordinate Lodges, as the "Standing Rules and Regulations" of the Grand Lodge, and cannot be set aside, altered or amended, except in the manner prescribed by Art. XVII.

Question—May not subordinate Lodges pass "Standing Regulations" which would be obligatory as "Rules and Regulations" of the Lodge?

Answer—So many emergencies have arisen in different Lodges which seemed to require regulation by well defined laws, and for which no possible provision can be found in the new Code, I have felt obliged to decide that, in all cases where any vital interest of a particular Lodge would be seriously retarded, or the bestowment of charity, or other humane and benevolent objects, be destroyed by the delay necessary for altering or amending the By-laws in the manner prescribed, they may be cared for by special enactments governing the particular case. Where satisfactorily provided for in the former By-laws of the Lodge, I would recommend that so much of them as may be deemed absolutely necessary for matters not provided for in the Code, be adopted as *Standing Rules*, and as such remain in force until the next Communication of our Grand Lodge; provided always that such special enactments do not alter or amend, or in any manner conflictwith the said Code.

Question—Would not such "Standing Rules and Regulations" be in effect laws of the Lodge, and therefore conflict with the Code, which forbids the altering or amending of the By-laws without the action of the Grand Lodge?

Answer—The By-laws of a Lodge as contra-distinguished from its Rules and Regulations is in this, that the former are more permanent in their character, while the latter can usually be changed, altered or suspended entirely, by general consent, at any regular Communication, unless such alteration or suspension is otherwise regulated by a Standing Rule.

Question—What were the objects sought to be attained by the Grand Lodge in adopting a Code of By-laws for subordinates?

Answer—A uniform system of Lodge government throughout the jurisdiction.

Simplyfying the labors of the Grand Lodge in adjusting difficulties arising among subordinates.

Economy in the expense of printing By-laws.

There may be other equally good reasons, but the above are sufficient to base an idea of the good objects that may be attained, provided a standard Code can be made which will answer all purposes.

Question—Can a Lodge adopt supplementary By-laws not in any manner conflicting with the Code?

Answer—I am of the opinion that any additional By-laws adopted by a subordinate Lodge would be an evasion of the *spirit*, if not the *letter* of the Code, and have therefore recommended that any necessary regulations which the peculiar situation and circumstances of a Lodge may seem to require, and which are not provided for in the Code, be adopted in the form of Rules or Regulations.

Question—Having filled the blanks for *fees* and *dues*, can the amounts be changed without the approval of the Grand Lodge?

Answer—The fees for degrees, and the regular annual dues, are matters for the regulation of subordinate Lodges, and to be altered to suit their discretion,—always, of course, in a constitutional manner. I would recommend, however, that these amounts remain as incorporated in the Code until changed as provided in Article XVII.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Never have we received kinder treatment, or more cordial greetings, and willing assistance at the hands of the brethren, than we did in the several towns and villages on the line of Kalamazoo, Allegan and Grand Rapids R. R.; and we shall ever hold those brethren in grateful remembrance for the same.

PLAINWELL is the first village of any size, as you go north of Kalamazoo, and the rapidity with which this flourishing village has sprung from a comparatively small hamlet to its present dimensions, all in a year or two, is truly surprising, and gives one a practical illustration of the way they make cities and villages on the Union Pacific Rail Road.

Our Order here cannot fail to have a healthy growth so long as it contains such truly enterprising members as it now does. Bro's Hart, Gifford, and all the brethren will please accept our thanks. To the craftsman having occasion to visit Plainwell, we would recommend the "Plainwell House," kept by Bro. J. S. Kenyon, who is untiring in his efforts to provide for the comforts of his guests.

Otsego is three miles below Plainwell, on the Kalamazoo River, and although it cannot boast of such rapid growth as its younger sister, yet it is fully as substantial in every respect. The Lodge here is ospering finely, and the members manifested a good deal of interest in our new publication, and demonstrated it with a large subscription list. We shall not soon forget Otsego, and Bro. E. M. Allen, W. M. of Otsego Lodge No. 78.

Allegan is ten miles below Otsego, and at the head of navigation on the Kalamazoo. Two small steamboats make daily trips to Saugatuck, returning on the following day, making connection with evening trains south. The village is irregularly laid out, yet with all, it presents a very fine appearance, and is considered one of the best business towns in the State, owing to its splendid water power, by which machinery for all kinds of manufacturing purposes is propelled. Although a very small and enterprising town, we are informed that it lacks capital sufficient to run the manufacturing interests to its full capacity.

The Lodge Chapter and located here are doing good work, and square work, and the stones used are of the best material to be found in the quarries. We are very much indebted to M. E. Comp's A. J. Kellogg, A. P. and N. J. Pollard, W. M., for their kind assistance and fraternal encouragements.

Eaton Rapids, on the Grand River Road, in Eaton County, is quite an enterprising village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. The greater portion of the town is built on an island in the Grand River, and sometime during the wet seasons their streets are navigable for large sized *skiffs*. However, this state of things lasts but a short time, and is no particular detriment to the town, as it serves as a means of irrgiation. The brethren have a fine Lodge and Chapter here, and many zealous, working Masons. Comp. G. B. Hamlin, W. M., is said to be a good ritualist, and a very efficient presiding officer. Bro. H. has our best wishes. Long may he wave.

Charlotte is the seat of justice for Eaton County. It has a very good Lodge, with a large membership, and for beautiful and substantial edifices it cannot be equalled by any village of its size, in the

State. We saw the workmen putting into the "Sherwood House" several of the largest panes of *French plate glass* that have ever been imported into the West. We mention this merely in proof of the fact that the inhabitants, and especially the business portion, spare neither time or money in erecting fine business blocks, and beautiful dwellings; also in grading and beautifying the streets of their rapidly growing, and very interesting little city.

Brethren C. S. Lacey, W. M., and S. Collins, S. W, will please allow us to express our thanks for their courtesy, and assistance in furthering the interests of the MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

HASTINGS, too, is a very pleasant and prosperous village. It contains several fine, brick business blocks, that will compare favorably with any in the State, and we should judge from the great number of people and teams we saw in the streets on Saturday afternoon, that as a business point it cannot be surpassed. The Order here is in a flourishing condition, with a large, enthusiastic membership. Bro. Daniel Striker is at the helm, to whom, and Bro. Dr. Jones, we are under obligations. We spent a very pleasant Sabbath with Bro. Geo. H. Keith, and can testify from positive knowledge, that the *Keith House* is a first-class hotel, and kept by a first-class landlord, one who is always sure to look after the comforts and interests of his guests. We therefore recommend the brethren, and others visiting Hastings, to call on Bro. Keith. T. R.

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WE give an article from Brother Jacob Norton, in the present number in which he disclaims the authorship of the articles denominated "Chips" in the *Masonic Monthly*. If Bro. Norton did not write said articles, we withdraw our criticism so far as he is concerned, and fix them upon the real author.

We have not space for a rejoinder in this issue, but will have our say in the next. In the mean time we can assure all concerned that we desire to act justly in all respects and with all parties.

We see by our exchanges that Bro. H. G. Reynolds is re-elected Grand Master of Illinois.

We have to omit our "*Chips*" this month for the want of room.

THE

MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. I.—NOVEMBER, A. L., 5869.—NO. V.

THE ANTI-MASONIC EXCITEMENT OF 1831.

From "Review of the Grand Lodge Transactions of the State of New York," by Jesse B. Anthony.

On the morning of a day in the summer 1826, a group of men might have been seen gathered in the bar-room of a certain tavern in Batavia. They appeared to be much excited. One of them held in his hand a copy of a weekly paper edited by one David C. Miller, of that place, in which it was stated: "There will be issued from the press in this place, in a short time, a work of rare interest to the *uninitiated*, being an exposition of Ancient Craft Masonry, by one who has been a member of the institution for years."

This Miller was a Mason, and edited a weekly paper in Batavia. He was a refugee debtor from New Hampshire, and finally left Batavia under circumstances extremely inconsistent with honor.

Morgan, who was understood to be the author of this expose, was a man of no repute, and of very idle and dissipated habits. He was harrassed by debt, and there is no question but both he and Miller went into this affair for the sole purpose of making money.

The thought of the immense fortune which was to be derived from this publication was advanced by Miller, and believed readily by Morgan, There is also no question that Morgan was also actuated by a spirit of revenge against the Masons of Batavia, for this reason.

He was made a Mason in Rochester, and on his coming to Batavia, was made a R. A. Mason at Le Roy, N. Y. It was afterwards contemplated to establish a Chapter at Batavia, and Morgan was allowed to sign the first petition that was got up for that purpose. But afterwards; some parties seeing his name attached to the petition, and being opposed to having such a dissolute fellow as a member, it was agreed to tear up that petition and get up a new one, which was done, leaving him out entirely.

This, of course, had a tendency to irritate him considerably, and being unprincipled enough to do most anything, he, with his associate, originated this scheme, for the purpose of revenge, and also of realizing untold wealth. Early in September, it became known that the work was already in press in Miller's office, and from the 8th to 14th of September, was a time ever to be remembered, not only in Central New York, and in the immediate vicinity of where these events transpired, but is also rendered memorable by the disastrous consequences of the proceedings then carried out, which was felt all over the Union, not only at that time, but during many years thereafter.

It is said that the excitement there was unparalleled; men became wild; homes were forsaken; business neglected; it was the only topic of conversation.

Opposition papers took it up, and what was at first only a *spark*, which if left alone would have died out of itself, was by the measures and means adopted, fanned into a *flame*, and that flame gathering to itself influences which were entirely foreign to the subject, increased in size and intensity until at last it seemed driven by a tornado, which would sweep everything before it.

A plan was set on foot by a few misled Masons to obtain possession of the manuscript at all hazards. This was a rash and very foolish step; and we, as a Fraternity, have had to suffer for the foolish operations of a few *scared Masons*, who apparently never took a thought of its effect, except right at home.

Miller's office was fired, but the flames were subdued, and the incendiaries escaped. Miller was afterwards arrested, and it is said that a mob contemplated sacking the office, but the better class of citizens, as well as Miller's friends, rallied to his support, and no such rash measures were undertaken.

In order to intimidate him, Morgan was arrested on different charges of theft and debt; when released on one, he was taken on another, and finally, on the 12th of September, he was liberated from jail, and after being imprisoned in Fort Niagara, was, (in company with some members of the Fraternity,) taken off in a carriage, and was never seen afterward.

This abduction was calculated to still increase the feeling against the Fraternity, and immediately the cry was raised "that Morgan had been abducted and killed,"—that he had "been traced to Fort Niagara, and taken out in a boat upon Lake Ontario and drowned." All sorts of improbable stories were circulated, and one man said he *knew* that Morgan had been killed, because the carcass of a sturgeon, *with Morgan's boots in it*, had been washed ashore on the banks of the Niagara river, just below the falls!

At this period the Fraternity were numerous, and they showed not only a needless excitement, but took the most inexcusable measures to suppress this publication.

They seemed to think that this contemplated volume would be fatal to Masonic secrecy, which was a mistaken idea. They should have reflected that this was not the first attempt to expose Freemasonry,—that in fact in the old country quite a number of different books have been published, all professedly with the same object, and that others will continue to be published, for this very reason; that these publications are put forth solely to make money. They may meet with a sale among a certain class, but it seems improbable that any sensible man will attach credence to any statements made by a man, whose only recommendation can be, that he is *perjuring* himself in making such exposition, and yet asks people to believe that he is *now* telling the truth.

How different would have been the effect if the Masons at that place had let the conspirators go on in their work, and paid no attention to any such proceedings. It would then have died a natural death; but the very opposition was the means of bringing it into prominence, and its reacting effect on the Fraternity was felt for years.

All the efforts made did not suppress this publication, and, when at last it came out, it was found to be nothing more than a republishing of old *exposes* previously in print in England.

What has been the effect of these different publications? Has the Institution been injured, or its objects defeated? Surely not. All such attempts are vain, for Freemasonry, as we all understand it, *can never be exposed*, so that one by *reading* can understand what Masonry is.

The excitement that prevailed against the Fraternity was of the most bitter and malignant kind. Members were arrested on different charges, growing out of these transactions, and suits were pending for years. Some were imprisoned, among the number was Mr. Eli Bruce, who was confined in the jail at Canandaigua, from May 20, 1829, to September 15, 1831. But the effect of this excitement, although bad, would not have proved so destructive, if it had not been taken advantage of for political and party purposes.

I have already alluded to other influences which were brought to bear to increase this tornado. Those influences were the politicians and by their means a powerful political party was formed in this and adjacent States. They sought to make use of this as a lever to lift them into places of power.

None who did not themselves witness it can justly appreciate the condition of things at this time, and to what extent feeling was carried. One writer describes it:

"That fearful excitement, which swept over our land like a moral pestilence, which confounded the innocent with the guilty; which entered even the Temple of God; which distracted and divided churches; which sundered the nearest ties of social life; which set father against son and the son against the father; arrayed the wife against her own husband—and, in short, wherever its baneful influences were most felt, deprived men of all those comforts and enjoyments which render life to us a blessing."

This is no fancy sketch, but authentic instances can be produced to substantiate all the facts alleged.

While we may admit that the Fraternity acted without due discretion in the means and measures adopted in regard to this Morgan, and that the abduction itself was a piece of folly—thereby giving their opponents *grounds* on which to base their charges—still, looking at the matter at this late day, with *unbiased* view, no sane or sensible man will, for a moment, believe that Morgan was killed.

His end is shrouded in mystery which will never be solved until that day when all things shall be made plain.

I think, myself, that he was supplied with money (which was his great object) and conveyed into Canada—the scene of former debauches in his earlier history.

But conjecture is idle; yet we do know that the acts of the *rash few* were condemned by the Fraternity in general.

De Witt Clinton, who was then Governor of the State, issued a proclamation, October 7, 1826, "enjoining upon all officers and ministers of justice in the State, and particularly in the county of Genesee, to pursue all proper and efficient measures for the apprehension of the offenders, and the prevention of future outrages," &c.

March 19, 1827, another proclamation, with reward of $1,000, and a free pardon to any one, who, as accomplice, will make a full disclosure of the offender or offenders.

The Sheriff of the frontier counties was accused of participating in this abduction. The Governor forthwith propounded a series of written interrogatories relative to his agency in the transaction, and, on his refusal to answer, issued a proclamation removing him from office. In an interview, which the Sheriff sought, he said: "Strong as is my attachment to you, I will, if you are guiity, exert myself to have you punished to the extent of the law."

In a private letter, he said: "I have always condemned the abduction of Morgan, and have never spoken of the measure but as a most unwarrantable outrage, and as deserving the most severe punishment."

I have alluded to the fact, that the Anti-Masonic spirit was kept alive by politicians. Allow me to say a few words in regard to them.

Among the papers published in this crusade against Masonry, and one of the most influential, was that published at Albany, by Solomon Southwick. This man was the creator of the Anti-Masonic party, because he quarreled with the Democratic party, and desired to have (as he expressed it) revenge. He admitted, in 1833, when asked, what he supposed became of Morgan, "That he did not know; while in the excitement of the campaign, he believed he was murdered, and by Masons; but that when the excitement passed away, a calm examination of the evidence did not warrant the conclusion."

Thurlow Weed was a prominent Anti-Mason at that time. In 1828 he was conducting an Anti-Masonic paper in Rochester.

The Anti-Masons were in the field as a political party, having nominated Solomon Southwick for Governor, (for which office he received 30,000 votes,) and every wire was being pulled, and every prejudice was appealed to, in order to help their party. To show that nothing is politically impossible, they even at this *late day found the body of Morgan*, and had Mrs. Morgan and others identify the body. But it afterwards turned out that it was the body of a Frenchman, by the name of Munroe, whose wife had claimed the body and taken it home for burial; and when Weed was informed of this, he said to his informant, "Say nothing; *he is a good enough Morgan until after election*," and day after day kept thundering away that the veritable body of the "*martyr Morgan*" had drifted ashore.

Let me here give you a sample of the Anti-Masonic literature.

"Freemasonry is the step that leads down to the dark gates of hell, the paths of perdition, conclaves of corruption and licentiousness, lamb-skin order, dark altars of infidelity, protection of fraud and villainy, the genuine academies of tippling, manufactory of noodles, &c." And he is pleased to apply the following epithets to Freemasons: "Banditti brethren, vile imposters, hypocrites, time-fuddlers, sharpers, knaves, noodles, fools, blackguards, drunkards, gullees, imposters, dumpling-heads, nincompoops, blockheads," and many other *choice* epithets.

This is the style of weapons employed against us forty years ago.

Some may think I have given undue prominence to this matter, but I desire to present a fair and full account in relation thereto.

There is a moral to be derived from this affair, which it would be well for us to heed, even at the present day.

In 1826 there were in this State about 480 Lodges, with a membership of about 20,000.

There appears to have been a perfect furore to start Masonic Lodges, and looking over the list of Lodges at that time, I find them located closely together, and in some instances in country villages, and sections where it does not seem there could have been material to support one Lodge, there were several. The Craft was increasing rapidly in numbers, but its apparent prosperity was hollow and illusory; the larger proportion of the members were but fair-weather Masons, poorly informed as to the real nature or design of Freemasonry.

There is no question that the very general practice of giving credit for degrees, which prevailed from 1820 to 1826, led very many to repudiate their debts and vows together, as soon as the public mind against Masonry was sufficiently excited to enable them to do so with impunity.

At that time it became a question of consideration among adhering Masons, what course, under existing circumstances, it was expedient for them to pursue.

A great number of those who were warmly attached to the institution were of the opinion that it was advisable to yield, for a time at least, to the storm, and close their work and surrender their warrants. This opinion was extensively acted upon.

The number of Lodges were reduced to seventy-five in this State. In Vermont not a single Lodge continued its work. The effect was felt all over the Union.

Anti-Masonry being no longer fed by active opposition, and having served its political ends, soon died out of itself.

There is nothing so bad but that from it some good can be derived, and there is one benefit that the Order derived from this crusade, and that is that the blasts of Anti-Masonry *blew out all the chaff*, and that what remained *was tried* and *good stuff.*

All honor to those noble Masons who, in those trying times, although assaulted on every side, remained faithful to their vows, stood manfully up to the work, and, undaunted by threats, maintained their Masonic character, *pure* and *unsullied.*

From 1827 to 1839 the Grand Lodge eked out but a scanty existence; almost every Lodge on the Northern and Western borders succumbed to the Anti-Masonic storm; the stronghold was in the city of New York. At this time symptoms of a decided and well-marked revival were manifest, and the Masonic Temple began again to be erected in all its former glory.

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WHAT MASONRY IS NOT.

Selected from an Address by H. G. Reynolds, Grand Master of Illinois.

1. *Masonry is not a religious institution in any ordinary ecclesiastical, theological, denominational or sectarian sense.* Masons, as such, do not organize churches or endow them; do not build church edifices, call ministers, nor educate them.

Masonic societies do not discuss in their Lodge rooms any religious subjects about which Masons are liable to disagree. There is scarcely a Lodge represented here, which lacks members of from four to ten different denominations of Christians, perhaps Hebrews, and some with no defined theological notions whatever. These men never discuss the themes of falling from grace, unconditional election, universal salvation, different modes of baptism, close communion, free will, church government, or any other question upon which men seriously divide. True and actual toleration in religious differences exists no where so fully as among Masons, and the more intelligent they are, the more tolerant they become. Take a Lodge night. Sit where you can see the members as they quietly gather. Two brethren, one a farmer and a Methodist, the other a physician and a Presbyterian, come along in cozy and friendly conversation, and pass in together. Soon along comes two attornies, one a Baptist and the other a Lutheran, and of opposite politics; do you hear anything about their differences? Not a word; and so they quietly gather, stay an hour or two, and as peacefully return to their homes. Wait until Sunday. Where do you see those brethren? If attending church at all, each one attends his own. Then it is *not* for the promotion of the interests of any sect or party in religion that these men are banded together. Why then, you ask, do they have prayers, religious services, and for what reason do they enforce moral ideas by means of emblems and symbols? Perhaps we will try to tell you by and by.

2. *Masonry is not a political system.* It supports no political party, but it has members in all. Masons are, as a body, intelligent, and reasonably fair-minded men. I venture the assertion, that no body of citizens, religious, social, literary, political or otherwise, can be found that vote so uniformly to sustain their political sentiments as Masons do. And why? Because, in the practice of toleration, which involves reflection, they have found it impossible for thinking, reasoning men to agree, and yet, they find they can live together on terms of perfect amity and concord, and disagree.

3. *Masonry is not the State.* Masons differ as much as other people in regard to matters of public policy and the general welfare. It is no singular matter for the executive and legislative department of our State or National governments, with prominent Masons in both, to be in conflict with each other. Masons upon the bench are as likely to disagree in the construction of a statute, or the interpretation of the common law, as other men. Masons in the Legislature vote and act in all matters of political differences, public policy, or the enact-

ment of laws, without any reference to each others' opinion. Whoever does not see this with one eye shut, has no use for the other. You will find the same to be true in all your county boards, and in every matter of public concern. The people elect more Masons to positions of public trust, in proportion, than are placed in office by the appointing power, even where the appointing officer is himself a Mason. The people select whom they choose; appointing officers do not care to bring odium upon themselves.

4. *Masonry is neither a commercial, monetary or mechanical institution.* It leaves business men to regulate commercial affairs, financiers to manage the currency and matters of loans, debts, bonds, mortgages and interest. Rules are instituted between employers and employed, and the latter often make the rules and enforce them. Masonry is no longer an operative, but purely a speculative system.

5. There is a common idea, that Lodges of Masons, and other Masonic bodies, are, by some secret law, *organized forms of benevolence, relief and charity. There is no greater mistake.* Lodges are benevoient, charitable or relief societies, *just* as they choose to make themselves so, either by their own enactments, or whenever they may so elect. There is no law of Masonry which compels a Masonic Lodge to contribute one dollar to support an orphan, a widow, or even a brother, and whenever a Lodge makes such laws, or gives from its funds, it is with real charitable intent, or for the purpose of equalizing contributions and assistance among the Brethren. Organized forms in Masonry are in no sense beneficiary, by virtue of any general law. A prominent, and one of the priucipal features in Odd Fellowship, and various other benevolent, reformatory and industrial societies, is the beneficiary principle, enacted into the constitutions of the parent or principal societies, and everywhere scrupulously regarded.

Individual contributions in these societies are rare, and are never resorted to except in great emergencies, or when the funds are exhausted. I do not draw this distinction by way of depreciating other organizations; far from it. Every good man blesses every good work, upon the principle that where the work is good, and the results favorable, the motive is proper. But I wish to show, that Freemasonry is not the parent of the obligatory, beneficiary system. Upon this system, I have more to say in another connection.

6. *Freemasonry is not a Reformatory Institution.* Churches are instituted for the cure of souls. Even those which reject the idea of

future punishment, advocate reform, honesty in dealings, honor in society, and purity of life. The temperance organizations are based on the reform idea, and relief, prevention and protection follow in its train. Freemasonry requires testimonials of good character, before she even proceeds to elect. The consequence of this, I will speak of again. That the institution is sadly imposed upon, by neglecting or disregarding this great principle, I admit. Is any society exempt.

7. *Freemasonry has no law of perpetuity.* Solicitation to become a Freemason is forbidden. I have never yet met one who has acknowledged any solicitation whatever. *Questions*, candidly put, when proper, are candidly answered. If a worthy man desires information, all proper to know, is cheerfully given. By-laws are furnished, and reading matter put into the hands of enquirers. If, upon examination, one deemed worthy desires to petitition for the honors of Masonry, the way is laid open before him. Notwithstanding Masonry has no law of perpetuity, yet, there is no Mason who lacks faith in its perpetual existence.

But if no one should petition Lewiston Lodge; if that Lodge should cease to initiate candidates or admit Masons, the Lodge would cease to exist when its members passed away.

The rule in churches and reformatory societies is solicitation, and that too with great propriety, for the main object with them is, to change the condition of men from bad to good—from evil habits and depraved tastes, to usefulness and honor.

8. *Freemasonry is not exclusive.* Every family has its privacies; every society has confidential matters; every church is in possession of family and personal troubles; every lawyer is a sworn secret-keeper; physicians often hold important information, and ministers are the repositories, often, of precious memories, trusts and confidences; in many other ways, there are vast interests and reputations hanging upon the faithfulness of man to his fellow.

An exposure of these privacies, secrets and confidential relations, would rouse the indignation of whole communities, and persons who would abuse the trusting confidence of people, patient, client, friend or relative, is unfit for society, and when such a character is known, he is shunned.

Beyond the mere modes of recognition, Freemasonry has few secrets. Its principles are published freely in books, magazines and papers.

The rights in Masonry are mostly individual; very few inherent Masonic rights belong to organized bodies; benefits are almost exclusively individual.

Do you know of any Mason who is less a Christian, a citizen, a patriot, a benefactor; who is less charitable, humane, enterprising or industrious, because he is a Mason? If you do, the case is rare, and it only proves that the wrong man is in the wrong place. Our institution is the very last place for fanatics or theorists, or lazy men, but it would need to be omniscient if it entirely escaped them.

9. *Freemasonry has no law of force.* She has no trained military bands; no arms in her own defence, she never opposes force to force. Expulsion from all the rights and benefits of Masonry is the highest penalty known. When that penalty is inflicted, it is the result of charges preferred in writing, due notice, written record testimony, a fair trial by the Lodge, and judgment by a two-third vote. They bid the offender go forth, an exile and a wanderer, but with the exhortation to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and he shall be welcomed home again. I make these remarks with a full knowledge of what may be said about Morgan. My memory is as good as that of most men. I was old enough to know all about that matter, and lived in the district which sent the first distinctive Anti-Mason to Congress, and was an active voter long before that pestilence died away. I seriously question, as either a legal or general matter of proof, the killing of Morgan, but if he was killed, it was an unjustifiable, unlawful, unmasonic act, for which Masonry furnishes no warrant, which was never the judgment of any Masonic body, nor the result of any Masonic trial.

Expulsion, by a two-thirds vote is the highest penalty. If the offender tries to reform, or repent, he is encouraged, and in due time restored, but if he does not, then his expulsion is equivalent to moral death. Candidly, I would prefer a natural death. Expulsion to an intelligent Mason, is like the punishment of Cain, greater than can be borne.

Fellow-citizens and ladies, if Masonry is not a religious, political, commercial or reformatory institution; if not allied to the State; if its Lodges are not benevolent societies; if not exclusive, and has no law of force or perpetuity, you will naturally inquire, what is Masonry?

(Answer in our next.)

THE LACK OF MORAL PRINCIPLE.

Noah Webster, in one of his definitions of "principle," says: "It is a settled law or rule of action in human beings." This particular definition of a "principle" we adopted for ourselves, on arriving at the years of discretion or common understanding, and have endeavored to adhere to it through life as a "rule of action," and we feel sad to see around us such a multitude of men who never adopted anything to be governed by, but are mere floaters on the great sea of humanity. A man without principle is a mere "thing," a mere shadow of the god-like essence in which the Almighty created mankind.

Among the profane this lack of principle is disgraceful, but among Masons it is criminal. In the examination of the character of a petitioner for the mysteries, this is the first point to be inquired into, for upon it hangs the whole future life of that Mason, in case he is elected. The lack of moral principle is much more prevalent than most persons imagine. It exists among that large family of nondescripts whom you cannot place anywhere, and cannot rely upon them as friends or enemies. They blow hot and cold with the last man who talks to them, and will side with any question for the mere sake of popularity or policy. They are men who never have any ideas of their own, and never disagree with anybody. If you mention a question which they do not fully understand, or side with an issue with which they do not fully agree, they merely shrug their shoulders, and give a very wise look. If you speak disparagingly of their best friend, or ask an equivocal question about him, they will again shrug the shoulder, fearing the responsibility of standing up for him, and have not the moral nerve to defend him, much less to knock the slanderous assassin down, who dares to impugn the character of his friend without a sufficient reason or explanation.

In Masonry we are taught never to supplant a brother by inuendo, or gossip, or action; yet men so lack a moral principle that they will rob their own brother of his wages if they can do it without the fear of being thrashed, for in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand such men are the most consummate cowards. No fear of exposure or tongue-lashing will affect them, but of a cowhide they have a mortal horror, and in the end it is the only punishment which will keep their mouths shut, or teach them common decency.

Some children are brought up with the rod because they have no other sensibilities to appeal to, and, unfortunately, they never out-grow that natural defect, and never learn to ape principle, even if they do not possess it.

If there is any being more contemptible than another in the sight of God and honorable men, it is a moral coward, and the assassin who creeps into your room, and runs the chance of being killed by trying to stab a dagger in your back, is a nobleman alongside of the miserable cur who uses his tongue, eyes and shoulders to damn the reputation of a brother Mason, simply because he thinks he is safe from detection by placing the recipient of his slanders under the lock and key of Masonic secrecy.

There is no revelation, human or divine, since the creation of the world, that does honor to moral cowards, and the only use that has ever been made of them, has been as tools in the hands of some more ingenious coward, to do dirty and mean work.

From a mature observation of nearly twenty years, we have found those people who set themselves up as paragons of perfection in religion and morals, and who deem it a part of their duty to spy into and correct the ways of everybody else who do not agree with them, are the persons above all others who have the most dark spots on their hearts, and who of all others could not stand the scrutiny of the "All-seeing Eye" of God.

"The dog who will fetch a bone will carry one," is an old proverb, and it is as true of gossips as it is of dogs; and this, we think, should be sufficient for all practical purposes, to justify one in setting down every man who meddles in the private affairs of another, as one who should be dreaded and looked upon with suspicion.

Whenever we hear a man slander another, with the remark, "They say so," and gives no tangible reason for the remark he makes beyond this sort of hearsay rumor, we generally put that man down as a liar of the first water, and as one who only needs to be met frankly by the accused to make him swallow all he has said at one gulph.

Brethren, the world is full of men with no principle at all, and we must say that, unfortunately, too many of them have got into our Lodges, simply because they never had the courage to steal a horse, or do some other act whereby they might have got into the penitentiary. Again we say, when you have petitioners, see that they have got some sort of *principle*. We would rather vote for a square-out bad character than one who has no character at all, for then you know where to look for him, and how to watch him. Narrow minded men, who never have but one idea at a time, and who can make no allowances for the rights and tastes of others, will never make Freemasons in the full sense of that word.

Some men have a fashion of casting aspersions on "old maids," as such, but from observation we think if all the men who are genuine old maids by nature were compelled to wear long dresses, the voting population would be cut down to very small proportions. Such men are the bane of Masonry; they create nearly all its troubles, and add nothing to its strength or character. For one we have always determined never to allow them to meddle in our affairs, nor infringe on our rights; and if the genuine and liberal minded Masons were to put them under the bane in Masonic society, and keep out those who apply for admittance, the fraternity would be in a much more prosperous and happy condition.—*St. Louis Freemason.*

MERCENARY AND MALICIOUS REJECTIONS.

Rejections are inevitable. Several years since a Master of much experience and observation remarked, that he. with others, had aided in removing objections to rejected candidates, whose friends were grieved, and where upon the surface, no reasonable objections could well be made. But, in every instance, he had occasion to regret his action, and really wished that no one of them had been initiated. As a rule, when admitted, they had gained their end, and were either a reproach, or were indifferent or officious. In addition to that, good brethren who felt it their duty to reject for reasons satisfactory to themselves, but who could not deny their vote, and could not stand the pressure of solicitations, were discontented, had suffered in the loss of self-respect, and ceased attendance on Lodge. In nine cases out of ten, rejections are right, and there are ten men wrongly initiated where there is one man wrongfully rejected. It is also true that rejections do occur where the motive is good, but where the information is false or the impression wrong. We will quote a case precisely in point, and use the name of John Smith for our purpose. He petitioned for initiation. A railroad conductor was present when the petition was referred. He knew a John Smith who had been rejected in a

Lodge at the other end of the road. He inquired, and upon being certain, gave his information to a member, who happened to step in when the ballot was being cast, and gave his vote in the negative. The whole Lodge was surprised, but the Master was watchful and wary. The report of the committee had been full, and the candidate was well known. The report was read again, and it appeared that *the* John Smith who was the petitioner had always lived right there, and was above suspicion. The next ballot was clear. This was a misapprehension as to identity, and one of the many cases where a misapprehension is acted upon with a good motive, and which can be removed if the Master is wise, and the brethren will be patient and good-natured. The information in this case was *right* as to the *wrong* John Smih; hence the misapprehension.

But there are several classes of rejections that are wrong and mischievous; for some there may be no present remedy, for others there is a remedy, which should be neither slow nor uncertain.

1st. Rejections for malicious reasons are many. Some are based on personal enmity, and sometimes wrong. Masonry, while just, is cautious and discreet. She allows no babbling nor prying. Evidently, therefore, she does not meddle with personal differences between her initiates and the profane, and, as a logical consequence, the differences cannot be considered, or inquired into, in an application for initiation, and improper rejections of this sort are difficult to reach, unless the rejector has voluntarily disclosed his reasons, and even then such cases are to be handled with caution.

2nd. Some rejections grow out of unfriendly relations with one or more brethren in the Lodge Malice is gratified by rejecting their elatives or friends. No matter whether the unfriendliness be the fault of the rejector or not, such an act is intense meanness and injustice—it is a blow at an innocent party to reach a third, and is wholly without excuse, and a voluntary avowal of it should subject the offender to expulsion. Another malicious motive for rejection is caused by rejection of friends, personal disappointment, ungraceful ambition, or a general discontent, which vents itself in opposition to the Lodge. In such cases it takes the form of wholesale rejections, and regards neither friendship, character, nor condition. This is absolute treason. The man who could do such an act would sacrifice his country, his friends, and his kindred, upon sufficient provocation, upon the altar of malice, and should be dealt with as relentlessly as

Judas Iscariot or Benedict Arnold. In nearly all instances of this character, the mind instinctively fastens itself on the guilty person, and, in a large majority of cases, the rejector, confident in his security, will proclaim, in some form, what he has done. He may do it by threats, open or concealed, beforehand; by open exultation when the deed is done, or by subsequent admissions. In all such cases let the Master act wisely, see that his brethren are discreet, and wait patiently for the result. It will come, unless prevented by improper action among the members of the Lodge.

Rejections for mercenary, fanatical or immoral reasons, are mostly confined to individual cases, and affect a Lodge incidentally. The same is true of malicious rejections for personal reasons. As a rule, they had better be let alone. But where the malice directs itself against the Lodge, self-preservation becomes an imperative law.

But let every Worshipful Master, and every Brother, remember that no provocation can justify or tolerate any departure from the law. No Lodge can be benefitted, but must be harmed, while Masonry will be injured, by any violations or evasions of the provisions of the Masonic code. In case of a rejection, no one has a right to proclaim his vote either way; no one has a right to inquire, and whatever is revealed should be voluntary, otherwise the revelation is surreptitious, or obtained by solicitation, and both the solicitor and the revealer, or neither, are subject to the discipline of the Lodge.—*Masonic Token.*

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TEMPLAR MASONRY.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD.

In the twelfth century, when the nations of Europe were yet young, and the piety of the church possessed all its primitive ardor, the universal heart of Christendom turned with affectionate reverence toward the East, and longed to pour forth its expressions of gratitude and of penitence at the tomb of the Crucified. Urged by this devout impulse, thousands every year set out on this pious pilgrimage to the Holy City, encountering indescribable difficulties, and exposing themselves to innumerable dangers. Moved by the enthusiasm of the age, and by the laudable desire to protect the Christian pilgrim on his journey through Palestine to the Holy Sepulchre, eight Christian Knights established the society of the Templars. Subsequently the objects of the Order increased, and included the general defence of Christianity against the encroachments of the Mohammedans. The members took the vows of chastity, of obedience, and poverty, like regular canons, and lived at first on the charity of the Christian lords in Palestine. King Baldwin II, of Jerusalem, gave them an abode in that city, on the east side of the Jesuits' Temple, from which circumstance they received the name of Templars. Pope Honorius II confirmed the Order in 1127, at the council of Troyes, and imposed upon it rules, drawn from those of the Benedictine monks, to which were added the precepts of St. Bernard de Clairvaux, who was an earnest friend of the fraternity.

The Order grew in popularity, and in a few years came to be the most powerful corporation in Christendom. By the principle of secrecy, the members were bound together in the closest unity, and cemented in the bonds of a mystical friendship.

The Templars were divided into three classes, viz: Knights, Squires, and Servitors, to which were added, in 1172, some spiritual members, who served as Priests, Chaplains, and Clerks. All wore the badge of the Order—a linen girdle. The clerical members had white, and the servitors gray gowns. The Knights wore, besides their armor, simple white cloaks, adorned with octangular blood-red crosses, to signify that they were to shed their blood in the service of the Faith. From the class of the Knights the officers were chosen by the assembled Chapters. They consisted of, first: *Marshals* and *Bannerets*, the leaders in war; second, *Drapiers*, the inspectors of wardrobes; third, *Priors*, the superiors of single preceptories; fourth, *Abbots Commanders*, and *Grand Priors*, rulers over provinces; and fifth, the *Grand Commander*, who was the chief of the whole Order. He had the rank of Prince, and was considered the equal of the sovereigns of Europe.

Being entirely independent of all secular authority, and nearly so of all ecclesiastical, it exercised an absolute jurisdiction over all the affairs of its own members. Uniting thus the privileges of a religious order with great military power, and always prepared for service by sea or land, it could use its possessions to more advantage than other corporations, and also make conquests on its own account. The principal part of its possessions was in France; most of the Knights were also French, and the Grand Master was usually of that nation. In 1244 the Order possessed goods, bailiwicks, commanderies, priories, and preceptories, independent of the jurisdiction of the sovereigns of the countries in which they were situated.

Its members were devoted to the Order, body and soul, and by their solemn initiation they abjured all other ties. No one had any private property. The Order supported all.

After the expulsion of the Templars from the Holy Land, they fixed their chief seat in Cyprus. There the Grand Master resided with a select body of Knights, Officers, and Brethren, who exercised themselves by sea against the Saracens.

So powerful at length became the Order, that its alliance and support were eagerly solicited by many Christian nations, when they went to war with each other. And the Knights too often, unfortunately, by an unwise policy, were led to take sides in many of these struggles; and to this policy is to be attributed their downfall.

In the quarrels between Philip the Fair and Pope Boniface VIII, the Templars engaged for the Pope against the king In consequence of this, Clement V, Philip's friend, under the pretext of consultation for a new crusade, and for a union of Knights Templars with the Knights of St. John, summoned, in 1306, the Grand Master Molay, with sixty Knights, to France. After their arrival, these and all the other Knights present were suddenly arrested by the king's soldiers. This occurred on October 13, 1307. Philip seized upon the estates of the Order, removed his court into the Temple—the residence of the Grand Master in Paris, and ordered the trial of the Knights to be commenced without delay, by his confessor, William of Paris, inquisitor and Archbishop of Sens. He endeavored, however, to justify this arbitrary procedure by the horrible crimes and heresies of which the Order had been accused. Historical records represent the accusers as some expelled Templars, who calumniated the Order at the instigation of its enemies. The charge of apostacy from the faith could not be substantiated The other allegations, such as that they worshipped the devil, practiced sorcery, adored the idol called *Baphomet*, contemned the sacrament, neglected confession, and practiced unnatural vices, were, according to the general opinion of historians down to the present day, malicious misrepresentations or absurd calumnies. A gold box of relics, which the Templars used to kiss, according to the custom of the Catholics, was what gave origin to the story of the Baphomet; and because, in an age previous to the general reception of the doctrine of transubstantiation, they practiced the ancient manner of celebrating the mass, viz: without the elevation of the host, this was called contempt of the sacrament; their confessing exclusively to their own clerical members was the ground of the charge that they received absolution from their own temporal superiors; and the bond, Friendship, Love, and Truth, by which they were united, gave rise to the imputation of unnatural practices.

In those times of general persecution against heretics, every one whose ruin was resolved upon, and who could not be attacked in any other way, was accused of heresy. Accordingly, Philip, being determined, before any inquisition took place, to destroy the Order, for whose wealth he thirsted, the inquisitors employed, who were entirely devoted to him, and for the greater part Dominicans, enemies of the Order, used these means to excite public opinion against them. By means of the most horrid tortures, confessions of crime which had never been committed were extorted from the prisoners. Overcome by long captivity and torment, many Templars confessed whatever their inquisitors wished, since a persevering denial of the crimes with which they were charged was punished with death. Clement V. at first opposed this arbitrary treatment of an Order which was amenable only to the church; but Philip soon prevailed on him to join in its suppression. Two cardinals were sent to take part in the examinations at Paris, and other clergymen were united to the courts of inquisition in the provinces, in order to impart a more legal appearance to the procedure. Though little was, in fact, proved against the Templars, the Archbishop of Sens dared, in 1310, to burn alive forty-four Knights who had denied every crime of which they were accused. In other dioceses of France, these victims of tyranny and avarice were treated in a similar way. The other provinces of Europe were also exhorted by the Pope to persecute the Templars. Charles, of Sicily, and Provence, imitated the example of Philip, and shared the booty with the Pope. In England, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Germany, the Templars were arrested, but almost universally acquitted. The inquisitions at Salamanca and Mentz also resulted in the justification of the Order. Nevertheless, the Pope, at the council of Vienna, in Dauphiny, solemnly abolished the Order by a bull of March 2, A D. 1312, not in the legal way, but by papal authority—*per provisionis* *potius quam condemnationis viam.* The members of the Order were, according to this bull, to be punished with mildness when they confessed the crimes imputed to them; but those who persevered in denying them were to be condemned to death. Among the latter were the Grand Master Molay, and Guida, the Grand Prior of Normandy, who were burned alive at Paris, March 13, 1314, after they had cited Philip and Clement to appear before the judgment-seat of God within a year and a day. The Pope died, in fact, April 19, in the same year, and the king November 29th.

The estates of the Order were conferred, by the council of Vienna, upon the Knights of St. John, and its treasury, in money and precious stones, was assigned for a new crusade. But in France the greatest part fell to the crown, and the Pope kept considerable sums for himself. In Spain and Portugal some new military orders were founded and endowed with the estates of the Templars. In other countries the Knights of St. John acquired the rich inheritance of their rivals. The Templars maintained themselves longest in Germany, where they were treated with mildness and justice. At Strelitz some were found as late as 1319. The members who were discharged from their vows entered the Order of St. John.

Such was the unhappy destiny of this great and powerful fraternity, whose valor and devotion and achievements form so brilliant a page in the book of European history.

For many years this great fraternity was one of the strongest bulworks of the Christian faith—the most efficient defender of the pious pilgrim—the ablest champion of the Cross. The literature of all lands has celebrated its deeds—romance and song have immortalized its virtues and recorded the story of its wrongs.

That the Templars were earnest, sincere and worthy men, is plain, but that the ostensible objects of their society were the sole ends which they aimed to accomplish is by no means certain. On the contrary, it is evident, from what appears on this subject, that behind the veil of mystery which concealed the interior of the Order from the profane eye, the Templars conceived vast and magnificent plans for the social and religious regeneration of Europe—that their esoteric doctrines embraced notions far in advance of the age. It is certain that, at a very early period, rumors were extensively spread that the Templars meditated plans that embraced the political unity of Europe, by the universal overthrow of monarchy and the founding of an immense republic, and the complete purification and reformation of the Catholic faith.

The very organization of their society, and the character of the government they had adopted, must have suggested to them the ideas of republicanism, as well as the antique models, which they constantly had before their eyes. And the favorable position of their fraternity, established as it was, and exercising an extensive influence among all the nations of Christendom, must have suggested to them, at least, the possibility of success. Composed of men of all nations, and through their members allied to the most powerful families in all countries, and though existing in the territory of the various kingdoms of Europe, yet exercising an independent jurisdiction, like a sovereign State, it would have been strange, indeed, if the idea had not sometimes come to them of the feasibility of destroying the political divisions of Europe, and blending all the States together in one vast, republican fraternity, similar to their own, and governed by similar constitutions and laws.

While the society of Templars was secretly antagonistic to the existing political institutions, it was also at variance with the doctrine and policy of the church at Rome. The calumniations of Catholic writers allow us to refer to this. In the charge that they worshipped Mohammedan relics, and cultivated Pagan philosophy, we can see only this—that, in their fraternity, they respected the rights of conscience, and tolerated all religious opinions."

But in the realization of those vast schemes, and in propagating these ideas, the Order was not successful, and finally fell by treachery, before the united powers of civil and religious despotism. But the last moment of its life was one of sublime magnificence. James Bernard Molay, the last Grand Master, ascended the scaffold prepared for him by the pontiff of Rome, and the king of France, and died with the fortitude and calmness of a Christian hero. But, in dying, he announced the future downfall of all despotisms: "I snmmon you, tyrant of Rome, and you, despot of France, to meet me, in one year, before the Eternal Throne!" It was humanity, bleeding and torn, and outraged in all its sacred rights, summoning all despotisms, whether spiritual or temporal, before the judgment throne of future ages, to receive their condemnation, and to witness the inauguration of the divine sentiments, Justice, Fraternity, and Equality.

Although the schemes of the Templars were unquestionably

Utopian, and their notions confused and ill-defined, the ideal which they worshipped was prophetic of those institutions, which, in a subsequent age, should secure the civil and spiritual freedom of man. The positive ideas of the society could not perish; but, from the tombs of the murdered Templars, they marched forth with a supernatural force, to renew their contest with the tyrants of the earth. Mingling with the thoughts of other reformers, and taken up by other societies, they advanced through the centuries, disenthralled the human mind from the abuse of kingcraft and priestcraft, brought kings themselves to the scaffold, and laid the foundation of a more promising future for man.—*National Freemason.*

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FRANKLIN ON FREEMASONRY.

Freemasonry, I admit, has its secrets. It has secrets peculiar to itself; but of what do these principally consist? They consist of signs and tokens, which serve as testimonials of character and qualification, which are conferred after due instruction and examination. These are of no small value; they speak a universal language, and are a passport to the support and attention of the world. They cannot be lost, so long as memory retains its power. Let the possessor of them be expatriated, shipwrecked, or imprisoned—let him be stripped of everything he has in the world, still their credentials remain, and are available for use, as circumstances may require. The good effects, which they have produced, are established by the incontestible facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer; they have subdued the rancor of malevolence, and broken down the barrier of political animosity, and sectarian alienation. On the battlefield, in the solitudes of the uncultivated forest, or in the busy haunts of the crowded city, they have made men, of the most hostile feelings, and the most diversified conditions, rush to the aid of each other, with special joy and satisfaction that they have been able to afford relief to a brother Mason.

BROTHERS, STAND FAST.

BY REV. M. B. SMITH, 32D DEG., P. M., P. H. P., &C., RECTOR
OF ST. JOHN'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH,
PASSAIC, N. J.

Brothers, STAND FAST! To the craft be true,
As our fathers were before us;
We stand on the rock of Jehovah's Word,
And the banner of love floats o'er us.
Our cause is just, and the holy trust
Of Love we cannot surrender,
But, hand in hand, each one must stand,
Our household's firm defender.

Brothers, STAND FAST! Tho' the thunder rolls
And the forked lightning flashes,
And the torch of the bigot is madly raised
To lay our fair temple in ashes—
Its fabric grand will doubtless stand,
Unscathed by the storm that rages—
Built on a rock, it outlives the shock,
As of past, so of coming ages.

Brothers, STAND FAST! Let no paltry fears
From the path of duty move you;
And the hand of Jehovah controls the storm,
And the trial is sent to prove you.
"Quit you like men," and rend each chain—
By bigotry forged—asunder;
Not one should fear when God is near,
Above, around, and under.

Brothers, STAND FAST! The great I AM
Gives strength to bear man's sneering,
And more is gained by steadfastness
And loving, than by fearing.
In every fold of God's household
We share with you this burden,
And the great love of God above
Will give to each the guerdon.

Brothers, STAND FAST! For God and Truth,
Forgiving—loving—blessing;
Your God will give what men deny—
COMMUNION worth possessing.
His free reward—a treasury stored,
A cup of bliss o'erflowing;
A golden yield from Love's own field,
To crown your faithful sowing.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

CHAPTER V.

On the morning following that on which he was introduced to the reader, Charles Preston was installed in his new position as as counting clerk in the banking house of Mr. Wilson. The inexperienced and unsophisticated country boy, through the whole day, was the victim of new and harrassing sensations. A nervous uneasiness, mingled with a shadowy melancholy, haunted and tortured him. He shrunk from the searching glances of the sleek and well dressed clerks, under which he fell, as business brought them several times from their different departments through the office where Charles sat alone at his desk.

The mind of the young clerk, in spite of every effort to the contrary, would wander back to the quiet cottage of his mother. His vivid fancy, notwithstanding his repeated efforts to concentrate his mind upon his employment, would paint the expression of anxiety upon the countenance of his absent mother, as his affection drew it. He could almost hear the maternal sigh, and the low, soft voice as she whispered, "Poor Charley! I wonder where he is, and what are his fortunes?" Then, recalling himself, he would force back the struggling tear and say to himself, "This is the longest day!"

Towards the strange young men employed in the bank, Charles Preston felt no attraction. The day passed without the exchange of a word between him and any of them. Night came, and he retired to his room, in a cheap and humble boarding house, but not to sleep until long after midnight, when his feverish unrest yielded to refreshing repose.

How forcible and how grand are those efforts of the will by which we subdue a thousand tender impulses, a thousand anxieties and mental embarassments, and make them obedient to the deliberate judgment!

A month passed and Charles Preston had become familiar with his new business. Although the novelty of his situation had gradually worn away, still he felt lonely. Although he spent every day under the same roof, with twenty other clerks, he dwelt in a cold and chilling solitude. He could not affiliate with them. They formed a circle into which he was not admitted, and into which he had no inclination to enter, for he felt that he was not of them.

At the end of the first month of his service he received his salary. He appeared at his desk in a new and fashionable suit of clothes, which gave a degree of elegance to his fine, athletic figure, that lost much of the awkward outline with the off-cast, homespun suit, in which he first presented himself.

To enter the counting room where he was employed, Charles Preston was obliged to pass through one of the offices of the bank, where the chief clerk, with three assistants, were employed.

Mr. Gimlett, the chief clerk, was a middle aged man. He was a dwarf, with long arms and nether limbs. His curved spine, short neck, large body, hunched shoulders, peaked chin, that rested upon his broad, projecting chest, to which were added a cadevrous countenance and dark twinkling eyes, made him a grotesque and repulsive object to look upon.

Considering the peculiar sensitiveness, and the hopeless misfortune of dwarfs, cripples, and hunchbacks, it is not strange that their characters are so often marked by an austerity which, in many instances, assumes a brutal cruelty, and, in many other instances, awakes a hatred towards their fellow men who are more fortunate and more symetrical in their physical proportions than themselves.

The first assistant of the head clerk, Mr. McLean, was a tall, pale man, with gray eyes, brown hair sprinkled with gray, and a quiet, thoughtful countenance.

Richard Hartu, known in the bank by the sobriquet of "Dicky Corkscrew," another of the assistants, was a man of about the age of thirty-five years; his appearance was only remarkable for a voluptuous countenance, and a face upon which lines of dissipation were deeply impressed.

The other clerk, whose name was Timothy Pelatier, but who was more commonly called "Twinkle," was a handsome boy of about eighteen years, with dark eyes, and dark curly hair. The expression of Twinkle's face indicated that he was ready for anything that could be properly booked under the general head, "fun."

After Charles Preston passed through this office, and closed the door behind him, a loud burst of laughter arose from Richard Hartu.

"What now, Dicky Corkscrew?" said Twinkle.

"Greeney's got a new suit. I wonder how much he will take for the old zebra skin that he moulted to make place for the broadcloth," replied Hartu.

"Zebra skin, is that what you call it Corkscrew?" said Twinkle.

"Yes, or striped hyena," replied Hartu. "Say we go into his room and have some fun with him, Twinkle."

"Sure enough, say we do," rejoined Timothy.

"Boys," said Mr. Gimlett, "permit me to hint to you that, perhaps, it would be just as well for you both not to trouble yourselves about Greeney, or his zebra skin. It is possible that you may encounter a real striped hyena when you least expect it."

"Why so?" inquired Corkscrew.

"If the new clerk be a little green and countryfied, and unaccustomed to society, and its silly code of hollow conventionalities, its empty rules, and orders of fashionable attire, the man that buys him for a fool, (permit me to suggest,) may well calculate to discount largely before he sells him for the same, at the price he pays," returned Mr. Gimlett.

"Ah! why do you think so?" enquired young Pelatier.

"I was not speaking of what I thought, but of what I know," replied the chief clerk.

"How happens it that you come to know so much more than any body else? Ha! 'A Daniel come to judgment.' From what high source did you derive so much wisdom, King Solomon? When Gimlett speaks, let the world listen. Give ear, O ye nations!" returned Hartu derisively.

"He is the only clerk that has ever been in the bank, during the fifteen years I have been here, that has put in a month without an error in his balance sheets. It is one man's work to review your books and correct their errors, and this is your fourth year in the bank, while Greeney, as you call him, has, thus far, kept a clear sheet," replied Mr. Gimlett.

"O, go to grass! you are always growling like a bear with a sore head. Come on Twinkle," said Hartu, and the two walked into Preston's room.

"Good morning, Mr. Greeney," said Hartu, bowing with a mock deference to Charles.

"You are mistaken, sir, my name is not Greeney," said Charles, rising.

"Your name not Greeney? Then, indeed, I have been laboring under a misapprehension; judging from what I had seen of you I had come to the conclusion that your name could be none other but Greeney," continued Hartu.

"Of course," said Preston, "I am entirely ignorant of the causes which could have brought your mind to such a conclusion."

"Then," continued Hartu, "if your name is not Greeney, may I be permitted to inquire what particular name is honored by so distinguished a person as yourself?"

"O, certainly, sir," returned Charles.

"Well, then, what is the name?" inquired Corkscrew.

"Your permission to enquire by no means lays me under obligation to reply to your insolence, I presume," returned Charles.

"Well, now, Mr. what's-your-name, don't you call that a pretty cool answer to a gentleman?" said Hartu.

"Perhaps, to a *gentleman*, it might be so considered; but to you no cooler than the insolence which prompts you to insult a gentleman," replied Preston, with great coolness.

"So, so," said Richard Hartu, considerably chagrined and somewhat disappointed in his man. "So, then," continued he, "you call yourself a gentleman, do you?"

"What I call myself," rejoined Charles, "need be no concern of yours, as, perhaps, it may more immediately concern you to know what I call you."

"The deuce you say!" said Hartu, biting his lips with vexation, "then, what do you call me, pray?"

"Anything *but* a gentleman!" replied Preston, cooly.

"What do you say?" shouted Hartu, boiling with rage, and bringing his right foot to the floor with a force that shook the building and brought Mr. Gimlett and Mr. McLean to the door.

"What do you say?" repeated Corkscrew.

"I say you are a blackguard and puppy," replied Charles, cooly

"I shall report you to Mr. Wilson for this insult, and the fine gentleman, Charles Preston, Esquire, will get his walking papers, and that without ceremony," continued Dicky Corkscrew.

"I will accept a dismissal from the banking house of Mr. Wilson with greater satisfaction than an insult from a puppy who is too great a coward to consummate his own redress, but resorts to the contemptible revenge of reporting me to my employer. To the first I can submit, notwithstanding the inconvenience to which it may subject me;

but, to a personal insult, I will not submit, though the reward of submission were the bank and banking house," said Preston, still standing behind his desk.

"Do you call me a coward?" shouted Hartu.

"I do," returned Preston, calmly. "And I also suggest to you that, by immediately absenting yourself from this room, you will relieve me from the necessity of forcibly ejecting you from it."

"Preston walked deliberately to the door which Mr. McLean had closed after his entrance, and, deliberately throwing it wide open, returned towards Hartu, when Mr. Wilson suddenly and unexpectedly stepped from an inner apartment, and, placing himself before Charles, said:—

"Mr. Preston, I commend your spirit and your independence. I have witnessed the insult offered you and its proper resentment," then turning to Corkscrew, he said:

"Mr. Hartu, I have no further use for your services in my house. Mr. Gimlett, you will settle with Mr. Hartu and pay whatever may be due him."

All except Charles and the banker withdrew from the room.

"You think old Gimlett is a fool, Dicky Corkscrew, do you not? A regular old grumbler, is he not? Could you tell me the market value of zebra skins this morning, Mr. Corkscrew?" Thus continued the head clerk as he and Hartu approached the desk of the latter. "Old growler don't know anything, I suppose? Ha!" continued he. "I told you Preston was not to be fooled with, did I not? Well, how did you find Mr. Greeney, ha? Could Mr. Corkscrew inform me the par value of *walking papers* this morning? Ha? Or the premium of exchange between walking papers and zebra skins? Ha? Let me see who was it that you set out to buy for a fool? Ha? O yes, Mr. Greeney. What advance do you ask on your purchase? Ha? A zebra skin or a real live hyena, which, Mr. Corkscrew? Ha? A Daniel come to judgment, with all the wisdom of King Solomon, ha? O, no, old Gimlett is only a growler—don't know anything! No, not he! He served you right. I am glad of it. It does me good to see you justly dealt with, and obliged to submit to the consequences of your own folly. I hope it may do you good," continued Gimlett.

"I will be revenged on this country clod-hopper yet," said Hartu. "I'll follow him. He shall suffer for this yet. I have not squared accounts with him."

A few minutes were sufficient to balance Hartu's account, when, after renewing his threats against Preston, he left the banking house.

It must be a man of a low intellectual degree that can enjoy the mortifications of others. It matters not how humble may be the man, his individual sovereignty is invaded by a deliberate exposure to ridicule by others, as much as by an interference with his liberty or property. His feelings are his own; no man has a right to disturb them, or interfere with his self-satisfaction. To him they are sacred, and none but a base coward will violate their sanctity.

Stung, mortified and vexed by the dignified and determined conduct of Preston, in repelling the unprovoked assault upon his pride, and the consequent dismissal from Mr. Wilson's employment, Hartu walked to his hotel with deeply seated hatred towards the young man to whom he attributed his misfortune. and with a fixed purpose of ultimate revenge. The discovery of his own mistake in estimating the qualities of young Preston, only served to enhance his mortification, and to intensify his hatred. As he acknowledged to himself the truth that he had deeply wounded a proud spirit, instead of healing the wound by a proper apology, he the more determinately resolved upon his measure of revenge.

There is an intrinsic merit of manhood, a noble exaltation of human nature in the retraction of an error, and in tendering an honorable amende to retribute a wrong to another, when in our own secret heart we discern that we have committed a wrong. In this, we must overlook and ignore the vicissitudes of bitter mortification we are obliged to suffer by our own self-ordeal by means of which we teach ourselves our own fault. This abnegation brings its compensating self-commendation to offset the mortifications we inflict upon ourselves in the process of self-trial and self-condemnation. But, those mortifications are turned into the deepest gall and bitterness of heart, when we admit the fault to our own conscience, but lock it up in our own souls, there to boil and smoulder like concealed fire, poisoning the very fountains of life. It is very expensive to human nature to hate—to cherish deep vindictive feelings in the heart, and then nourish them with our vitality, and foster them as a part of our being. It is this that feeds those flames which dry up the fountains of humanity, and consume those noble impulses which constrain us to stretch out our arms to our fellow-man and call him brother.

When Hartu contrasted his own ungenerous insult to Preston, with the superior and dignified resentment it met, he was humbled in his own opinion of himself. In admitting his own folly to himself, he paid a homage to the young clerk in his own judgment. In Preston's superiority he saw his own humiliation—in his triumph he saw his own rebuke. To these circumstances of inequality he had not the philosophy to reconcile himself, or the will to submit; hence the self-torture and the judgment of ultimate revenge. It is only low and mean minds that finally fall into this method of self-absolution.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRST MASONIC FUNERAL IN CALIFORNIA.

The first Masonic funeral that ever occurred in California took place in the year 1849, and was performed over the body of a brother found in the bay of San Francisco. An account of the ceremonies states that, on the body of the deceased, was found a silver mark of a Mason, upon which were engraved the initials of his name. A little further investigation revealed to the beholder the most singular exhibition of Masonic emblems that was ever drawn by the ingenuity of man on the human skin. There is nothing in the history or the traditions of Freemasonry to equal it. Beautifully dotted on his left arm, in red and blue ink, which the time could not efface, appeared all the emblems of the Entered Apprenticeship. There were the Holy Bible, the square and compass, the twenty-four inch gauge and common gavel- There was also the Masonic pavement, representing the ground floor of King Solomon's Temple, the indented tessel which surrounds it, and the blazing star in the center. On his right arm, and artistically executed in the same indelible liquid, were the emblems pertaining to the Fellow Craft degree, viz.: the square, the level, and the plumb. There were also the five orders of architecture—the Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian and Composite.

In removing the garments from his body the trowel presented itself, with all the other tools of operative masonry. Over his heart was the pot of incense. On the other parts of his bodywere the bee-hive, the "Book of Constitutions," guarded by the tiler's sword, the sword pointing to a naked heart, the All-seeing eye, the anchor and ark, the hour-glass, the scythe, the forty-seventh problem of Euclid, the sun, moon, seven stars, the comet, and the three steps emblematical of youth, manhood, and age. Admirably executed was the weeping virgin, reclining on a broken column, upon which lay the "Book of Constitutions." In her left hand she held the sprig of acacia, the Masonic emblem of the immortality of the soul.

Immediately behind her stood winged Time, with his scythe by his side, which cuts the brittle thread of life, and the hour-glass at his feet, which is ever reminding us that our lives are withering away. The withered and attenuated fingers of the Destroyer were placed amid the long and gracefully flowing ringlets of the disconsolate mourner. Thus were the striking emblems of mortality beautifully blended in one pictorial representation. It was a spectacle such as Masons never saw before, and, in all probability, such as the fraternity will never witness again. The brother's name was never ascertained.

ALLEGAN, September 28, 1869.

BROTHERS CHAPLIN AND REX:—

Will you please make inquiry, through your excellent magazine, THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON, respecting the whereabouts of Brother David D. Dana, a member of Allegan Lodge No. III, at Allegan, who left his home, in this village, last February, and has not since been heard from He has a wife and two children living here, who are very anxious for his welfare, fearing that some accident may have befallen him.

Yours fraternally,

W. J. POLLARD.

THE OLDEST MASON IN THE WORLD.—*Haverhill, Mass., October 26.*—Yesterday afternoon, the one-hundredth birthday of the Hon. Moses Wingate, of this town, the oldest Mason in the world, was celebrated by his immediate friends, and members of the Masonic fraternity. He was born October 25, 1769, and was made a Mason in 1803. He retains his mental faculties.—*Sun.*

MASONIC ITEMS.

The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar, of the State of New York, held their annual conclave at Buffalo, commencing October 5th. The reports of the Grand Recorder, and Grand Treasurer, showed this Order to be in a flourishing condition, financially and numerically.

This Supreme Council assembled in the Senatorial Chamber, at Masonic Temple, in the city of Boston, Mass., on the 7th day of the Hebrew month, Tamuz, corresponding to Wednesday, the 16th day of June, 1869. Among the active members, we notice the name of Ill. Bro. Rufus W. Landon, of Niles, Michigan.

The annual conclave, of the Grand Commandery of Ohio, was opened at Cleveland, October 14th. A splendid procession took place on the Monday following.

Callao Lodge No. 38, of Missouri, was destroyed by fire recently, the charter, records, and Bible only being saved.

Henry L. Palmer, of Milwaukee, Wis., Grand Commander of Knights Templar of the United States, was recently made the recipient of a grand testimonial, including a banquet, in which the Grand Commandery officers participated.

The Grand Lodge of Colorado held its annual communication at Denver, on September 28th, when the following Grand Officers were duly elected and installed: M. Wor. H. M. Teller, Central Grand Master; R. Wor. R. Sopris, Denver, Dep. G. Master; R. Wor. W. D. Anthony, Denver, S. G. W.; R. Wor. J. Halsayer, Central, J. G. W.; R. Wor. William W. Ware, Georgetown, Gr. Treasurer; R. Wor. Edward C. Parmalee, Denver, Gr. Secretary. Bro. L. N. Greenleaf, of Denver, was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence.

A new Masonic Lodge was recently organized in the city of Fort Wayne, Ind. This is the *fifth* Lodge in that city, and the *tenth* in the county of Allen.

We are in receipt of the published proceedings of the Supreme Council, of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, of the Thirty-third, or Last Degree, Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States of America.

TABLE TALK.—NUMBER V.

BY GOTTFRIED.

"While I have no fault to find with the general tenor of your daily walk and conversation in a moral point of view, Barney Hagerman, still I must be permitted to say that you do not discharge your whole duty; you ought to make a profession of religion."

This remark was made by the Reverend Adonijah Littleman, as, after tea, we sought the cool atmosphere of the east piazza, Barney Hagerman in the mean time filling his pipe and casting glances at the reverend gentleman, which, in *parlance militaire*, might be termed "twenty-four pound shot."

"Yes, but, my dear sir," said Barney Hagerman, lighting his pipe, "as you know I do not subscribe to any of the religious theories or doctrines which you are pleased to call orthodox, it would not help the matter a particle if I were to do as you suggest."

"Yes it would," said Mr. Littleman, "we owe it as a duty to ourselves and to mankind to join the church."

"I could easily join the church," said Barney Hagerman, "but then I would be a hypocrite, and would profess what I did not believe; would you have me a hypocrite?"

"Still, as an example to others, you ought to join the church," rejoined Mr. Littleman.

"If I can become an example to others in my moral deportment, have they not the benefit of that example without my joining the church?"

"True," returned Mr. Littleman, "but the church ought to have the full benefit of that example."

"So, then," said Barney Hagerman impatiently, as the tobacco smoke rolled in fleeces from his lips, and he turned indignantly upon his interlocutor, "you would have me play the hypocrite for the benefit of the church, would you? Would you respect me more if I were to add a false profession of what you call the true faith, to the sin of maintaining a false doctrine, you knowing my profession to be false, than if I were to maintain such false doctrine believing it, without making such false profession? In the latter instance I would only err in my decision as to what is the true faith, in the other instance I would lie, absolutely lie, and, while I held to the false faith, play the hypocrite, and say I believed theories which I held to be false in fact, and this is what you recommend to me. I fear this kind of religion, or rather false profession, might bring, if it has not already brought, the church into a very suspicious relation with society. If such be your idea of duty, what assurance have we that you are not yourself, for the benefit of the church, and for sake of the example to others, doing the very thing you recommend to me—professing what you do not believe—in short, playing the hypocrite? It must be so. You offer to extend to me the right hand of fellowship as a brother in the church, if I will only play the hypocrite. Being an honest non-professor, it is your duty to despise me as an alien from the fold, but your brotherly love is extended to me, and I am admitted into the household of the faithful when I become a hypocrite. I was about to say I was indignant, but I am not. I, for a moment, misapprehended my own feelings. I pity you; and, if your church is leavened with such piety as yours, I pity your church. Let me conjure you, my dear sir, never again to disgrace yourself and your church, in your zeal to proselyte, by such an argument or suggestion as you have presented to me. Shamelessly, without even a blush upon your cheek, you make to me a proposition not only infamous in its execution but abominable in its inception. It is written "Wo unto you hypocrites!" Have you forgotten this denunciation? Do you call yourself a Christian minister, and recommend what your Master denounced? I rather believe you make yourself ameniable to the denunciation by your recommendation to me; in other words, that you are one of those to whom he meant to apply it. Shame, shame on you! I recommend to you to make that passage the subject of your next sermon—'Wo unto you hypocrites!' Be advised by me, sir, and quit your hypocrisy, join some moral reform society, and imitate the example of some circumspect non-professor."

"You are always commending moral societies, especially Freemasonry. If you think that institution embraces every moral excellency, why have you never joined the mysterious order? Have you not the firmness to follow the path of duty when it lies open before you?" rejoined Mr. Littleman, quailing under Barney Hagerman's searching eye, and evidently anxious to divert the conversation to some other subject.

"Yes, I have," promptly replied Barney Hagerman, and continued, "I will tell you why I never joined the Freemasons. I will tell you why," continued he with energy, nervously refilling his pipe from his tobacco pouch.

"I was raised a Quaker, as you know, and that society, as you also know, abjure Freemasonry as an institution. On the day that I was twenty-one years old, my father said, 'Barney, thee is now a man, and there are three things I desire thee to promise me thee will never do. Will thee promise?'"

"I replied that I would not promise until I knew what those three things were, and that after knowing what they were, if his desire did not strike my mind as unreasonable, I would make the promise.

"'Here,' said my father, 'I desire thee to promise me that thee will never play a game of cards. Does thee promise?'"

"I do, I replied."

"'Secondly, I desire thee to promise me that thee will never join the Freemasons. Does thee promise?'"

"I do,' I replied, for, having been educated a Quaker, my mind was deeply imbued with prejudice against the mystic Order."

"'Thirdly, I desire thee to promise me that thee will never be guilty of a dishonest act. Does thee promise?'"

"I replied, 'I do promise.' These are the reasons why I never have, nor never will, become a Freemason."

"Yes, but my dear sir," returned Mr. Littleman, "your father has been dead many years; what would he know, or care either, whether your promise were broken or not?"

"Yes," said Barney Hagerman, musingly, "my father has been dead many years, but my promise still lives—my promise can not die. Men may grow gray, fade away from the earth and moulder to ashes in the tomb, but the promise of the just and upright man lives through eternity—it is recorded above, as well as in the heart of the one who makes it. Although years have passed over my head since those promises were made, I have kept them—they were a sacred covenant with my own conscience, and as such they are inviolable. I have not joined the Masons; I do not know one card from another, nor even the name of a card—perhaps I ought not to say that, for I do know the name of one card—nor have I—"

"Pray which card is that?" interrupted I.

"The Duke of Diamonds," replied Barney Hagerman.

Mr. Littleman and I joined in a hearty laugh at poor Barney's expense, as Mr. Littleman said:

"I know more about cards myself than you appear to: you mean the king, queen, knave or deuce, perhaps."

Barney Hagerman's patience and politeness yielded together, and suddenly rising, he said:

"I am not surprised that the minister of the gospel who can recommend hypocrisy as a virtue and a good example to others, should be more familiar with cards than a non-professor who can keep a promise for the sake of keeping it."

Thus saying, Barney Hagerman thrust his pipe into his breast pocket with a nervous jerk, and slowly strode away.

BROTHER JACOB NORTON.

In our last issue, we gave the place in our editorial columns, which we should have otherwise given to Michigan matters, to Brother Norton, as we design to do equal justice to all parties. It seems we misjudged, or rather did not come to a "logical inference," when we, with others, ascribed the authorship of the "*Hash*" criticisms, in the *Masonic Monthly*, to Bro. Norton. But we could not see how the editor—Bro. Evans—could be traveling in Europe, and at the same time reading exchanges and writing fault-finding, captious criticisms thereon, in the United States. It is a fast age, and the editor of the *Monthly* may be a fast man, but we were not prepared for results like these. We had rather inferred that some one was acting as editor *pro tem;* and, judging from the *style* and *spirit* of the articles bearing the signature of Jacob Norton, as compared with the criticisms denominated "*Hash*," we thought we could divine their origin. But, we have often been told that it is the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken, and we may have been mistaken in our inferences. But as the denial ef the authorship is not direct, when we compare the style of the first paragraphs in the article before us, with that of the "*Hash*" articles, while we confess that the *gloved hand* feels *soft*, like that of *Esau*, yet the style of the articles would seem to indicate the *voice* of *Jacob* in both!

But, as above stated, we may be mistaken; and if so, we would transfer our objections and criticisms to Bro. Evans, who should *share* the blame, even in the former case.

That we may give our readers more ample proof of the objectionable nature of the *Harsh* articles, in the *Masonic Monthly*, to which we objected, and the captious, fault-finding spirit in which they are couched, we give the following extracts, taken from the August number of that magazine.

On page 305, we find the following, in relation to the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*, and its editor:

"The *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*, by Chas. W. Moore, for June, turns up at this time. A mere mention of it does to fill up our Hash with, but no more. Is is a very dry morsel, and adds nothing to the savoriness of our dish. It is the oldest of the existing Masonic journals in the United States. It has not, like wine, improved with its age. It has been fading out for some years. It apparently receives very little editing, and may be said to edit itself. Once in a while, it shows signs of reviving life and energy, but, as a rule, on such occasions, ever on the side of an abuse, an error, or a prejudice. It seems to be the organ of those whose lamps have gone out, no more to enlighten our paths."

Again, on pages 106 and 107, we find the following, in reference to Brother H. G. Reynolds, Grand Master of Illinois, and the *Trowel*, which he has so ably and successfully conducted:

"The *Masonic Trowel*, Springfield, Ill., for June. This publication is not one of the classics. It never will be. It aims not to be so. It could not be, if it would. Dr. Mackey tried hard to lift it up, for a while, with his curious, but not useful, yet loose, speculative talk about the plants of the ancient mysteries. Dr. Mackey being no longer engaged in the inflation of this journal, it has fallen, ker-chunk, down to its proper level. Above that level, it never aims to shoot. Its level is that of mediocrity. The mediocrity compose a large class. Therefore, the *Trowel* must suit a large class. * * * We do not mean to say that brother Reynolds has no ambition, never soars. He is a man of vaulting ambition. He has already vaulted as high as the thirty-third round of the ladder of the A. & A. Rite, but that did not dizzy his head. He is altogether too commonplace and matter-of-fact to be dizzied. He has never forgotten that 'the Third, or Master Mason's Degree, is the ruling and governing degree in Freemasonry.' We willingly thus testify to his loyalty. He is ambitious of rule."

Now, we press the matter, whether the above is written in the spirit and dignity of the gentleman and the Mason? If we concede that these journals are not conducted just as they would be, if under the control of Bro. Evans, should their editors be treated to *such* a dish of *hash*, every month? Would it not be more generous, to concede the fact that men differ in policy, and in taste also; and therefore all should be entitled to be heard; and, also, to read the journals of their choice? It is a fact, patent to all, that a large class of Masons in the United States, prefer the journals complained of to the *Masonic Monthly*, and, in this land of boasted liberty, they should be permitted to choose for themselves.

In reference to the matters discussed in Bro. Norton's article, we do not care to enter into a controversy with him. In fact, in many things, we should agree with him. Every Mason knows that *sectarianism* and *partyism* should be banished from Masonry—entirely so.

If lodges were dedicated to the Sts. John, *because* these Sts. John were *Christians*, and in order to make Masonry endorse Christianity, then could the Jew complain. But our monitors inform us, "that, although our ancient brethren dedicated their Lodges to King Solomon, yet Masons professing Christianity dedicate theirs to St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist, *who were eminent patrons of Masonry.*" Now, if dedicating a Lodge to a patron of Masonry be objected to, on the ground that said patron was a Christian, would it not be equally objectionable to dedicate to a Jew, as was King Solomon? "He was an Israelite in his religion," might be objected by the Mahometan, the Buddhist, or the Christian. Then Bro. Norton would reply, in the language of the monitor, "Solomon was the Founder and Patron of Masonry, and *hence* Lodges were dedicated to him."

In our experience, we have not found Israelites to object to celebrating the festive days of the Sts. John; nor do we believe the thing is of common occurrence, unless it is where the *Masonic Monthly* is read, whose articles are well calculated to stir up discords between Jew and Christian—all of which is, in our opinion, most *unmasonic*. We have always been of opinion that such articles were in keeping with sectarian prayers, which are sometimes most injudiciously made in Lodge-rooms.

But as we said in our article of criticism, we esteem the *Masonic Monthly*, as able exponent of Masonry, its rabid, snarling, scathing criticisms on other journals excepted. We thank Bro. Norton, for the prompt manner in which he came to us, with his own defence. He wields a ready pen, and has undoubtedly been an earnest student of Masonry. Should he see cause to write for our columns, in future, we shall give him place, unless we should judge the articles objectionable in which case, they would be returned. W. J. C.

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DEDICATIONS.

The number of new halls dedicated by Grand Master A. T. Metcalf, during the present year, is a sure indication that Masonry in this State is in a healthy and flourishing condition.

On Thursday, the 12th inst., the Grand Master dedicated a new Hall at Pinckney, and the day following—Friday—one at Fentonville.

PINCKNEY.

The ceremonies at Pinckney, though occupying the afternoon and evening, were performed without any street-display, or other ostentation. The new and spacious Hall was well filled with members of the Lodge, their wives and daughters, and visiting brethren from neighboring Lodges.

The dedication was followed by an appropriate and interesting address by the Grand Master, upon the "Aims of Society," which occupied about an hour, and was listened to throughout with the closest attention. The subject was ably presented, and the many humorous passages with which it was interspersed, received a hearty applause.

After the address, a half an hour or more was very pleasantly occupied in conversation, and an examination of the new Hall, when the announcement of "supper" directed the steps of all to a long room on the first floor of the building, in which three tables, extending the whole length, were beautifully arranged with a countless variety of substantials and "fixings," prepared, as we were informed, by the ladies—members of the Order of "Eastern Star"—for the benefit of the Lodge. It was a sumptuous banquet, and so tastefully and temptingly displayed upon the snowy cloth, that in viewing the beautiful sight, even dyspepsia forgot her pains. After supper, and once more assembled in the Hall, the Grand Master, in behalf of the Lodge, presented to P. M., M. F. Darrow, a Past Master's jewel.

The presentation was made in a few brief sentences, and responded to by the recipient in a short but feeling speech, which indicated to all present that to him the gift was of more value than mere words could portray.

Altogether the dedication at Pinckney passed off very pleasantly, and aside from the ritualistic ceremony and the address, partook more of the character of a very large and delightful party than a formal proceeding.

The material of Livingston Lodge is of the right stamp, and with their present officers, and our W. Brother Dr. C. W. Haze as their Master, the Fraternity in this State can rely upon Livingston Lodge being supported by *Wisdom, Strength and Beauty.*

FENTONVILLE.

The dedication of the new Hall at Fentonvllle, on Friday, was made the occasion of a fine public display of Knights Templar, of the following Commanderies: Detroit No. 1, Pontiac No. 2, Fenton, No. 14, and Genesee Valley No. 15.

At three o'clock P. M., the several Commanderies formed in front of the Fenton House, and escorted the officers of the Grand Lodge to the Masonic Hall. The Hall being already too full to accommodate the large number of Knights Templar, they repaired to the Fair Ground for exercise and drill.

The regular officers of the Grand Lodge present were—

M. W., A. T. Metcalf, Grand Master.

R. W., A. Partridge, Deputy Grand Master.

R. W., H. M. Look, Grand Visitor and Lecturer.

After the ceremonies of dedication were performed, the Grand Master congratulated the officers and brethren of Fentonville Lodge, in the following words:

"My Brethren :—I congratulate you upon the success which has attended your efforts, in securing such an elegant and well-arranged Lodge-room. You may well take a reasonable pride in it, not only because it affords you a pleasant, safe, and comfortable place in which to hold your meetings, nor because it is a sure evidence of the harmony and prosperity of your Masonic labors, but as an indication of the prosperity and increasing wealth of your village, and an epoch in its few years of history.

The construction of this beautiful Hall, which has this day been dedicated to Masonic purposes, is an evidence that here, in this intelligent and hospitable community, Masonry has taken deep root, and attained a prosperity, of which our Order, in even a much larger place, might well feel proud.

In order that the glory of this new house may greatly exceed that of the old, be particularly careful in accepting material to extend its living walls, so that every ashlar will be such as will stand the test of the Grand Overseer's square. While such is the material of your Lodge, this pleasant Hall will never have its echoes awakened by discordant sounds, but the spirit of brotherly love will inspire every welcome at its doors, and that of charity prompt every utterance within its walls.

Practice out of the Lodge those noble tenets of our profession which are included in it, that your light may so "shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may glorify Our Father which art in Heaven."

Sometime last winter, the old Masonic Hall at Fentonville, together with the regalia and furniture, was destroyed by fire. In securing the new and commodious Hall, in so short a time after the loss of their old one, our Brethren of Fentonville have exhibited a degree of energy and perseverance seldom found in Masonic bodies. The new Hall has a Lodge-room forty-four by seventy-eight feet, nicely carpeted, and seated with luxuriant settees, abundant ante-rooms, committee-rooms, &c., &c.

In the evening a Knights Templar Ball, at the Fenton House, concluded one of the *events* of this new and thriving village.

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THE ELECTION OF MASTERS.

The time is now rapidly approaching, when our Lodges will be called upon to perform a very important duty—that of electing their Masters for the ensuing term. And it is presumable that, in many Lodges, there will be aspirants for the honorable position; for ambition is a common feature of the American character; and though laudable, when properly directed, it is often found most active in persons of very ordinary calibre, and pushing them forward to stations they are illy qualified to fill; while others, of more worth, and higher attainments, modestly assume a back seat, presuming that they will be called for, when they are needed. So it is the duty of each member to look well into the matter, and especially to investigate the character and capability of the more modest, and seemingly less aspiring of the brethren.

And so important is the office of W. M., that the prosperity and very life of the Lodge depend upon the man placed in the Oriental Chair. When discord has marred our councils, the election of a brother to the office of Master, who has been most active in the quarrel, has often ended the existence of a Lodge, while, on the contrary, the change of a rancorous, pugilistic Master, for a peace-loving one, has saved further discord, and sometimes, also saved the Lodge from surrendering its charter. And the election of a Master, who has not duly qualified himself for the important office, is sure to retard the progress of any Lodge, however strong and harmonious it may have been under better administrations. In no position on earth is a bungling, ignorant man more out of place than when he gets into the Master's chair. In his hand, the gavel loses its wonted authority, and, in his mouth, the most beautiful ritual is changed into an unintelligible jargon. In a word, a bungling, unqualified Master will impress himself on everything; and, if he does not disgust himself, he will be sure to disgust everybody else.

We do not mean by this, that the office of Master should be always continued in the same person, simply because much practice has made him expert in the use of the gavel. Far from it. We would give all an equal chance, and then select from the number the one best qualified, all in all, to fill the responsible position, or at least reject the claims of all such as have not duly qualified themselves. And however ambitious a brother may be, and however good his claim, if he have not shown a love of the order sufficiently great to seek the requisite qualification, let him know that only those duly qualified can have the office of Master of the Lodge.

And an unimpeachable moral character should be a *sine qua non*. The Master should be a Mason, good and true; not only well learned in the ritual and principles of Masonry, but one who has so imbibed these noble principles, that he reflects them in daily life. And no qualification of ritual or jurisprudence should weigh a feather in favor of a candidate who infringes the moral law, or whose habits are profane or intemperate.

Those, then, who aspire for the responsible office of Master, should, by diligent study, endeavor to qualify themselves for the position, and by all means endeavor to shape the actions of every-day life by the Masonic working tools; and those who are called upon to vote at the approaching elections, should exercise their franchise for the good of Masonry, and not to gratify any personal preference, or any mere prompting, of friendship.

Let the elections be conducted upon the noble principles of the Order, with dignity and courtesy, and when the majority has spoken the preference, let all parties acquiesce in the spirit of loyalty and subordination to law and order.

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GRAND LODGE OF ILLINOIS.

This Grand Body held its annual Communication in Representatives' Hall at Springfield, commencing October 5th. The following Grand Officers were present: Harman G. Reynolds, G. M.; D. C. Creiger, Deputy; Jas. A Hawley, S. G. W.; Geo. E. Lounsbury, J. G. W.; Harrison Dills, Gr. Treas.; O. H. Miner, Gr. Sec'y; J. C. W Bailey, Gr. Chaplin, *p. t;* Joseph Robbins, Gr. Orator; Geo. W. Staley, G. Pursuivant; G. W. Hartman, Gr. Marshal; W. M. Eagan, S. G. D.; S. C. Stearns, J. G. D.; A. R. Robinson and O. N. Stafford, Grand Stewarts; I. E. Hardy, Grand Standard B.; I. Benjamin, Gr. Sword B.; John Ferris, Gr. Tyler.

The usual committees were appointed, after which the Grand Master delivered his address, which is made up principally of a report of his official transactions during the past year. The following is the introduction:

"It has pleased the beneficent Ruler of the Universe, to permit us to assemble again in Grand Communication. Since we parted here one year since, winter has come and gone; spring has gladdened us with beauty, blossom and flower, and summer is now pouring its profusion into the lap of autumn, to be gathered and garnered for the use and comfort of man.

Pestilence has not invaded our borders; the fear of want is dissipated, and peace prevails in our jurisdiction.

The hand of the relentless tyrant has marked fewer victims than usual, and the eminent men in our Fraternity, with rare exceptions, have escaped his remorseless grasp.

Our beautiful Prarie State is making marked and rapid progress in developing her resources in agriculture, in science, and in art.

Church buildings appear everywhere — some plain and unadorned, others ample and pleasant, and still others, magnificent specimens of architecture, and all indicative of devotion to that Being whom we adore.

Our educational structures are worthy of our State, and our system of education is unsurpassed. Our agriculture, the main interest and pursuit of our people, aided by mechanic arts, science and invention, and fostered by commercial facilities, is fast assuming the leading position in the culture of the ground, on this hemisphere.

In all these—in the formation and maintenance of our civil institutions — in the administration and enforcement of our laws, the hands and minds of Freemasons have been predominant.

For all these blessings, privileges and mercies, let us be thankful, and so live that He who has signally protected us in the past, may grant us prosperity and tranquility in the future."

The reports of a majority of the District Deputies showed a state of "commendable harmony, progress and prosperity." In some parts anti-masonry seems to have been on the rampage, and its persecutions were somewhat felt. But on the whole, the Deputies have less complaints to report, by half, than in any previous year, taking into account the great increase of Lodges in the jurisdiction.

The Grand Master has entertained the opinion for sometime, that no more Lodges are needed in the city of Chicago, for the good of Masonry; however, those recently organized are reported to be working well.

Complaints had been made against four Masters of Lodges—two of them for intemperance. In these cases the Grand Master visited the complainants, heard what the brethren had to say, counseled forbearance, and he believes so disposed of the matter "that material amendment is the result, and two worthy brethren saved to their families and to society." Thus is exemplified the power of kindness and proper entreaty.

In other cases of charges of "gross immorality and scandalous conduct" against masters, the Masonic code inflicted its penalties. Several cases of discipline were referred to the Deputies, who are reported to have adjusted "most of them."

As is very usual, some cases are reported of infringement of jurisdiction, but in most of them it was judged that no wrong was intended.

More serious trouble seems to have arisen where rejected candidates had been elected and initiated by Lodges, without asking the consent of the Lodges rejecting them. The Grand Master says, "I have been more perplexed as to my duty in cases of this character, than in any other. The readiness of some Lodges to act upon the petitions of rejected candidates, is an alarming feature, which demands rigid rules, and their stern enforcement."

On the subject of objections the Grand Master says, "No law is better settled than that providing that any member may object, before or after balloting, to the initiation or advancement of a candidate, and that, too, without giving reasons. This Grand Lodge has especially provided for this, and has declared an *objection* to be a *rejection*, until removed." He adds, "in several instances these objections have caused much confusion and ill-feeling," but by timely and kind counsel, of the Grand Master, he found no difficulty in obtaining a pledge "that rejections should be respected without question."

The committee appointed to inquire into the expediency of purchasing a certain library for the use of the Grand Lodge, reported adversely.

Impostors and mendicants are reported to be on the rampage in Illinois, and imposture to have assumed alarming proportions. It is wisely commended, "that no contributions in money be given to persons representing themselves to be Masons, by either Lodges or Brothers, unless such persons either hold a certificate of membership of recent date from the Lodge in which they have membership, or give some other indisputable test, aside from the test of examination." It is added that, "This recommendation may seem harsh; perhaps it is, but the emergency is great, and honesty and charity demand that these pests in society be driven from our borders."

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The Grand Lodge of Illinois recently closed its Twenty-ninth Annual Communication at Springfield. Bro. H. G. Reynolds was re-elected Grand Master. The next session of this Grand Body is to be held at Chicago.

OBITUARIES, RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE, &c.

It was the purpose of the Publishers of THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON to obtain and publish biographical sketches of our departed brethren, instead of the usual obituary notices and resolutions of condolence generally passed by Lodges, Chapters and Commanderies; but thus far we have found it impossible to obtain the written biographical sketches, or have forwarded to us the needed statistics out of which to prepare these sketches ourselves, so we have concluded to publish the obituaries and resolutions which may from time to time be sent us. We shall thus have a hallowed place in this journal, in which the names of our departed Brothers may be recorded, to be preserved in a book, should the Brethren have the volumes of our magazine bound, as we presume most of them will.

The following funeral notice and resolutions, in reference to Sir Knight H. H. Wallace, are sent us for publication:

"The funeral of Mr. H. H. Wallace took place at the Methodist Church on Thursday last, at three o'clock P. M., under the direction of the Masonic Fraternity, of which he was a member. All the different orders were represented, from the Entered Apprentice to Knights Templar. Members of the Order were present from many of the adjacent villages, and the people from all the country around came in, to participate in the exercises of the occasion, and to sympathize with the friends of the deceased. It was the largest funeral we have ever witnessed in Sturgis, and the appearance of so many of the Masonic Fraternity, dressed in their appropriate regalia, made the occasion solemn and impressive. Mr. Wallace was a Knight, and the services were conducted according to the rules of that Order. The burial service at the grave was read by the Rev. Mr. Ayres, and Hon, Wm. A. Kent, officers of the Fraternity, which made a deep and solemn impression upon those present.

The following resolutions were passed by the Commandery, at a regular meeting held September 10th:

At a regular conclave of Columbia Commandery No. 18 of Knights Templar, held at their Asylum in Sturgis, September 10th, A. D. 1869, A. O. 751, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe to call from a life of usefulness and activity, our worthy Brother, Sir

Knight Harrison H. Wallace, who met an untimely death by casualty September 9th, 1869,

Resolved, That by this dispensation of Providence, the Masonic Fraternity, and especially this Commandery, have lost a warm and earnest supporter of the sublime principles of our valiant and magnanimous Order; the community an honest, upright and enterprising citizen; and the family of the deceased a kind, exemplary and affectionate husband and father.

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who presides over the destinies of nations and individuals, we deeply mourn the loss and cherish the memory of the many virtues, and estimable character of our fallen Brother.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy and condolence, and point them for solace and consolation to Him who "doeth all things well, and aboundeth in mercy and righteousness."

Resolved, That in the sudden death of our Brother Sir Knight, we are reminded that we, too, are mortal, and born to die; and that we should live more in consonance with the principles which are inculcated in the Great Light of Masonry, hoping for a final admission into the Blessed Asylum above, "that house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and published in the Sturgis *Journal*, the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, and the *Mystic Star*.

WM. L. STOUGHTON,
J. W. FLANDERS, } Committee
WM. A. KENT,

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OUR MASONIC EXCHANGES.

The Evergreen.—We have received a couple of copies of this able publication, hailing from Dubuque, Iowa. It must be a readable journal, for these numbers were hardly received before they disappeared. We have waited with patience for the October number, which has not yet appeared. Price $2 00 per annum, monthly.

The Keystone is a finely printed weekly from Philadelphia. It comes promptly, and its articles both original and selected read well. Price $3 00 per annum

The Craftsman comes from Hamilton, Ont., in magazine form, beautifully printed, and its articles racy and instructive. We welcome it to our exchange list, and wish its publisher great success. Price only $1 50 yer year, in Canada money probably.

The Freemason of St. Louis, Mo., comes promptly, and is edited with ability. Its editor, Bro. Gowley, is an independent thinker, and tells his thoughts as though he had a right to speak in meeting. We give a specimen in our present issue. It is a monthly paper, at $2.00 per year.

The London Freemason is a weekly, conducted with marked ability. It comes promptly, and is esteemed as one of the very best of our Masonic exchanges. It gives an immense amount of Masonic intelligence, and its editorials are vigorous. Many things appear in its columns that would be considered rank heresy by many in the United States. But its errors, if they be errors, are on the right side, and favor progress. We shall give place to some of its articles in future numbers.

The Masonic Trowel, Springfield, Ills. This is brother H. G. Reynolds' paper, and from its commencement, has been conducted with great ability, which is the secret of its success. It probably has a larger patronage than any publication devoted to the interests of Masonry on the American continent, or in the world. This is the reason some are so exceedingly jealous of its conductor. But Bro. Reynolds can well afford to stem the current against whatever obstructions may be placed in his way. Other things being equal, success is the test of ability in publishing. Bro. Reynolds can proudly point to this test. The *Trowel* is a vigorous, live Masonic journal, octavo, without covers. Price $1.25 per annum.

The Masonic Record is a sixty-four-page monthly, at $3.00 per annum, and hails from Nashville, Tenn. The October number is before us, and is filled with interesting articles. It treads the beaten track, and will not be liable to the blame which often comes upon well-disposed writers, who advocate novelties.

The *New York Dispatch* is a large weekly newspaper published in New York, having a well conducted Masonic department, under charge of Robert D. Holmes, P. G. M.

THE

MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. I.—DECEMBER, A. L., 5869.—NO. VI.

DIFFERENCE IN THE ORGANIZATION &c., OF THE YORK AND SCOTTISH RITES.

It is unquestionably a fact that first impressions are more lasting, and as a natural consequence, the peculiarities of the particular Masonic system, in which a brother is brought for the first time to light, are most apt to guide and govern him in all his future conceptions of the Masonic Society, especially as regards the laws, rules and regulations upon which that particular system is based. Thus, a Mason who has received his education in the York Rite, no matter whether it be according to the "American System," or the modifications of it which prevail in England, Scotland, or Ireland, is taught to believe that the subordinate Lodges are the source from which legally arises the power to form a Grand Lodge or General Assembly of the Craft within a particular Masonic jurisdiction or territory; and that on the three primary degrees conferred in the subordinate Lodge all further advancement in Chapters, Councils, or Commanderies, is based. In other words, without a subordinate Lodge there can be no Grand Lodge; neither can there be a chapter of Royal Arch Masons, a Council of Royal and Select Masters, or a Commandery of Masonic Knights Templar. And we admit such teaching is correct, as also that any punishment inflicted in a subordinate Lodge of the York Rite, whether it be suspension or expulsion, carries with it the same degree of punishment in a Chapter, Council, or Commandery; or in other words, in every other body of the system which acknowledges Symbolic Masonry as the foundation-stone. The Grand Lodge, or General Assembly of Masons of the York Rite, in all its modifications, is but the creature of, because it was created by, subordinate Lodges. It is a *majority* of the representatives of such subordinate Lodges, when assembled in Grand Lodge, that make the laws by which *all* the Lodges in the particular jurisdiction are to be governed. Such laws, however, to be binding, must in no wise conflict with or violate the Ancient Landmarks, as contained in the Old Charges, and the General Regulations—sometimes called the XXXIX Articles of Faith—upon which the so-called York system is based. The moment these foundation-stones are removed, in whole or in part, the Grand Body so authorizing the same, as a natural and logical sequence, ceases to be a component part of that particular Rite, and should be not only viewed with suspicion, but absolutely placed as much beyond the pale of all regular bodies, as is the present spurious body of Mr. Chassaignac in New-Orleans.

But while the subordinate Lodge is the fountain of existence in the York system, it is not so in some other co-existent Rites, one of which at least is entitled to as much respect and Masonic veneration as the York—we mean "The Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite." In this latter Rite, the subordinate bodies of the same are the creatures as they are the creations of the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General, thirty-third degree, or governing power of the system. A Supreme Council S. G. I. G., thirty-third degree, can exist without a subordinate body. It has all the elements of vitality within itself. If vacancies occur among its office-bearers, it can supply the same by creations of other Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General to make up the quota. Instead of being based, as is the York Rite, on "Ancient Landmarks," &c., it has for its foundations the "Statutes and Regulations of 1786." The first section of Article II. of these statutes declares, "The 33° invests those Masons, who are legitimately in possession thereof, with the character, title, privileges, and authority of Sovereign Grand Inspectors-General of the Order." The third section of the same article says: "A body of men of that degree, styled A COUNCIL OF THE 33° or of POTENT GRAND INSPECTORS OF THE ORDER, is constituted and composed as follows:

"1. In places where a Supreme Council of this degree may properly be established, authority is, by these Decretals, given to that Inspector, who has been longest admitted, to elevate another brother to the same degree and rank, he becoming the surety of such brother, that by his character and learning, and by the degree that he possesses, he deserves such honor, and thereupon the latter shall take the oath of office.

"2. Then these two, in the same manner, jointly confer the same degree on another person."

"§ IV. And thus A SUPREME COUNCIL will be established."

The difference between the organizing powers of the two rites, named above, will at once be seen, and it was with the full knowledge of such dissimilitude that we wrote our criticism in the *Democrat* of August 18th ult., on that portion of the address of our beloved and highly respected Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council 33°, for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States (who was made at the same moment of time, and at the same altar, a Sovereign Grand Inspector-General with ourself), under the head of "Discipline," and asked, "Can a Symbolic Lodge control a Supreme Council 33°" or in other words, Can the thing created discipline its creator? As well might one of us poor, miserable human beings, endeavor to set up our fallible laws against those which are infallible, unerring—the laws of nature and of nature's God.

There cannot, we think, be a doubt of the propriety of the position we assumed on the 18th of August last; were it to be otherwise, then would Ineffable Masonry have its superstructure knocked from under it, and be placed at the mercy of a Master Mason's Lodge of another system. to whom the conferring of the last three degrees has been intrusted, for the sake of harmony, by a mere *waiver*, and not by a renunciation of the power to confer the same. As we then said, "We believe in every tub standing on its own bottom. If it has no bottom it ceases to be a tub."

So long as this waiver of the right to confer the symbolic degrees is permitted to remain as it is, by the two lawful Supreme Councils 33° in this country, (and we have no desire to see it resumed,) the profane, desirous of becoming a member of the A. A Scottish Rite, has no other mode of obtaining his object than by paying for and receiving his three symbolic degrees, under authority of the York Rite. The moment he has lawfully received them from that source, and is elected in a Grand Lodge of Perfection of the Scottish Rite to take the eleven other degrees of the series under its control, he becomes an affiliated Master Mason of that Rite, subject to its laws and taxations; and it is no part of their duty to demand from him that to become so he must be a tax-payer to another system, which he never would have had anything to do with were it not for the *waiver* aforesaid. It would be just as proper to demand that he should be an affiliated member of an Odd-fellows' Association, or of the so-called Rite of Memphis, as of the Symbolic Lodge of another Rite, in which he paid for all he received, and which he never would have entered, in all probability, if it were not to comply with the requirements of Ineffable Masonry, which he had no other means of uniting himself with.

In the Supreme Council for the Southern Jurisdiction, the subject of being affiliated with a symbolic Lodge of the York Rite, as a prerequisite, was fully and freely discussed at the formation of its new Statutes; but by a unanimous vote it was decided not to be a requirement to advancement in the Scottish Rite. That it is not so in the Northern Jurisdiction must have been by some strange oversight. We shall hereafter have our say about so strange a requirement.

WHAT IS MASONRY?

BY H. G. REYNOLDS.

1. *It is a moral institution.* This embraces several well-defined points.

First, Theology. Before any candidate can proceed one step, or learn one thing, he must avow his belief in God, and His supremacy and government. Among the Hebrews the old testament is accepted as the book of the law, while in Christian countries both the old and the new testaments will be found on our altars, as the great light in Masonry.

Masonic theology also embraces that religion in which all men agree. There is no law against honor, honesty, temperance, fidelity, gentleness, goodness, faith or meekness.

All admit that industry, economy, charity, brotherly kindness and love are godly virtues. Every moral precept contained in the new testament is also contained in the old, and is Masonic, and should be observed by every Mason.

Second. In a certain sense, Lodges are ecclesiastical. No Lodge can be opened without that work being on the altar which is the recognized rule of life. With us the Bible must be open. Every Lodge must recognize the worship of Deity—a worship suitable to all and unobjectionable to any. So far every Lodge is an ecclesiastical body, and no further.

Third. Masons enforce the observance of certain moral duties, by rules peculiar to themselves. If Masons bind themselves to assist each other in distress or need, to relieve the wants of the widow or orphan, to deal equally or honorably with each other, to observe silence and practice charity in the matters of each others failings, weaknesses and infirmities, and to preserve each other's honorable confidence, who is to object? These were all duties in the first place; these are all embraced in church covenants; they are enforced by the Bible; they are the duties of every man and woman.

The law of the land only reaches grosser offences, but moral obligations rest upon all alike. Masons intend to observe moral obligations in general, and such as are specified in Masonic covenants in particular, and these latter they intend to enforce.

While the moral law embraces every duty, both positive and negative, still some of them may be treated under other heads.

2. While Masonry is in no sense a political party, nor its members bound to each other in political matters, yet every Free Mason is enjoined to be a quiet and peaceable subject, to submit patiently to legal authority, to conform cheerfully to the government of the country in which he resides, to be true to his country, and to discountenance disloyalty and rebellion.

Is there any objection to these? Is it desirable to have brawls, fights, drunken riots, resistance to law and unsettled government, and to give license to rapine, robbery, lust and murder? Ladies, which class of politics would you like to have your husbands, brothers and sons observe? I fancy your ready answer. You will say, that in broils, riots, affrays, and disregard of law, *you* bear the burdens and are the greatest sufferers, and prefer that your boys should honor their country and observe its laws.

3. *Freemasonry is cosmopolitan.* In every civilized country, and even among barbarians and savages, Freemasons are to be found. Wherever war prevails among civilized nations, the genius of our institution is present to mitigate the horrors and allay the anguish

that follows carnage and slaughter. This has been the case when religion has lost its power. It goes before the battle, to make peace or settle terms; it goes after the battle, to soothe, comfort, save and care; it goes with the army to defend the weak and protect the helpless.

It has been said by those who blindly but perhaps honestly oppose Masonry, that whatever good it pretends to do can be as well done by other agencies and means. This is untrue.

Masonic principles, embracing every moral duty, are good, and never can die. The fabric upon which Masonry rests is indestructible. While nations have disappeared; empires have crumbled to pieces; monarchies have been overthrown; while the light of civilization has given place to barbaric darkness, and heathen gods have taken the place of religion, science and art, Masonry often weeping over the desolation, has still remained unchanged, ever ready to mitigate anguish, compassionate misery, allay strife, heal the wounded and bury the dead. It is the only institution existing in which men of every country, sect and opinion can meet, and it brings together men who otherwise would remain at a perpetual distance. Take a Masonic Lodge-room—you see Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Disciples, Lutherans, Hebrews, Universalists, and men of no prescribed faith; you see the American and men of other nations, races and color — Democrats and Republicans—men of every honorable occupation, trade or profession, all mingled together. Where else would you see them? In an Odd-Fellows' Lodge? No. That society is of modern origin, and is confined to countries where the English language prevails. At what church will you see all those men? None. At what society? None. Where will you see those Democrats and Republicans? On election day, or in the legislative halls, battling with might and main for the ascendancy of their principles.

But for Masonry, men of different nationalities might live within a stone's throw of each other in our towns and cities, and never knowingly meet. Men of diverse religious views might never know and love each other. Men of different political parties might never meet to mingle in internal converse, to find loving hearts and genial minds.

Instead of broad and comprehensive religious charity and co-operation bigotry would reign, and religious sects, political parties, and industrial classes, following their leaders, would live only in narrow lanes of operation, full of sectarian, political, or class jealousy, ready to be fanned into hate or aversion. Under the benign sun of Masonry, behold all these diverse elements dwelling together in unity.

4. While Masonry has no law of benevolence for its Lodges, in in its present speculative condition, it has emphatic laws for its individual members. The obligations of Masons, in this respect, are between each other. They reach the king and the laborer alike. There is but one limit—worthiness, necessity and ability. No master Mason can shield himself under the plea that the Lodge has made provision. If that provision is not forthcoming, if the sufferer is worthy he must be relieved, if the ability is sufficient. This obligation rests alike on every master Mason, whether a member or non-member of a lodge, or under sentence of suspension or expulsion. Free Masonry is a general system of benevolence, good counsel and mutual confidence. Its sick are attended; its dead are buried; its orphans provided for, and the widow's heart is relieved of sad forebodings and gloomy misaprehensions.

5. In short, Masonry teaches reverence for God and his laws; love to our neighbors; fidelity to our country; obedience to its laws; a charitable disposition, honesty in business, and a personal honor that admits of no question.

It is tolerant of opinions; charitable in construction of motives; hears first, and then decides; and always allows mercy to prevail when evenly balanced with justice.

It is the friend of religion; the advocate and prompter of universal education; the active co-operator in all good enterprises, and frequently the motive power behind them.

It is in all ranks of society; it travels everywhere; it is in the marts of commerce; the halls of trade; on the farm and in the shop on the bench and at the bar; in the pulpit and the sick room; at the wedding and the grave, in the mansion and the cottage, and everywhere the same.

MASONIC SUPERSTITION.

Every church has its creed, its legends, its rites and ceremonies. The firm believer in the divine origin of his church, believes that every other church is either wholly or partly based on ignorance, fanaticism, or superstition. With the belief or disbelief of my neighbor I have nothing to do. So long as hé confines his belief, rites and ceremonies to proper times and places, and does not attempt to infringe on my rights to do the same, I have no right to provoke discussion on what he deems sacred, although his ideas may appear to me superstitions. The case is, however, otherwise with Masonic superstition. Freemasonry is not a revealed religion; its ceremonies and laws were not promulgated by any one pretending to hold his commission from on high. It is acknowledged to be a purely human institution. When, therefore, some of our dignitaries attempt to dogmatize about certain laws and usages as being irrepealable landmarks, and throw themselves into convulsions about the sacredness of those landmarks, I think I have a perfect right to remonstrate against their opinions and decisions; and if arguments and remonstrances prove unavailing, I may even indulge in ridiculing their pretensions to superior Masonic knowledge.

Let me now proceed to illustrate my meaning, and calmly examine the origin of the so-called Masonic landmarks.

In 1723 the Rev. James Anderson compiled from the laws in possession of the then four London Lodges, a constitution for the Grand Lodge of England. Now, assuming for the sake of argument, that those laws were made by Athelstan in 926, they cannot be regarded as landmarks, because, as well as Athelstan could make or alter Masonic laws, we can do the same, and Anderson acted on that very theory, as he no doubt omitted some of the useful old regulations, and substituted others in their stead. In 1735 Anderson was authorized to revise his constitution, when further additions and omissions were made; and since his time the English constitution was revised and altered over and over again. And if we examine the various constitutions of the different Grand Lodges, both here and in Europe, we shall probably not find two of them agreeing in every point. This fact conclusively proves, that as long as we keep in view the great Masonic principle, viz: "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," there is nothing in a Masonic constitution that we dare not alter, and the same may be said with regard to the ritual. The changes which the Masonic ritual has undergone since the days of Anderson, are such, that could Anderson revisit the earth, he would find it very difficult to work himself into one of our lodges. To call something a landmark, or an irrepealable law, because it forms part of our ritual, is as absurd as when it happens to form part of our constitution. We may, therefore, conclude that each Grand Lodge possesses and exercises its inalienable right of altering both its constitution and ritual, always providing that the Masonic idea is not weakened thereby.

It cannot, however, be denied that we have some very important personages in our midst, whose sole stock in trade is ritualism, and what is pompously called "Masonic jurisprudence;" with whom every frivolity is an ancient landmark, and in their conceit regard themselves as specially appointed landmark constables; and if a brother attempts to reason them out of their superstitious notions, they are apt to bristle up with all imaginary priestly arrogance, and denounce the offender as an antimason, infidel, atheist, and what not. I have been lately favored with *complimentary* notices by some of the landmarkers, because I ridiculed the notion that sound limb was a Masonic landmark. I shall not now attempt to describe the convulsive agonies of the *landmark constabulary* at the presumption of my temerity, but will only just give an idea of the lucidity of their reasoning powers. Says luminary No. 1, "The cattle offered as sacrifices in Jerusalem had to be without blemish. Sound limb is, therefore, both a Bible and Masonic landmark." Now, Bro. No. 1, why not carry the analogy a little further, thus, the cattle for sacrifice had to walk on all fours to the altar, therefore, walking on all fours is a landmark; therefore, the candidate should walk on all fours to the Masonic altar. So much for No. 1. Luminary No. 2 argues, that Scripture prohibited a maimed priest from officiating in the Temple at Jerusalem, therefore a maimed person cannot participate in the holy rites at the Masonic altar. But, dear luminary No. 2, know ye not that a Michigan lodge elected a one-armed brother for its Worshipful Master? Now, if a one-armed brother can officiate at the Masonic altar as well, why cannot a worthy man in the same predicament be initiated? Besides, our biblical scholar forgets that the same Scripture also required the said priest to be circumcised. Now, if the Scripture qualification for a priest is to form the rule for Masonic candidateship in one case, why not also have it in the other? So much for the biblical argument.

Brother No. 3 goes even so far as to preclude advancement from the Etered Apprentice to the Fellow Craft degree, if the said E A. became unfortunately maimed. This objection to the *maimed* is not a biblical, but constitutional scruple. According to his doctrine, the laws and usages of Masonry are as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Sound limb was a law in olden times, therefore it is a landmark. As I have already treated on the fallacy of constitutional landmarks, and mean to revert to it again. I shall just show that the oldest Grand Lodges in the world have long since repudiated the sound limb doctrine.

First, we are not only informed, in Lockhart's life of Scott, that Sir Walter was afflicted with a defective foot. But Bro. Brodie, of 58 Maiden Lane, New York, who remembers Sir Walter, and has often heard him speak in public, recently described Sir Walter to me, and even imitated his limping gait. Now, Sir Walter was initiated in Scotland, and where is the Mason that is sorry for it? This, however, proves conclusively, not only that the Grand Lodge of Scotland knew of no such a landmark as "sound limb," but that it would have been very foolish on the part of the Scotch brethren if a man of Scott's position and abilities had been denied admission on account of an old law, that had outlived its utility.

Second, there is not a word in the English constitution about sound or maimed limbs, nor is such a phrase used in the English ritual.

And, thirdly, it may astonish some of our landmark sticklers to learn that the oldest and most conservative Grand Lodges on this continent had long since discarded the "sound-limb" doctrine. How long ago it was discarded I know not, but that it ceased to be a landmark long before most of our "sound limb" advocates became Masons, is evident from the following extract of the Massachusetts constitution, 1843, (page 49,) article 3, section 4:

"By the ancient regulations, the physical deformity of an individual operates as a bar to his admission into the Fraternity. But in view of the past, that this regulation was adopted for the government of the craft, at a period when they united the character of the *operative* with the speculative Masons, this Grand Lodge, in common, it is believed, with most of the sister Grand Lodges in this country, and in Europe, has authorized such a construction of the regulation as that, where the deformity does not amount to an inability honestly to acquire the means of subsistance, it constitutes no hinderance to initiation."

Such being the case, I now ask the condid reason to what other cause can I attribute the anger and persistency of our landmark worshipers, than either to their selfishness and pride, or to downright superstition?

Freemasonry is not a superstition. It knows of no fixed laws such as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and if Masons had always pesisted in the fixity of Masonic laws, Masonry would long since have been where the laws of the Medes and Persians now are. Freemasonry once confined the privilege of membership (with the exception of an aristocratic patron, not necessarily a saint) exclusively to builders. Now it is a society of all professions. It was once limited to believers in Christianity. Its constitution began with, "In the name of the Father, Son, Holy Ghost, Virgin mother of God, and from holy-crowned martyrs." Now Masonry is based on the "*universal religion*," "the religion in which all agree," and it seeks to "unite men of every country, sect and opinion *be they what they may*," providing they believe in the G. A. O. T. U. and are prepared to practice brotherly love, relief, truth, etc., etc. The superstitious idea of patron saints, is especially unfitted for such a society as the Masonic. Our aim should be to promote harmony, not discord. The introduction of topics which some of the brotherhood may deem superstitious, must tend to generate discord instead of harmony. Hence, the Grand Lodge of England, knowing that neither usages, nor rituals are Masonic landmarks, have wisely and justly abolished the so-called Masonic saint-day festivals, and expurged all allusions to saints from its ritual.

In judging, therefore, of Masonic usages or ceremonies, the question should not be how old they are, but how just and useful to promote the Masonic scheme of brotherly love. In a superstitious age when religious heresy was regarded at the most hineous offence, and when Masonry was confined exclusively to builders, the brotherhood made their laws to suit their religious ideas and policy. But in this age, when heresy is no longer regarded as a crime, and when the fundamental object of the society is changed, it is both our duty and privilege, to alter from time to time our rituals and laws, in order to advance the humanizing agencies of Freemasonry. The orthodox theology is no longer part of our constitution; other laws may follow suit, whenever they appear antagonistic, or uselss to promote the object of our society. The old builders adopted the sound limb law, not because the sacrifices and sacrificers of Jerusalem had had such a law, but for the obvious reason that stone-cutters and builders of to-day would decline to take an apprentice minus a limb. With them it was a necessity; with us it is no longer so. What we want now is, a sound heart, a liberal mind, and a just conscience; and if a maimed man is found in every way fully qualified to adorn our association, in the name of common sense, I ask, whether the mere superstitious notion of "ancient landmark" should suffice to debar his admission, and why we should be particularly threatened with awful consequences for repealing the law of sound limb, any more than the repeal of other usages above named? Fraternally yours,

JACOB NORTON.

PORTRAIT GALLERY OF LIVING MASONS.

SALATHIEL CURTIS COFFINBURY,

Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, Past Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Michigan, a Royal and Select Master, a Knight Templar, York Rite "American system," a Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret 32° A. A. Scottish Rite, and associate editor of the *Michigan Freemason*, was born in Lancaster, Fairfield County, Ohio, on the 26th day of February, 1809, being the ninth son and youngest but one of fourteen children; his perents being born, educated, and married at Martinsburg, Berkley County, Virginia. His father, George Coffinbury, served in the war of the Revolution, and fought at the battles of Eutaw Springs, the Cowpen, and several other hotly-contested fields.

The subject of our sketch, having finished his educational career, studied for the law, under his eldest brother Andrew, a man eminent, not only for his natural ability and legal attainments, but for his many social virtues, at the age of twenty-three our brother was admitted to the bar, where he soon became distinguished as a real estate and chancery practitioner.

Brother Coffinbury attained his majority in the midst of the Morgan anti-Masonic excitement, and early formed the determination to connect himself with the Mystic Fraternity upon the earliest manifestations of its revival, with the view of plunging into its hidden symstem of morals, and of aiding in restoring its temple of moral beauty. Our brother resided at Dover, Tuscarawas County, Ohio, in 1830, when he heard that a Lodge of Masons had been revived at Massillon, in the adjoining county of Stark. He sent in his petition, and, on the 18th of January, 1869, was initiated, and on the 19th passed and raised in Clinton Lodge No. 104, (now Massillon Lodge No. 47) at Massillon, under a vote of the Lodge, declaring his an emergent case. In the September following, he withdrew his membership and removed to Mansfield, Ohio, where there had formerly been a Lodge, but which ceased work in 1827.

In 1840 Brother C. with others, petitioned the M. W., William J. Reese, Grand Master of Ohio, for a Dispensation, which was granted, and the Lodge organized. At the ensuing Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge, the old Warrant was restored to the new organization, and the officers installed by the veteran G. Lecturer, John Barney. Brother C. was Junior Warden the first, and Senior Warden the second year. In 1843 he removed to Centerville, St. Joseph County, Michigan, where Masonry was then unknown. In 1846 its revival commenced in his adopted State; and in 1847 he, with others, obtained a Dispensation for Mount Hermon Lodge No. 24, which received a warrant in January, 1848, Bro. C. being the Senior Warden. The next year he was elected Master, and continued to preside until December, 1855, when he united with Sylvan Lodge No. 35, at that place, in which Lodge he was elected Master at the same meeting, and where he continued to preside, by re-election, until December, 1861.

In January, 1866, Brother C. was elected Grand Master of Masons in Michigan, and was re-elected in 1867 and 1868. In his capacity as Grand Master many important questions of Masonic law were decided by him, all of which were affirmed by the Grand Lodge.

In *Capitular Masonry* his history is as follows: In 1853 a Chapter of R. A. Masons was organized at Centerville, under a Dispensation from the G. H. Priest, and in January, 1854, a Warrant was granted by the Grand Chapter, Before electing and installing the officers, Bro. C., with two others, under a special Dispensation from the G. H. Priest, received all the Chapter Degrees, when he was elected High Priest, and continued to preside until December, 1857, when he declined a re-election.

In 1855 Comp. C. was elected Deputy Grand High Priest, and in 1857, Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Michigan. He was also re-elected in 1858 and 1859.

In *Cryptic Masonry* Comp. C. received the degrees of Royal and Select Master in Three Rivers Council No. 6.

In the *Chivalric Order*, our companion was admitted to the Orders of Christian Knighthood in Eureka Commandery No. 3, at Hillsdale, Michigan, from which he dimitted April 14, 1868, for the purpose of organizing Columbia Commandery, at Sturgis, in his own county, of which he still remains a member.

In the *Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite* Bro. C. received the degrees up to that of Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret, 32°, in March 1866; has been Sov. Pr. G. Master of Carson Council, Princes of Jerusalem, at Detroit, under the Jurisdiction of the Supreme Council for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States, and is an active member of the Rite. Notwithstanding an arduous pursuit of his profession, his literary productions, and poetic effusions have distinguished him in the West, and he has employed many of his leisure hours in music and painting. Many of the productions of his easel would have done credit to master-artists.

On moral and scientific subjects his lectures have been much approved. They embrace the following subjects: Six on the philosophy of the fine arts; one on the relation between society and civil government; one on the Zingari; three on the jurisprudence and religious traditions of the North American Indians, with others, which we should much desire to see presented to the public in book form. His official addresses to his Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter were always admirable compositions, and invariably were incorporated with the printed transactions of those bodies. As a Masonic Magazine writer, he fills a high niche among his cotemporaries.

Brother Coffinbury, although indifferent to political position and free from all political ambitions and aspirations, has been thrice presented by the Democratic party as a candidate for the office of Circuit Judge of his district, and once as a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of his State. In all these canvasses, notwithstanding the great majority of the party opposed to him, his vote invariably counted by thousands above all other names on his party ticket.

In private life our brother is much esteemed, not only for his excellent social qualities, but for his amiability of disposition and general fund of attractive and instructive conversation, and his friendship is highly prized, especially by the Masonic editor of Pemeroy's *Democrat*, who last had the pleasure of taking his hand while both were in Philadelphia, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new Masonic Temple in that city, in June, 1868. May his shadow never be less.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

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DEATH OF PAST GRAND MASTER BLAIR OF INDIANA.

We clip the following very touching account of the sudden death of P. G. M. Blair, recent publisher of the *Masonic Advocate* of Indianapolis, from a recent issue of that sheet. Bro. Blair was an indefatiguable worker for the good of our noble Order, and has left the influence of a good life to speak for him now that he is gone. May it be ours to say with the same emphasis, when we shall stand on the verge of the grave, "Oh, my God! I have never been unfaithful to Thee."

"On Wednesday morning Bro. Blair came to the office as usual, and in apparent health attended to his business. At noon we started to his house for dinner; on the way he remarked that he felt strangely about the chest—something that he had never felt before; at the dinner table he mentioned this strange feeling again. After dinner he laid down and did not return to the office till after three o'clock. He remained in the office, writing letters and attending to other business, untill after six o'clock, when we started to his home for tea. He complained of feeling weak, and I advised him to get into an omnibus; we did so, and rode to his house, and went in. He handed me some proof and told me to read and correct it, and he would lie down.

After tea I went to him, and when talking to him I saw he was a little delirious at times, but quite rational. After some conversation about business, he turned to me, and looking anxiously at me, he said: "Tell me, brother F., what is the unpardonable sin?" I hesitated a moment; he then said, "I have the utmost confidence in you; tell me." I then answered, "Ingratitude to God and man." He replied, "Dear brother, you are right;" and folding his hands upon his breast, his eyes closed, and tears running down his face, he said, "Oh, my God! I have never been unfaithful to thee;" and then fell asleep. I examined his pulse and heart, and could detect no indication of disease or death; everything about him was natural, and I thought it was best to let him rest. I walked down to the hotel and returned immediately, but before I reached the house he was dead; his spirit had returned to God. Less than one hour before this I had left him without the least indication of death, but the messenger had come, claimed his victim and departed. Truly, "in the midst of life we are in death."

"The funeral took place on the following Sabbath. The body was placed in a vault in the City Cemetery, attended with Masonic honors. The service was conducted by M. W. Martin H. Rice, G. M. A larger and more elegant procession was never before witnessed in the city.

"The services at the church was of more than ordinary interest; the sermon was truly the voice of inspiration in its soft breathings of mercy and pardon to fallen man, and well calculated to make a deep and lasting impression."

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H. T. W. S. S. T. K. S.

A great many attempts have been made to decipher the meaning of the initials which are to be found within the circles on a Mark Master's emblem, but the uninitiated; but the catch explanation given by Companion Mark M. Pomeroy, of Phœnix, Chapter No. 2, of this city (widely and favorably known in the social and political world, but more especially as the proprietor of this paper, by the familiar appellation of "Brick"), is the most beautiful, as it is the most original.

In reply to a Master mason, who asked him the meaning of the cabalistic letters, he at once replied: "*He that whispers scandal seeks to kill society.*"

We ask our Masonic friends to *mark* the reply of Mark, in relation to the meaning of the letters on his Mark, and make a note of the same.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

BUILDING THE TEMPLE.

BY ADA POWER.

King Solomon reigned over Israel
With peaceful and happy command,
No clouds, adversaries nor evils
Threatened the good of the land.
All traces of warfare were over;
Sounds of sweet peace heard alone:
And King David slept with his fathers,
And Solomon sat on his throne
Remembering the promise to Israel,
Made by Jehovah, most high,
That the race of his father, King David,
Should never perish nor die:
A Temple by him should be builded,
All unto the name of their Lord,
Whose statutes and promises ever
Were followed and adored.
So, proclaiming his Kingly intention,
He made a most royal command,
And sent it forth to his people
Throughout the breadth of the land.
"Then bring to me strong, stately cedars,
From Lebanon. down to the sea,
And let the Sidonians hew them,
And bring them all hither to me.
Then, also, bring stones, hewed and costly,
The foundation firmly to lay;
Let squarers and builders prepare them,
My royal command to obey:"

Then hewers and builders of Hiram,
And builders and hewers, his own,
Together wrought in the mountains,
In cedar and costliest stone.
All ready-made were the timbers;
The stone finely cut for the King,
And thousands, with axes and hammers
Made Lebanon's forest to ring.
Then down to the sea, burden-bearers,
By thousands, the work bring away
In peaceful accord for the Temple,
The foundation firmly to lay.
But no sound of axes or hammers,
Or iron tool, echoed there:
All quietly toiled, while the structure
Majestic arose grandly and fair.
Then unto the King spoke Jehovah;
"Concerning this house thou hast reared,
If you walk in my statutes steadfastly,
My commandments be ever revered;
My judgment in truth executed,
To thee will I pledge my great word—

As unto king David, thy father.
Who early my promises heard—
To Israel my chosen, my children,
Among them, by night and by day.
To guard, and protect them, and lead them,
And dwell with them ever and aye."

Then Solomon called all the Elders,
And Chiefs of the Tribes in the land,
And bade them all hasten to Zion—
Obeying his kingly command—
And bring up the ark with the tablets,—
God's covenant—which he had made
With Israel, fleeing from bondage—
Which safe in the ark had been laid.
Then down went the Chiefs and the Elders
The royal command to obey,
And forth from the blest Tabernacle
They carried the Tablets away.
To the Oracle safely they brought them,
And placed them with tenderest care;
The Cherubims' wings interlacing
O'er "Holy of Holies" there
Then entered the cloud of Jehovah,
And filled all the sacred spot,
To reveal to his chosen people,
His promises ne'er were forgot.

Then Solomon stood by the Altar,
And heavenward turned his face;
While spreading his hands forth devoutly
Implored the Almighty grace.
"Oh, Lord God, whose home is in Heaven,
In Temples made not with hands,
Whose promises to David. thy servant,
Who followed thy holy commands,
Thou hast kept—the full of the cov'nant—
We pray Thou wilt ever be
Our guide in the hour of temptation,
To lead our feet backward to Thee
May thine eye, which slumbereth never,
Shine ever above this place,
E'er over the spot thou hast promised
'My name shall be there—in grace:
From pestilence, blasting and famine,
Should ever thy servants pray
For deliverance, here by this Altar,
Oh turn not thine ear away.
Be with us and never forsake us,
As e'er with our fathers, Oh Lord;
Let Brotherly Love e'er continue,
And hold us in sweetest accord."
Then offered he sacrifice holy;
And thus to Jehovah, most high,
They dedicated the Temple
Whose majesty never shall die.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

CHAPTER VI.

A year had passed since Charles Preston had entered the banking house of Mr. Wilson, as an accounting clerk. He had labored assiduously during the entire year. Mr. Wilson had advanced his wages to a sum sufficient to enable him to clothe himself properly, and to furnish his mother with the means of a comfortable support for herself, and the proper education of his sister.

During the services of Charles, Mr. Wilson had applied to his new clerk all the various trials and temptations which are employed in business houses, to test the integrity of the employees. Every trial to which Preston was secretly subjected, through the ingenuity of Mr. Wilson, and the cunning espionage or prying survilance of Mr. Gimlett, only gave to those two worthies, additional assurances of the honesty, industry and fidelity of the young clerk.

A year's residence in the city had done much to polish Preston in his manners and personal appearance He was tall and well proportioned; dignified, easy and impressive in his manners, without affectation or pretension in his personal deportment, while his countenance possessed a cast of premature thoughtfulness, perhaps, yet his fine large head, and the symetrical conformation of his finely cut features, constituted a model of manly beauty.

Since the first day of his employment in the bank, Charles had not seen the gay young lady he had found closeted with Mr. Wilson, in his private room, on the morning of his first introduction to the banker. Who she was, he knew not certainly, but, judging from all the circumstances under which he met Eda and her father on that morning, he supposed the relation between them to be that of father and daughter. The vision of the beautiful young Eda, like a brilliant dream, was ever forcing itself upon his memory distinctively, yet pointlessly.

Charles Preston sat at his desk earnestly engaged in the business of the morning, about a year after he had first entered the bank, when the door opened and Mr. Wilson and Eda were about to enter. Eda started back in surprise, as, raising her eyes she saw Charles at his desk; as their eyes met, Eda, blushing, addressing Mr. Wilson, said:

"Father, I think I will go on without you. I will expect you at the usual hour for our evening walk," and turning hastily from the door passed through the outer room into the street.

"Mr. Preston," said Mr. Wilson, seating himself in front of the clerk, "I beg you to lay down your pen for a short time, as I desire to have a few minutes private conversation with you."

"Certainly, sir," said Charles, and, a little confused by this unexpected request, laid down his pen and turned to Mr. Wilson.

"You have been in my employ about a year," commenced the banker, "and, I am not only satisfied with your services in the capacity of an accountant, but, I have satisfied myself also, that you are honest, and that you possess business capacities and qualifications which must lead you to distinguished success as a financier. I am a plain, practical man, and never flatter any one. I always mean what I say. I wish to advance your salary, and with its increase to enlarge those duties and responsibilities which tend to develope those capacities, and more directly and more rapidly lead into the current of successful business. Mr. Gimlett, although a morose man, and soured by his misfortunes, has, for sixteen years, served as my chief clerk, agent and factor, to my entire satisfaction. Considering his age, his declining health, his long tried fidelity, and his attachment to his family, I have determined to relieve him from his responsibilities and duties on an annuity sufficient to make him and his family comfortable for life. I offer you the same position in my house from which he retires with the same salary, which is three thousand dollars per annum. There are several considerations which prompt me to make this proposition. Your assiduity and fidelity, your competency and qualifications, are among the first. Your own welfare, which will be promoted by this measure, is another important consideration, and among all my clerks there is no one but yourself capable of filling the place of Mr. Gimlett."

"Mr. Wilson," returned Charles, "you surprise me by your proposition; you can not comprehend how it, in so many different ways, agitates my mind. My gratitude to you overwhelms me; I can not give it expression. You forget that I am very young for so important and distinguished a position, and that the experience of one short year is all that I can bring to the aid of the best intentions in the discharge of the onerous duties the situation must impose upon the one who assumes it. But there are other circumstances involved in the acceptance of your kind proposition, which give me still greater anxieties; and these are of so delicate a character that I shrink from mentioning them"

"Speak out, Mr. Preston," said the banker encouragingly. "It is well to discuss them, with a view, at least, of allaying the anxieties they cause you; unless they are of so private a nature, as that their disclosure might become a breach of propriety."

"I will mention them to you, sir, for I can not doubt your appreciation of them as given facts, nor can I doubt your sympathy with the anxieties they cause me," returned Preston. "First, then," continued he, "I am in indignant circumstances, in fact miserably poor. It is presumptious in me to accept a position to which I can bear no claim or pretension, and, therefore, necessarily places me in a false position before the business world."

"Mr. Preston," said Mr. Wilson, "while I admire your delicacy and your quick perception of what I had overlooked, I must say that I do not approve that sensativenes which induces you to shrink from a position which your own deserts as a man, and your qualifications as a clerk so justly merit. Poverty and wealth are words almost without a meaning in our vocabulary. Inasmuch as they are entirely relative in their application; their true meaning depends upon extrinsic circumstances. One man makes poverty respectable through the influence and example of his own individual worth; while another disgraces wealth, and makes affluence and riches a shame and a disgust, through his own meanness. The former is rich and independent in his indigence; the latter poor and miserable in his affluance. Self-reliance and a conscious self-approval, constitute the greatest wealth a man can possess. This precious wealth must be inwrought and inborn. It can not be inherited, nor can it be bought and sold or gambled for like stocks. Gold and stocks are financial fictions, and are the mere standard representations of something else. Self reliance, independence of thought, and self commendation are the precious currency of the soul. These constitute true wealth. No fluctuations of the money or stock market can effect the par value of these investments; they are always above par."

"Is it possible that you, Mr. Wilson, a millionhair, are the advocate of such a philosophy?" enquired Preston, and continued, "I hear this theory from your lips with great surprise, although I have often sought in it, myself, a solace for my own pinching and trying poverty."

"It is my philosophy, and is based upon the earnest conviction of my own mind, as the result of the most pertinent investigations and tests in my experience of life. This conclusion is a fundamental theory in ethics, to which wealth will lead the mind of the millionair, if he be not entirely perverted and corrupted by its possession, as certainly as want will the mind of the victim of penury and indigence. Both, alike, point legitimately to the same conclusions upon this subject. Therefore, Mr. Preston, rise above these anxieties. The poor man ought to be proud, for, in nine cases out of ten his poverty is an evidenee, an unquestionable patent of his integrity. Wheresoever the poor man goes he escapes one suspicion that must ever attach to and follow the rich man; that is, a distrust of the means employed in the acquirement of his wealth. These invidious questions are constantly following the millionair. 'Did he come honestly in possession of his wealth? Did he speculate into it? Did he earn it? or, did he steal it, or, cheat honest industry out of it?' Should you be poor, Mr. Preston, hold up your head and be independent. Be proud. Poverty is no disgrace. You appear to forget that you will not long be poor if you accept my proposition. Your salary will soon make you an independent man. What other embarrassments can your mind labor under that these considerations can not remove?"

"I have been in your employ about one year, Mr. Wilson," said Charles, "and I am yet a stranger to all who have been engaged with me in your bank. My poverty and obscurity have interposed distastes between us which forbid anything more than a polite and formal business intercourse, a necessity growing out of our peculiar business relations. which could, in no wise, lead to a friendly intimacy. I am quite sure that not only the jealousy but the envy of the subordinates might lead to unpleasant consequences, and subject me to great embarrassments in the discharge of my duties as your chief clerk, agent and factor."

"Mr, Preston," returned the banker, "you do not know the members of my business household. So far from exciting the jealousy or envy of any one of its members, nothing would give them greater satisfaction than to hail you as their chief. As an act of justice to my clerks, I would not think of placing a new hand over them without at least consulting their preferences as to the individual to whom they were to become subordinates. Although my mind had fully settled upon my own ultimate measures in relation to the proposition I have submitted for your consideration, still, I presented the question of their respective preference to each, separately, without indicating my own choice. They unanimously preferred you as the successor of Mr. Gimlett."

"You surprise me still more by this information, Mr. Wilson," said Preston, "I can perceive no reason for this preference. I have had no acquaintance with my fellow clerks. I have shrunk from an intimacy with them, under a belief that they ridiculed my poverty and country manners."

"This reserve of yours is all they find fault with in your characte,r" said Mr Wilson. "They interpret this reserve into self pride, and, no doubt, it has been a principal obstacle in the way of a genial and friendly intimacy between you and them. You, perhaps, did not know that many of them were as poor as you were, and that they were toiling for their daily bread, and, some of them, like you, to support indigent, widowed mothers. Since the day of Mr. Hartie's discharge from my employment, your conduct, on that occasion, has been regarded by them as an example of dignity and independence. That circumstance made you a favorite with all my clerks."

"Now," said Preston, "I can clearly perceive how far I have been the victim of a morbid pride, as well as an unfounded suspicion, which, when discovered in myself, I can not too severely reprehend, and which my future conduct shall correct. But, Mr. Wilson," continued the clerk, "in the mortifying circumstances which resulted in the discharge of Mr. Hartie, there was a mystery involved which you, perhaps, may explain, if it may not be regarded impertinent in me to request an explanation."

"What mystery? to what do you allude?" enquired Mr. Wilson.

"At the very moment that I should have ejected Mr. Hartie from the room," replied Preston, "you suddenly appeared and said you had witnessed the whole transaction. You did not enter the door which I had just thrown open, and, I knew you were not in the room when Mr. Hartie entered."

"That pannel," said Mr. Wilson pointing to the wall," is a spring door that opens into a well furnished private appartment. There I spend a great portion of my time. It may be entered by an outer door in the rear of the building. No one but the chief clerk and my daughter, besides myself, know of it. The painted glass in the pannel, which is not different from the other pannels of the wall, save that it looks into the private appartment instead of into the open air, affords the means of watching and noting from that room every thing that transpires in this one. That morning, before you came in, Mr. Gimlett had placed several large bank bills loosely in your desk, as a last test of your integrity. After the excitement consequent upon the ill-timed conduct of Mr. Hartie had subsided, when you, upon resuming your work discovered these bills, you carefully gathered them together and carried them to the head clerk. It could not be supposed that an entire stranger would be entrusted in the position you occupied in the bank, without such trials and tests as were sufficient to satisfy his employer of his integrity. This room you will hereafter have access to if you remain here as my chief clerk. What other objection now exists, Mr. Preston, if any, to the acceptance of my proposition?"

"I fear Mr. Gimlett will be dissatisfied," returned Charles.

"The business of his situation in the bank has become a second nature, almost, to Mr. Gimlett. He is much attached to his employment, and, therefore, says that he will only resign if upon the express conviction you care to succeed him as head clerk," returned Mr. Wilson.

"To what circumstances, if any, am I so much indebted for the good opinion of Mr. Gimlett?" enquired Preston. "I have always regarded him," continued he, "as a sour, cynical misanthrope, exacting and censorious in his character. He can certainly know very little about me."

"You are very much mistaken in that good and noble man," replied Mr. Wilson." He knows more about you than you may suppose. He has traced your foot-steps to your humble boarding house. He has watched you night after night, at your little garret window, bent in deep study over your midnight lamp. He has wondered how your constitution could sustain the labors of the day at your desk and the patient study until one o'clock at night. He has wondered as to the nature of those studies and has speculated as to your progress in them. He has watched your every motion from that private room. He has seen you as you wept over your correspondence with your mother, and has wept with you. He knows you are not rich, and heartily sympathises with you in your embarrassments. This is the good Mr. Gimlett you have so much mistaken, who regards you as the only one capable of filling the place which he is anxious to surrender."

"I am still more surprised," said Preston, "and still more regret the misunderstanding which arose, entirely from my own misapprehension of the motives of those with whom I was partially associated in business. I reprehend in myself, that distrust which clothed with suspicion every advance towards friendly intercourse on the part of my fellow clerks, and subjected both them and me to many unnecessary embarrassments. I feel it my duty to apologize to Mr. Gimlett, for whom I have had but little respect, and who, from the first, I regarded with disfavor and distrust. Had I known that he watched my movements, and pried into my privacy, I do not know to what extent of imprudence I might have been impelled. I hope, however, that both he and you are satisfied, and that I am entirely relieved from further espionage."

"Yes," replied the banker, "we are both satisfied, and, to close our negotiation, it only remains for you to say that you accept my proposition, and to enter upon the duties of your new position as soon as Mr. Gimlett can balance and close the old books preparatory to opening new ones."

"Mr. Wilson," said the clerk, "the most difficult feature of the whole matter remains yet unsettled in my own mind. It is this: In entering your employment as a clerk, it was not with a view of qualifying myself as a financier. The plans of my life, aim in a different direction from fiscal pursuits. My intention in seeking employment in your banking house was simply to avail myself of temporary employment as a source of pecuniary means of entering upon those pursuits. Your plan embraces the idea of my engagement in financial and fiscal operations as a permanent business."

"Your great assiduity and ability would, doubtless, lead you to great success, and in the end, make you a rich man," rejoined Mr. Wilson.

"That may even be true, perhaps," replied the clerk, "but I do not set out in life with a view of making wealth a substantive object. My plans embrace no such ambitions."

"Pray, may I enquire further into your plans of life? To what do your aspirations point you?" enquired the banker.

"Knowledge," replied Preston. "Knowledge is more precious than gold, in my estimation. Knowledge is the only true wealth. If I am intellectually competent to the acquirement of knowledge, (and my thirst for knowledge would serve to indicate it,) and to make myself useful to mankind in its exercise and diffusion, it becomes my duty to make it an object of pursuit as a speciality of my life to the exclusion of any other ultimate aim. It is a great loss to mankind to waste a capable intellect in a feverish and unsatisfactory struggle for mere filthy lucre—a chase through a whole life after money—more money. Any one can get money. Its acquirement requires no intellect. Its attainment involves no intellectual struggles. But every one can not attain knowledge and be wise. This high and noble privilege is only vouchsafed to great minds, to use a phrase of the church men, to the elect. While it is the promise of weak and grovelling minds, (pardon me Mr. Wilson, for I am only thinking aloud,) while it is the promise of grovelling and ignorant minds to roll together heaps of glittering gold, without any particular objective aim; it is the mission of great minds and exalted intellects, to plunge into the fields of science; to drink deeply at the fountains of moral truth; to acquire knowledge; and to devote their lives to the moral and intellectual elevation of the human family. The longest life allotted to man is too short for so great an undertaking as the attainment of knowledge. If I enter upon this great labor, as I intended, and aim at this grandest summit of all human attainments, I can find no time to trifle away after money, wealth or riches. I could not, therefore, accept the position you so generously offer me in your bank; for, as soon as I found myself in possession of a sum sufficient to enable me to enter upon my plans, I should feel obliged to resign my position as your head clerk, and leave you, which would not accord with my system of consistency. You now perceive my true situation, and cannot expect me to accept your kind offer."

"Mr. Preston," said the millionair, "it is now my turn to be surprised. I am happy that we, at last, understand each other, for we can speak more freely, and no longer work at cross purposes. I most heartily concur in and commend your sentiments and opinions. I am also gratified to learn your aspirations, and more particularly as I have it in my power to promote your aims by pecuniary aid. If an education be your object, I will place at your command a sum of money sufficient to effect that object, and thereby enable you to enter college to-morrow, if you wish, and to establish you in a profession when you have acquired one."

"Mr. Wilson," said Charles, grasping the hand of the banker and pressing it heartily, "Mr Wilson, I can not find language to express my gratitude for your generosity. I know of no reason why you should make me this most generous offer, nor is there any excuse for my acceptance of it. You do not know my inflexible will. In its acceptance I would become your debtor, and would thereby violate one of the cardinal rules which I have established for my own conduct through life, and to which I will ever adhere. I can not, I will not, by my own action, subject myself to reproach. I do not wish to enter college. There is a higher school than those which find it necessary to send certificates printed on sheep skin under their seals with their graduates to prove to the world that the bearers know something. Knowledge finds no necessity for such an advertisement. The diplomas from the classes of wisdom and knowledge are not printed on parchment, but blaze in letters of fire, and burn their impress on our hearts and understandings, without those meretricious testimonials which may be carried around in men's hands, or in tin tubes under men's arms. That higher school is the school of nature, in which Deity is the School Master. The collegiate course only prepares the student for that higher school. At college he may learn that he knows nothing. This is the highest point of knowledge he can attain. This knowledge of his own ignorance may teach him to seek, at higher sources and at purer fountains, for that knowledge which is not taught in books, nor arranged in classic order. If we expect to know anything we must expect to learn it each for himself. The professor in his chair can not do it for us. All he can do is to allot to each his task, but each must learn it for himself. The professor may polish the intellectual powers, and arrange the intellectual forces by a disciplinary process or course of studies He simply harnesses the steeds to the chariot of Aurora, but we ourselves, like Pheaton, must seize the reins and direct the firey intellectual coursers to the burning meridian of knowledge. The professor only learns the student how to begin to learn; be learns him how to open the book—how to turn the leaf, but in ourselves, must each for himself, read and digest what is written on each page; so too, in the great school of nature, each one must solve each problem of life, each lesson of human philosophy for himself."

"Mr. Preston," said Mr. Wilson extending his hand to the young man, "you still more surprise me. I see where you stand, and I still more deeply sympathize with your sentiments and your circumstances. If you will allow me to be your friend I may still be of use to you, without tendering to you a gratuity, which, after your explanation, I clearly perceive you could not accept. Will you take the position of my chief clerk upon an annual salary of three thousand dollars, and, upon the express condition that it shall be your privilege to resign your situation, at any time, by giving me ten days notice of your intention?"

"I will sir," replied Charles, "provided such an arrangement shall be satisfactory to Mr. Gimlett and all the subordinates." "Then sir," our engagement is consumated, and our interview terminated. Good morning, Mr. Preston," said Mr. Wilson, and, shaking hands cordially with the young clerk, he bowed and left the office.

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KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

We give the following in reference to the recent transactions of this branch of our order, from the New York *Dispatch*, which has a Masonic department ably conducted by Robert D. Holmes, P. G. M. It will be read with interest by all, especially Sir Knights.

The Hon. H. L. Palmer, of Wisconsin, was in June, 1866, elected Grand Master of Knights Templar of the United States, and his administration for three years duration, was a highly successful one. Freemasonry, in its purity and beneficent action, has no more zealous supporter, in all of its degrees, than this eminent Sir Knight; a son of New York, and who has made himself, by the brilliancy of his talents, one of the most popular men of Masonry and the bar of the great West. In June last the triennal conclave of the Great Encampment of these States met at St. Louis, Missouri, and the acts of the Grand Master, during his three years of service, were fully and cordially endorsed by the Grand body over which he had ably presided. On his retirement from his high office, the Grand Conclave adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Grand Encampment are heartily tendered to Most Eminent Past Grand Master Sir Henry L. Palmer, for the zeal, fidelity and ability with which he has administered his high office, and that a committee be appointed to procure and present to him, in behalf of this Grand Encampment, an appropriate testimonial of the high esteem in which he is held by all Knights Templar.

It was made known, in September last, that the committee appointed by the Grand Encampment, as above stated, were ready to make the presentation referred to, and a conclave of the Wisconsin Commandery, No. 1, having its Commandery at Milwaukee, was called, to take such action in the matter as might be deemed proper. That Commandery, one of the finest in the West, met, and after quoting the above resolution of the Grand Encampment, passed the following preamble and resolutions, which speak for themselves:

WHEREAS, The committee under said resolution, consisting of Most Eminent Past Grand Master Sir B. B. French, of Washington, D. C., Eminent Past Grand Commander Sir John W. Simons, of New York, and R. Eminent Past Grand Commander Sir Thomas J. Carson, of New Jersey, have performed their duty by procuring the testimonial so awarded and signified their intention of presenting the same to Most Eminent Sir H. L. Palmer, at Milwaukee, on or about the 12th day of October, proximo. Therefore,

Resolved, That in token of appreciation of the justness of this commendation of one to whom this commandery and the Grand Commandery of the State of Wisconsin owe so much for their existence and prosperity; and as evidence of a just pride in the fame of a member of this organization, upon whom the highest Templar authority of this country has bestowed such a "reward of merit," Wisconsin Commandery hereby tenders to the distinguished *fraters*, and those accompanying them on this mission, a cordial knightly welcome, and an invitation to accept the hospitality of the Commandery during their stay.

Resolved, That the Eminent Commander be, and is hereby authorized and requested to make ample preparation for the reception and entertainment of these visitors, and others whom we may invite to participate with us on that occasion, in a manner appropriate to their rank, and becoming the character and standard of Wisconsin Commandery with *true* chivalric and Christian Knighthood.

In consonance with these proceedings, a programme was made out for the 12th of October, and was closely followed. It was as follows:

The ceremonies of the occasion comprised a reception at the Newhall House at 8 o'clock P. M., and a banquet at 9 o'clock. All Sir Knights were courteously invited to be present with their ladies, and participate with Commandery No. 1, in honors befitting the occasion. The Sir Knights appeared in full dress, and the occasion was honored by a vast throng of ladies and Sir Knights, visitors and residents.

The following were the committees, and their duties, we are pleased to say, were scrupilously and admirably performed:

RECEPTION—Sir A. V. H. Carpenter, Sir E. H. Stone, Sir H. A. Starr, Sir G. B. Goodwin, Sir R. B. Miller, Sir E. F. White.

EXECUTIVE—Sir F. J. Crosby, Sir S. Sanborn, Sir C. M. Hoyt, Sir J. Hamilton, Sir J. R. Drake, Sir E. P Mathews, Sir J. H. Tesch.

MUSIC—Sir T. Forbes, Sir D. N. Kasson, Sir S. Cadwallader.

DECORATIONS—Sir F. A. Lydston, Sir W. E. Kittredge, Sir A. B. Hewett.

The capacious dining hall and ladies' ordinary of the Newhall House were most tastefully decorated for the occasion. Overhead the national colors and emblems of knighthood were gracefully festooned, while the colors of the order—red and white—were hung tastefully around the room. Maltese crosses, with flaming stars in the centre, and bearing the names of all the States, were arranged among the decorations; and beautiful banners bearing the emblems, were hung in various parts of the room. At the head of the hall a beautiful triple cross was hung, bearing the inscription, "1869—Palmer Testimonial—H. L. Palmer, Milwaukee, M. E. P. G. M." The tables were arranged in the main dining hall in the form of a triple cross. The ornamental dishes all bore Masonic emblems, executed in a highly artistic manner. In the centre a royal arch, made of confectionery, was erected. Throughout the entire length of the tables the most elegant pyramids of fruit, confectionery, and flowers were placed, producing an effect which it would be difficult to excel.

The viands and wines were all that the most fastidious and exacting tastes could desire, and would have tempted an anchorite from his cell. Even the good St. Anthony, without the blandishments of female charms which tradition tells us Satan tempted him with, made the good old saint shaky in his virtue, might have been lured from his retirement, and his *pater nosters*, if he had caught sight of those groaning tables, laden as they were, with every delicacy and with the choicest liquid incentives to wit and gallantry.

The Sir Knights of Wisconsin Commandery, No. 1, and their wives and daughters entered the banqueting hall first and took their places, Eminent Commander J. H. Dodge in the highest position Sir A. V. H. Carpenter then escorted the visiting Sir Knights and their ladies to the hall, and presented them to Wisconsin Commandery in a few brief and well chosen remarks, to which Eminent Commander Dodge responded, welcoming them to the hospitalities of the commandery. A blessing was asked by Sir Samuel Fallows, when all seated themselves, and gaiety and hilarity reigned, while wit, stimulated by beauty, flashed and sparkled over the board.

At the conclusion of the banquet, E. Commander Sir J. H. Dodge introduced M. E. J. W. Simons, P. G. M., who, in fitting words presented to Sir H. L. Palmer and wife, a beautiful set of solid silver cutlery, and to Sir Knight Palmer a copy of the testimonial resolutions of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar, elegantly embossed and richly bound, and containing all the emblems of knighthood, all beautifully executed with a pen. Sir Knight Palmer responded eloquently to the remarks of Sir Knight Simons. We regret very much that we have not a report of the speeches on the occasion.

As soon as the hall could be cleared after the banquet, the guests returned and engaged in the pleasures of the dance. The courtly Sir Knights and their beautiful ladies never appeared to better advantage and never enjoyed themselves better, we venture to say, than when tripping lightly through the intricacies of the dance.

The occasion will long be remembered by those who took part in it. We have given space and a prominent position to the affair for the reason that it has interest for every Knight Templar in the land, and for the reason also that the account of the *re-union* will be read with pleasure by thousands of our readers who have not yet reached the commandery degrees, but who still feel a deep interest in having every link of the grand Masonic chain that binds us into a common brotherhood kept bright and strong. Such meetings as these tend to do these things, and when they take place, with happy results, and to the satisfaction and indeed delight of the better sex, they should be noted.

MASONIC ITEMS.

There is a charming tradition connected with the site on which the temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been occupied in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On this spot was sown a field of wheat. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said to his wife: "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take of my shocks, and place with his without his knowledge." The younger brother being actuated by the same benevolent motives, said within himself, "My elder brother has a family, and I have none, I will arise, take of my shocks, and place with his."

Judge of their mutual astonishment, when, on the following day, they found their respective shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights when each resolved in his own mind to stand guard and solve the mystery. They did so; when, on the following night, they met each other half-way between their respective shocks with their arms full. Upon ground hallowed by such associations as this, was the temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent the wonder and admiration of the world. Alas, in these days, how many would sooner steal their brother's whole shock than add to it a single sheaf!

ST. JOHN'S Gate, the only remaining gate of the ancient city of London, erected A. D. 1100 and saved from decay and restored in 1504, is constructed in a castelated form, with a large room overlooking the roadway which the arch of the gate crosses. This gate was "ye work of ye Masons of ye olden tyme," and is so much esteemed as such, that the large room before alluded to has been set apart as a meeting place for Lodges, Chapters and Encampments, most especially for the use of Knights Templar. Under the care of the Fraternity, the "old gate" is expected to last for centuries to come.

A NEW Masonic Lodge was recently opened at Odenburg, Hungary, by sixteen brethren, having at their head M. Vogel Staft. These brethren comprised representatives of various nationalities, viz: Hungarians eleven, Germans two, Poles one, a Slavonian and a Czech. When the symbolic Lodge had been opened and the grand battery given, ten profanes, including three Magyar notables, were admitted members of the Order, and were addressed by the orator on the mission of Freemasonry.—*N. Y. Courier.*

BY reference to the advertisement on the cover of our Magazine, it will be seen that Bro. Moore, of Lawton, offers for sale, at the moderate price of two dollars, a very fine Lithograph Chart, comprising all the emblems of Masonry. It is certainly the most beautiful article of the kind we have ever seen, and should have a place in every Lodge, and also the house of every member of the craft. We can supply them at the publishers prices sent by post free of expense.

MASONIC HALL, ROME, MICH., Dec. 17, 1869.

To the Editor of the "Michigan Freemason:—At a regular communication of Rome Lodge No. 41, F. & A. M., held at Masonic Hall Dec. 16th, 1869, Edwin A. Teall was, after regular trial, expelled from all the rights and benefits of Masonry, and the Secretary instructed to notify you of the action of the Lodge, and request publication in your journal. GEO. D. MUSSEY, Secretary.

TABLE TALK.—NUMBER VI.

BY GOTTFRIED.

"Rev. Dr. Dane has been delivering his lecture on dreams and dreamings again," said Barney Hagerman, laying down the Chicago *Tribune* to refill his pipe.

"Well, what of it?" I enquired.

"Nothing, particularly," returned he, "only I should think that a gentleman of great ability and of an erudite education could not be at a loss for subjects for lectures in this wonderful age of investigation which is overturning and analyzing every scientific propositon."

"Well, what has that to do with Dr. Dane's lecture?" I asked.

"Nothing," returned Barney, "only that he has been doling out that same dreamy lecture, every winter for the three years last past. His literary genius can not be very prolific, or it would trump up something upon some other subject, I should think."

"Yes," said I, "but a good thing will bear repetition."

"Yes, a good thing—mind, a *good thing*," said Barney, giving a particular emphasis to the "good thing," and looking at me significantly, as he applied a blazing match to his pipe.

"Do you pretend to say that Dr. Dane's lecture on Dreams and Dreaming is not a *good thing?* Has it not elicited the highest commendations of the press?" said I.

"Did you ever hear the lecture?" enquired Barney.

"No," answered I, "I never did."

"Well I did, two years ago, at Monroe, said Barney, half closing his eyes, with a waggish drollery.

"Well, what have you to say of it?" I asked.

"Dr. Dane," answered he, "is a pleasant speaker—rather an impressive speaker; his language is pure and well chosen; his sentences finished and well rounded, but, if "Dreams and Dreaming" were to be delivered by any other one than Dr. Dane, or some other D. D. and L. L. D., president of a University or College, it might prove very tiresome to listen to, and might have a tendency to put an audience to sleep, if not to dreaming in good earnest."

"Well now Barney," I said, "be so good as to lay aside your mysterious hints and suggestions and point out the faults of the lecturer."

"Are you not asking too much of me? I would prefer to point out its merits," returned Barney Hagerman.

"Well then its merits," I rejoined.

"Yes, I will do that. It is pretty, and does no harm," said Barney Hagerman.

"Is that all?" I enquired.

"That is all. It is not scientific; it is not philosophical; it is not instructive; it is speculative; it is hypothetical; it is not elevated in its conception; it is pointless, and as "baseless as the empty fabric of a vision." It is not even suggestive, inasmuch as the learned Doctor sums up his whole lecture of an hour's effort, by telling his sleepy auditors that Dreams and Dreaming is a mystery that he knew nothing about, and, that if any of his auditors do, they know more than he does."

"Now," continued Barney Hagerman, "in dreams and dreaming there is an incomprehensible mystery I had hoped, when I went to hear a professor of science lecture upon this subject, that I would get some new light upon this wonderful mental phenomenon. I was disappointed."

"You are a believer in dreams then, are you? I enquired. "So was my grand-mother" continued I.

"Yes," returned Barney Hagerman, I believe that dreams and dreaming furnish the highest rational evidence of the immortality of the soul, and, of the action of the mind or spirit, entirely independent of the material organization."

"How so," I enquired.

"You know," returned Barney Hagerman, "it is said that the mind is only accessable through those physical avenues commonly denominated the five senses. The mind perceives and conceives only as objects are presented to it through the medium of one or more of these. The sense of feeling and tasting the alfactory nerves, the retina and the tympanum are instruments of the minds action, attainments, perceptions and acquirements of the knowledge of external facts. Without these, say the Savans of Sciense, the mind can know nothing. Premise."

"You fall asleep. Suddenly you find yourself in a new locality. New and strange objects surrounded you. Your mind hears beautiful music. Your ear does not deceive you, for your ear has nothing to do with it. Your ear, with all your other physical organs and faculties (except the artrieal and respiratory functions are locked in sleep and sealed to all external things. Besides, were it otherwise, those waves or agitations of the atmosphere which produce music-tones by striking upon and disturbing the tympanum or drum of the ear do not transpire, therefore it is not through the medium of that organ that the mind hears the music. But the ear is asleep and does not act, for it does not hear the house-breaker that is climbing into your chamber window, your eye does not see the assassin as he bends over your couch with the glittering steel drawn for the fatal blow. 'Your eye can see nothing; its retina is closed in, and shut away from external objects by its lid, and, is incapable of reflecting. There you lie a breathing corpse, alike helpless, and ignorant of your local surroundings and the dangers which threaten you. Your mind is in action a thousand miles away from your body It is drinking in the harmony of music The solemn pathos of Old Hundred thrills you. Every particular note is correctly chanted and enhanced by the most tasteful execution and the most exact and precise interpretation "

'In the midst of this scene a friend you have not seen for years, advances and warmly greets your mind Your eye does not see him, for your eye is closed and can not see anything but your mind sees him correctly and exactly as he is or as much so as if it perceived him through the medium of the eye So the eye is not necessary to correct mental conception.

'You note his familiar countenance: not dimly and distortedly, but clearly and brilliantly. The same old familiar voice greets you. It is true in every peculiar intonation—every particular variation and accent. You think actively, clearly and rapidly. You solve satisfactorily complex metaphysical propositions. You reason nicely and exactly upon the radical principles of ethics and abstract science. All this happens, not only without the aid of your physical functions. but entirely independent of the material organization; therefore, the mind is as clear, as capable and as perfect without the instrumentality of the body as with it; *ergo*, the dissolution of the material atoms composing the body, or the happening of that physical phenomenon which is generally called dying, can not interfere with the mental organization any more than falling asleep interferes with dreaming.

'Is not dreaming, then, the action of the spirit independent of the body? Does it not refute the position of the infidel, that the mind is the consequence or effect of the body, and, therefore, dependent upon it for its existance, and that it must cease to exist with its dissolution?

'Yet, all this escaped the observation of Dr. Dane, although he, the learned professor and devout christian, undertook to make the most of dreams and dreaming. The Doctor is not much of a dreamer, after all is said Men dream to more purpose. sometimes, with their eyes shut than with them wide open. This brings to my mind a dream I had many years ago. It was in 1839 when I was on my first exploring adventure in this State. It was in the stage-coach between Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. Reuben Mitten and I were the only passengers that night, as the travel. in those days, was mostly westward, and we were going eastward on our way to Detroit.

The night was dark. A warm, heavy rain poured down. After changing teams, and the mail at Ann Arbor, the driver threw the mail bag into the coach at my feet to preserve it from the drenching rain.

'I tramped the old canvass sack down under my feet and leaned back in the drousy darkness of the coach for an easier position, with these reflections passing through my mind: 'How wonderful? that same canvass bag contains the thoughts—a portion of the minds of many thinking beings. What stories that old bag could tell if each letter it contains were endowed with a voice—and could—could—would—These are the last reflections I could remember, when, it appeared to me, that the mail-bag commenced to swell and subside under my feet not unlike a set of lungs. This was accompanied by a suppressed wheezing like the labored breathing of a man suffering under a violent paroxyism of spasmodic asthma. At last, after a hoarse croupy cough or two a voice issued from the mail-bag. It ran thus:

"Dear sir. Your note falls due on the 10th of next month. I shall expect it to be met with prompt payment. If in this I am disappointed I will put it in suit immediately. Yours &c., *"

"Ah! thought I, this is apt to be the opening and the burden of everything. Money! money! money! I do believe if the sea were to give up her dead, and the earth give up her dead and the other place we read about, which it is supposed receives a double portion of defunct mortals, were to give up *her* dead (if the place were of the feminine gender,) that the first cry would be *money* and that it would be made an occasion of dunning and collecting bad debts, and—

But my interresting chat with myself was interrupted by a voice from the mail-bag that could not be mistaken. The high piping key, the nasal intonation and the subjects introduced and discussed, suggested a pair of thin lips wearing an expression of puritanical solemnity, and might have hailed originally from "down east."

"Dear Sir," it commenced. "Speculation is the word. This is the country for speculation. We can get any quantity of land for ten shillings per acre. These lands must soon come into demand at an advance upon government price.

I propose to put in $1000, if you will put in the same sum. We can enter fifteen hundred acres of land with the aggregate fund. We can hold these lands until the industry and enterprise which is rapidly tending in this direction develope the great natural resources, and producing advantages, when we, holding the best lands, can sell at high prices; for the improvement of the inferior qualities by the settlers will greatly enhance the value of the better.

'We can get rid of the taxes, simply by not paying them, and, should they be offered for sale for the taxes, they will not sell, for the settlers are too poor to pay their own taxes and therefore cannot bid on them. So, you perceive we can thus get rid of paying tax at home on the money we invest and upon the lands here.

'There is a chance for another speculation which opens flattering inducements in which I propose to invest two or three thousand dollars if you will join me in it. It is this:

'I propose to go into the pine lands along the lake shore and starting several lumber mills. We can ship the lumber direct to Cleveland and Buffalo. There is a little place called Shikoggo, or Chicago, or some such outlandish Indian name some place along the shore of Lake Michigan, I think, which, I am informed, is growing quite rapidly and creates quite a little demand for pine lumber as it is said there is no timber near the little village.

'It will not be necessary for us to invest any money in these pine lands, as they all belong to government; we can skim off the timber, enough to make our fortunes and the government be none the wiser of it.

'This is the country for speculation; for instance:—I traded for a first rate eighty acre lot in exchange for some of the traps and notions I brought along with me to make good my traveling expenses. I gave two of those little plaid shawls, at twenty dollars each, (I think they cost ten shillings apiece by the wholesale,) and one of the brass watches at sixty dollars; that is, one of the second class lot, for which we paid $30 per dozen. The fellow had a good Government patent for the land, and supposes that he is now the owner of a gold watch worth $100. I tell you there is a great opening here for speculation.

'I unexpectedly met with Eliphacet Jones in this village last Saturday. He lives in a neighboring village about ten miles from this on. He invited me home with him to spend the Sabbath. I accepted his kind invitation, for, by so doing, I could save my expenses over Sabbath at the little tavern where I am making my home at present.

"I attended worship with Eliph. and united with the brethren in the Lord's supper as it was a sacramental occasion. The communion was very interesting in this far west region. A very able sermon was delivered by a minister from down East of the name of the Rev. Myron Smith. He went home with Eliphacet and tarried one night with him. I was deeply impressed with his piety and his earnest devotion to the cause of the Redeemer.

"You had better write to me about my proposed speculations, for, if we go into it I had better remain here and commence prospecting with a view of investing. Yours &c. * * "

"P. S. Collect Wyman Brown's note as soon as it matures, for he cannot pay, it only in dribblets as he did the last one. So sue him as soon as the note becomes due: we can take both of his horses on execution. That bay is a fine animal. I think she would bring $200. If you can manage to get the 20 per cent. interest out of him by days works before sueing the note, that will leave the even $100 on the note to go into judgment and the question of usury cannot come up. We can bid off the horses at $50 each, and thus close out the matter. As Wyman has nothing left but the horses we had better not let him have any more goods on time, for we can't afford to lose money on poor customers these hard times. * * "

Here was something rich. Piety and pine lands; saving grace and saving hotel expenses; usury and usefulness; expectations and speculations; impressive sermons and brass watches; ten shilling lands and ten shilling shawls; government patents and executions.

But I was again interrupted by another voice from the mail bag which ran as follows, with a slight German accent:

"MY DEAR SALLY:—I arrove in the mitchigan terry torry. the roads was verry muddy and the walken was verry slavish. but It is A fine country fish and game is plenty and I bought a forty acre lot it tuck all the money but fore dollars, but thats nothing weel git along some how I put up a cabing on the 40 acre and if only you and our little Peggy was here It would be all right for without a body's wife that he loves better nor his self and his own deer little gal no place cant never be no home to him nor no body else. If only you was here and I could see our little Peggy a runnin around with her new red flannel frock or among the other most beautifullest flowers that grows around here in the burr oak openins on the forty I would'nt care for nothing else in this little world. git Steve or grandad to write a letter for you to me for it seems as if I will go crazy if I don't hear from you I don't much expect to git back home after you and Peggy much afore fall for I must work days works to earn the money first. They do tell out here about a great country away out on the west constant river but this is good enough for me in spite of the west constant country.

"I write these few lines to inform you that I am in good health hopin these few lines may find you in the same state of health the same thanks be to God for the same.

Your affectionately husband and father,
G. S.

'Ah!' soliliquized I, 'Uncle Sam's mail bag spoke to some purpose that time. There was no speculation in that voice; no high mark; no piety; no hypocrisy; no usury; no design to cheat the government; no professions of piety mixed up with judgments and executions. Here spoke the clear strong voice of honest industry, self reliance mingled with the pure and gentle whisperings of tender affection, homely and unclassical in its expression most truly, but none the less pure and noble. Away with your speculation and your money old mail bag—your communion and your impressive sermons—the out-breathings of the true-hearted, hard-fisted laborer, is more precious than gems compared with them. How beautifully and how touchingly they turn up, like pure gold among such trash; I fancied the innocent little Peggy, in her scarlet, away among the wild flowers, and I cried out, 'Poetry! poetry! beautiful! Exquisite in its conception if not in its expression.' But I was again interrupted by another voice—a female voice; a gentle voice; a soft voice, as cooing and plaintive as a widowed dove's. It ran thus:

"Dear Henry—I am yet at Berrien Springs. I have lately heard that you had returned to Dayton. I can not understand why you should leave Michigan without a word of explanation. Dear Henry, have you deserted me entirely? were all your vows of enduring affection false? Think of my anguish; think of my crushed hopes and my bitter disappointments. My school closed last week. To-morrow is the day appointed by you for our nuptials, and I am here alone, heart-broken and lonely, and where is my dear Henry? To-morrow, alas! a sad to-morrow, to which I looked forward with so much fond solicitude. And, am I to learn that you have deserted me? Oh! God! it does seem that my heart must break!"

"MARY."

Sobs and sighs continued after the voice had ceased. Here was, indeed, a sad disclosure. Desertion and sorrow—broken vows and broken hearts—wailing and lamentations—grief and tears—fond hopes crushed—tender affections trifled with. How many hearts, like this confiding creature's, were bursting with anguish while the world wagged merrily on with its speculations and sermons, its exchanges and piety, its judgments and sacramental occasions?

But, a sudden sneeze from the mail bag interrupted my colloquy with myself, which was followed by a rather shrill but flippant voice that discoursod in these oily and obsequious terms:

"*To his Excellency, John Tyler, President of the United States of America:*

"HONORED SIR:—Permit me to say, that although I am personally unknown to you, yet I have ever been a most arduous supporter of your administration. I have made great pecuniary sacrifices in support of our party, and, although it may come with an ill grace from me, yet the peculiar circumstances of the case require me to say that I am not without a wide influence among the poople of this new country. Honored Sir—There is at this time a vacancy in the office of———"

'Silence, old lick spittle! Old demagogue!' said I. 'I'll none of your politics—I abjure; I intredict politics in this interesting interview with the public at large;' at the same time bringing a pair of lusty boots into the chest, or abdomen (if you please) of the old mail bag with such force as to kick the last breath out of it, so that it could not even cry for quarters. I was still punching my boot heels into the mail bag with a commendable perseverance when a shrill blast from the driver's horn announced our arrival at Ypsilanti. 'I had been dreaming,' said Barney Hagerman, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on his thumb nail, and resuming his newspaper.

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BEHIND TIME.—We are fully a month behind time and sorry indeed to have it so. The office where we have had our printing done has changed one of its proprietors, foreman, pressman, and most of the principal printers, and in the language of the old proprietor, has been "sadly demoralized." We have been chagrined beyond endurance, but could not control the untoward circumstrnces. We have better arrangements for the future, and will catch up in a couple of months.

MAIMED LIMBS.

We give an article in the present issue from Brother Jacob Norton, of Boston, Massachusetts, which will be deemed in the highest degree heretical by a majority of our readers, and which we are aware is contrary to the decisions of almost every Grand Lodge in the United States, our own included But we are disposed to give every honest Mason an opportunity to be heard, and we are convinced that Bro. Norton is sincere in his convictions and professions; we therefore print his article, and accompany it with the following Report of the Standing Committee on Masonic Law, made at the last session of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, and adopted. We do this that our readers may be posted as to the law that is, while they may read the arguments in favor of the maimed. We may here add, that the subject is engrossing the attention of some of the ablest Masonic writers in England, the opinions of whom we may quote into our Journal at some future time, accompanied perhaps by remarks of our own.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON MASONIC LAW.

The Standing Committee on Masonic Law then transmitted the following report, which was accepted and adopted:

To the M. W. Grand Master and Brethren of the Grand Lodge of the State of Michigan:

"Your Standing Committee on Masonic Law, to whom was referred the case of Bro. Frank Johnson, a Fellow Craft of Grand Haven Lodge No. 139, under this Grand jurisdiction, do respectfully report as follows:

Bro. Johnson, after having been passed to the Degree of Fellow Craft, received a severe injury, which resulted in necessitating an amputation of his left leg, below the knee.

Your Committee are called upon to express their opinion as to whether Bro. Johnson is, under the facts presented, eligible to the Master Mason's degree.

Your Committee are of the opinion that he is not.

While Bro. Johnson's misfortune is deplorable, and must excite the sympathy of the Fraternity, and while in all other respects he may be thoroughly qualified for admission to the sublime degree, yet it is in this case irreparable.

Your Committee find that, in conferring the several Degrees, the ancient Landmarks, Rites and Traditions must be strictly adhered to.

The loss of an arm or foot is an irreparable obstacle to the conferring of any of the three degrees In arriving at this conclusion, your Committee find no discrepancy or disagreement among Masonic writers, and it seems to them to be too plain a proposition for argument.

Your Committee were instructed to report a Resolution to this Grand Body, providing for cases of the character above referred to. Accordingly, they respectfully submit, for your consideration, the following resolution:

Resolved, That any physical injury or imperfection which would render the conferring of any of the degrees upon a candidate or brother desiring advancement, as required by the work or ritual, either impossible, imperfect or incompetent, is an insuperable objection to farther progress, until such injury or imperfection be cured or removed. And, in case of loss of hand or foot, such defect is remedilcss.

Your Commietce are of the opinion that the replacement of lost natural members by artificial ones, is no remedy for the difficulty.

M. S. BRACKET,
FRED A. NIMS,
H. M. LOOK."

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MASONIC TRIALS.—We have received copies of Bro. Look's excellent work on Masonic Trials, and were about to write a notice of it, and testify to its merits, when we received the following from our co-editor, which we most cheerfully endorse. W. J. C.

"*Editor Michigan Free Mason:*

DEAR BROTHER:—I have recently had the pleasure of examining a work upon Masonic trials, and a digest of Masonic law, rulings, &c., in this Grand Jurisdiction, by our worthy Bro. Hon. H. M. Look, Grand Visitor and Lecturer. I hail this little volume as a most important accession to the Masonic library, and a great auxiliary to the administration of this branch of Masonry. In fact it is the first and only practical work of the kind that has ever been presented.

Bro. Look has done his work not only well but ably. It embraces everything that is necessary in the conduct of a Lodge as a judicial tribunal. In every conception, provision and form, it manifests the able jurist in combining the strict principles of equity and the broad foundations of Masonic charity.

A three years' experience in the Oriental Chair of this Grand Jurisdiction, impressed upon my mind the necessity of such a work, and suggested its accomplishment as a labor of my own. But I am quite sure our Brother Look has executed this work much better, and more acceptably to the Craft than I could have done it. I congratulate our Order on the production of this manual of Masonic law. Every Master Mason ought to have one.

Yours Fraternally and Truly,
S. C. COFFINBURY,
PAST GRAND MASTER.

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TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a regular meeting of Mendon Lodge No. 137 of F. & A. Masons, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to call from his labor here, to repose in the Celestial Lodge above, our much esteemed and beloved brother, Chapin S. Gibbs; and

WHEREAS, The sudden and frightful catastrophe which called him hence prevented the Brotherhood from paying more than the last sad tribute of respect and affection to his earthly remains, and there is nothing left to them but to express their deep grief for his untimely fate—their esteem for his many virtues and respect for his memory; therefore be it

Resolved, That by the lamentable and unexpected death of our Brother, Chapin S. Gibbs, this Lodge has been deprived of a most zealous and devoted member, his wife and family of a most affectionate and exemplary head, and society of a true and honest man—"Creation's noblest work."

That this most untimely and cruel fate has plunged his Brethren into profound sorrow, which is felt by all who knew him.

That whilst his many virtues and good qualities endear his memory to us, and should serve as a bright example for our imitation, we are reminded by his sad and sudden end that we are ever walking in the "Valley of Shadow," and are taught the useful lesson that in the midst of Life is Death.

That the members of this Lodge, in their own name and in behalf of the Brotherhood at large, tender to his bereaved widow and family their deep and profound sympathy with their afflictions, and the assurance of their brotherly regard and protection.

That the members of this Lodge will wear the usual badge of mourning, for the space of three months, and that during the same space of time the implements and jewels of the Lodge shall be covered with crape.

That this preamble and these resolutions shall be published in the *Three Rivers Reporter*, and that copies shall be forwarded to the different Masonic journals, with the request that they be admitted to a place therein.

That a copy of the above be given to the widow of our deceased Brother, and that she be furnished with a Grand Lodge Diploma, at the expense of this Lodge.

That the foregoing be spread at large upon the Minutes of the Lodge, and a copy forwarded to the Grand Lodge, with our annual returns as a part thereof. CHARLES A. PALMER, W. M.

ABRAM H. VOORHEES, Sec.

LETTER FROM AN AGED BROTHER.

We have received the following fraternal letter from Brother Whitman, who has been a worthy member of the craft more than a half century, and even now, at the advanced age of ninety-three, loves the order as much as ever. Of course we shall enter his name on our mail book, and it shall remain there while we publish the MICHIGAN FREEMASON. An ample reward will be found in the thought that a Brother so faithful to the interests of our noble craft, appreciates our journal, and reads it with interest:

SPRING PORT, November 4th, 1869.

Friend Chaplin:

SIR:—I wrote to you some time since for one copy of the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, and received No. 1, Vol. 1, with which I was well pleased. It brought to my mind times past, as I have been a Mason since 1818. I have passed through about all, or similar scenes, that your father passed through in the Morgan excitement. I was then a member of the Baptist Church, in Aallegany County, New York. I should be extremely glad to take the MICHIGAN FREEMASON, and should do so had I the means, for I think it is just what we want for

Michigan; but I have not the means. I am poor, and over 93 years old, and have a wife to support over 75, and a cripple, and has been for about 10 years. If you think you can afford to send it to me it will be thankfully received. Yours Gratefully,

JONAH WHITMAN.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

During the month of September, we attended the State Fair at Jackson, being impressed with the thought that then and there we should meet many of the fraters from all parts of the State. We formed a number of new acquaintances, and then left on the cars of the Michigan Central Railroad, "traveling to the east." A very pleasant ride of ten miles, through a beautiful agricultural country, brought us to the little village of Grass Lake. Excelsior Lodge No. 116, is located here. It was organized Nov. 12th, 1858, and received its charter in 1860. It now numbers one hundred working members, and has a comfortable Hall, neatly carpeted and furnished, and is in a healthy, prosperous condition. The meetings are well attended, and the spirit of friendship, morality and brotherly love prevails. Bro. H. S. Smith is W. M., and John Anderson, Secretary, and Agent for the MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

We next visited Chelsea, a very pleasant and thriving village, located on the Michigan Central. Olive Lodge No. 156, is located here, and was organized on the 9th of March, 1864, received its charter in 1865. Its career was prosperous until within the last year, when difficulties arose in regard to their financial matters, and we were sorry to learn that at present there is not so much interest manifestrd in Masonry as there should be, in this place. There are, however, some real "workers" in the Chelsea Lodge, and it is hoped that the dark cloud will soon pass away, and the glorious sun shine more brightly than ever. This Lodge numbers 56 members. Brother Orrin Thatcher is W. M. and Agent for our Journal.

Our next stop was at Dexter, a thriving village located on the Michigan Central Railroad, ten miles west of Ann Arbor. The surrounding country is the finest in the State, and highly cultivated Washtenaw Lodge No. 65, is located in Dexter; was organized in June, 1853, and received its charter January, 1854, F. Carlisle being the first W. M. It had always enjoyed a high state of prosperity up to the 25th day of last March, at which time a fire destroyed the Hall, furniture, clothing, jewels, archives, everything. The Hall, however, was not the property of the Lodge, except as it was owned by a joint stock company made up of its members. We commend the zeal and energy of the members of No. 65, who have so soon completed and furnished the beautiful Hall they now occupy.

Several Lodges have sprung from this one, yet there remain about one hundred members. Bro. A. D. Crane is W. M., who is Agent for our Magazine, and promises occasional contributions.

We next visited Ann Arbor, one of the most beautiful and important cities in the State of Michigan. The State University being located here makes it the focus of learning, and the fertility of the country, and beauty of the surroundings, are unsurpassed. Our fraternity is largely represented, prominent among whom are Bros. S. G. Taylor and Zina P. King, who will please accept our thanks for favors shown. Two Lodges, a Chapter, a Council and Commandery are located here, and are in a very prosperous condition. We are sorry that we did not obtain statestics so that we could record the time of organization and give the history of their prosperous growth and present numbers. Bro. S. G. Taylor kindly consented to act as our Agent and correspondent.

Here we left the railroad, and went by stage to Saline, a village located just ten miles due south of Ann Arbor. The graveled road was smoothe, and the ride refreshing. Here we found many kind-hearted brethren. Saline Lodge No. 133 was organized April 2d, 1861, worked U. D. till January, 1862, when it received its Charter. Bro. L. Clark was the first W. M. and was re-elected four years in succession, and is now filling the same honored position for the fifth time! Brother G. B. Mason is Secretary and Agent for our Magazine.

From Saline we returned to the railroad, and next visited Phœnix Lodge, No. 13, at Ypsilanti, where we experienced how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. This Lodge received its charter in January, 1847, Bro. Madison Cook being the first W. M. Their Hall was burned on the 25th of March, 1851. The next year the brethren formed a joint stock company and erected the Lodge Hall they now occupy. The members take a lively interest in the work, and the attendance at Lodge meetings is good. This is one of the oldest working Lodges in the State, is very prosperous, and continues a healthful growth. It numbers 140 members, C. N. Webb being the present W. M. and Agent for the MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

There is another prosperous Lodge in this place, "Ypsilanti No. 128," presided over by Brother J. C. Marvin, whose history and membership we cannot report at this time, but hope to visit it at no distant day.

Long shall we remember the kindly treatment we received at the hands of the Brethren, as we briefly sojourned with them, and ardently do we desire their prosperity and happiness, now and forever.

T. R.

OUR MASONIC EXCHANGES.

The *Masonic Mirror* is the title of a very beautiful new 32 page Monthly which has recently been started at San Francisco, California, price $2 50 per annum. It is a gem, such as we hope to make ours after Jan. 15th, 1870. It is conducted with ability.

The Voice of Masonry hails from Chicago, and is much like the *Masonic Record* in the style of its articles, except that it would more willingly do reverence to Dr. Morris, perchance. It is well printed, and its articles, though not marked with a great deal of vigor or originality, are always Masonic. It will never infringe upon landmarks. Price $2.00 per year.

The Masonic Monthly is *non constat!* We hear of it through our exchanges, but fear that we have committed the unpardonable sin, by demuring against eating a full plate of stale *Hash* every month We had no thought that the Titanic warriors of the *Monthly* would turn their backs to the battle the first shot they received, and that from an unpracticed marksman. The Editors had been firing hot shot at everybody so long, and like the giant of old, had stood and defied to the contest, that we expected the shells and shot would fill the air in *this* quarter, when our *re-hash* should appear. Bro. Norton seems the most valiant Roman of them all, for he has come right over to our door, and *demanded satisfaction.* He is a good fellow, and shall have justice, even should it come to him in occasional stripes! But Bro. Evans ought to be ashamed, to back out, and refuse an exchange, because we took up the glove he so defiantly threw down!

But pleasantry aside, we should be pleased to have the courtesy of an exchange, and will agree to take a *moderate* plate of *Hash*, rather than do without the many good things served up in the *Monthly;* so Bro. Evans *do* exchange with us.

CHIPS.

The oldest Masonic Book published in the United States was a re-print, by Benjamin Franklin, of "Anderson's Masonic Constitutions."

One of the oldest Lodges in the United States is Zion Lodge No. 3, of Detroit, Michigan. It received its warrant from the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, April 17th, 1764.

The Sixteenth Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of California, was held in October, and is said to have been a very interesting one. We hope to be favored with the printed proceedings.

BACK NUMBERS.—We are continually asked if we can supply back numbers? We can; and as we have continued articles which will extend through the volume, it is important that the brothers should have all the numbers.

The Earl of Zetland has resigned the office of Grand Master of England, after serving with great ability in that honorable station for more than twenty years, and performed an almost incredible amount of labor for the Craft. The *Freemason* of London is full of his praise. Masonry has displayed her strength and beauty under his judicious administration.

His Imperial Highness, the Prince Francis Rhodocauskis, was recently admitted in the order of Knights Templar in the Priory of the Lothians, Scotland. The Ven. Prior, Grand Secretary to the Chapter General, conferred the degree, in the presence of several Sir Knights of renown both civilly and masonically. The family of the Rhodocauskis' are the direct lineal male representative of the family of Ducas, the most ancient and illustrious of the Boyzantine or Roman Empire.—*Keystone.*

Bro. A. Partridge, R. W. D. G. M. of this grand jurisdiction, has been Master of his Lodge, No. 44, at Birmingham, over twenty years, during which time he has made more than two hundred Masons, and is never absent from his Lodge meetings, except when in attendance at the Grand Lodge. Go on, Bro. P., in the good work, and may success, as it always has in the past, attend all your efforts in the future

Bro. J. V. Lambertson, R. W. Jr. G. W., has presided over his Lodge at Rochester about as long as Bro. P. has his; and conferred about the same number of Degrees. Many thanks to Bro. L. for the fraternal reception he gave us while visiting that pleasant little village.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. I.—JANUARY, A. L. 5870.—NO. VII.

GRAND BODIES OF MICHIGAN.

The Grand Chapter and Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of this jurisdiction held their annual meetings in the city of Detroit on the second week of January inst. They were largely attended, and an unusual amount of business dispatched with that harmony which becometh Masons. At this writing we have not the proceedings, or minutes of them, at hand, and can do no more than give portions of the reports. The annual address of the Grand High Priest, William L. Webber, of East Saginaw, was an able one, and was highly appreciated by the Companions in attendance. We give the following extracts, which will be read with interest, especially by our Michigan Companions who were unable to attend the Grand Chapter:

COMPANIONS.—At this twenty-first annual convocation of this Grand Chapter we are again permitted by a kind Providence to meet in fraternal harmony, to exchange kindly greetings, to kneel together around one common altar to render thanks to the Great and Good Being from whom all our blessings flow, to enjoy a season of pleasant social intercourse, to review the proceedings of the past, and to legislate for the future as the good of the Royal Craft may seem to require. So far as I am advised, no disturbing element exists within our borders. The craft are pursuing their labors with assiduity, and vie with each other as to who can best work and best agree.

At the last annual convocation of this Grand Chapter, as shown by the reports then presented, there were 4,487 Royal

Arch Masons holding membership in this jurisdiction. The number at the present time must exceed 5,000. Ten years ago the number was only 1,080. Five years ago the number was 2,072. A review of the rate of increase in membership shows great prosperity

We have only to guard well the portals, and be sure that no unworthy or unfit material is received into our symbolic building to mar the beauty and stability of the structure, and to be ourselves careful and zealous to walk uprightly upon the firm foundation of love to God and love to man upon which it is reared, to make and keep it an edifice which shall prove a blessing to the world, well pleasing to God.

At the last annual convocation eight new chapters were chartered. These were constituted, and their officers installed, by myself and the excellent Companions named below, who kindly consented to act as proxies for me, as follows:

Lyons Chapter, No. 60, on February 4, 1869, by M. E. E. Sprague, P. G. H. P.

Galesburg Chapter, No. 61, on January 22, 1869, by R. E. Chas. H. Brown, D. G. H. P.

White Pigeon Chapter, No. 62, on February 22, 1869, by M. E. S. C. Coffinberry, P. G. H. P.

Joppa Chapter, No. 63, at Saginaw City, on February 8, 1869, by myself.

Richmond Chapter, No. 64, on March 10, 1869, by E. Comp. Jex Bardwell, P. H. P. of Monroe Chapter, No. 1.

Manistee Chapter, No. 65, on February 15, 1869, by E. Comp. B. F. Doughty, H. P. of Oceana Chapter, No. 56.

Stafford Chapter, No. 66, on February 12, 1869, by E. Comp. Nicholas Wolfel, H. P. of Damascus Chapter, No. 41.

Chessning Chapter, No. 67, on February 11, 1869, by myself.

To the excellent Companions who officiated as proxies, and to those who assisted them and myself, I return my sincere thanks.

Each of these new chapters, as I am informed by reports and by observation, possesses all the requisites to do good work, and in due time, I doubt not, will bring it up for your inspection.

Companions.—We are taught by the ancient Masonic charges that "a Mason must be a good man and true, and strictly obey the moral law." The force of this requirement is great as applied to every Mason. To the Royal Arch Mason it applies with still greater force. The fact that there are men in the order who are not good men and true, and who do not obey the moral law, is no argument against the order any more than it is an argument against the existence of goodness or virtue. Our order is founded upon morality—upon that "religion in which all men agree that is to be good men and true, men of honor and honesty, by whatever name or persuasion they may be distinguished." The fact however, is a standing and continual caution to watch closely all applications—to be careful that no more such be admitted. The desire for work, for an increased membership and additional strength, should never be allowed to usurp the control of judgment. Strength is not gained by such accessions. It is not enough that you know no ill of a candidate. Negative qualities are not sufficient. Some positive good should be known of him. He should be thoroughly examined before being received.

It is the duty of every good Mason to labor kindly, patiently and long with the erring members of the fraternity. Let the mantle of brotherly love and charity cover a multitude of sins, even to seventy times seven. Let them be reclaimed to purity, to virtue, to temperance and justice, if possible; but if all means fail, if they have forgotten entirely their love for the moral virtues, or if it be found that they never possessed any, then, however unpleasant and distasteful the task, and regardless of the wealth of the offenders, let them be cast off, that the reputation and welfare of the order suffer no further injury by reason of their connection with it, and that the younger members be not contaminated or led astray by their influence.

Masonry is not a reformatory institution. We do not intend to take the vicious into membership to reclaim them. But all men are liable to err, and Masons are but men. Masons sometimes forget the right and pursue the wrong. To them, to our brethren and companions, we owe a double duty—the duty which every man owes to his brother man, and, also, the duty which one Mason owes to another. We must give him good counsel; if he is in want we must supply those wants, and thus remove temptation. We must, in every possible way, seek to aid his reformation. This is our duty to him—one that is too often forgotten, or "shirked" on the shoulders of others. But he also, owes a duty to us. He has no right to do wrong: he has no right to defraud his neighbor, to get drunk, or otherwise to be intemperate, to be profane, nor to violate the moral law in any of its requirements. Let us do our duty to him, and then if he fails to perform his duty and disregards all his obligations to the order, we may know that a mistake was made in the selection of material. All our impressive ceremonies, all our teachings, are insufficient to make him a Mason. He cannot appreciate truth: he must go among the rubbish. Kindly, sorrowfully, but firmly, let this work of purging the order be done, and it will soon become practically what it now is theoretically, a band of brothers and companions, loving and being beloved, seeking each not his own, but his brother's good, cultivating the social virtues, and striving to make not only all Masons, but all men more loving, more charitable, more kind, wiser, and better, and, as a necessary consequence, more happy in this world and better prepared for that spiritual Temple, that house not made with hands, in the world to come which is prepared for all those who patiently and cheerfully perfoim their allotted duties in this life.

This consummation is greatly to be desired. If each does what he can in that direction he will have done his duty, and that is all he is responsible for. I make these remarks, Companions, not in view of any particular instance of delinquence, but to keep you in remembrance of that which you have all been taught by the rites of our order, and to impress upon you the fact that we are all growing—progressing, if you please, in one direction or the other, and we should be careful to watch our steps and see that we progress in the right direction; and while we thus look to ourselves, let us see to it that our brothers and companions are traveling with us, that we may all be prepared as living stones for that Temple of which all others are but types, and meet the approval of our Supreme Grand Master in Heaven.

ADDRESS OF GRAND MASTER A. T. METCALF.

The address of Grand Master A T. Metcalf was very lengthy and able. We regret that we cannot give it entire, for it is worthy of preservation in the libraries of all Michigan Masons, —every word of it. We give some extracts, and promise others at a future time:

Brethren of the Grand Lodge of Michigan:

The time of holding our annual communications has always seemed to me to be particularly auspicious for the interests of our Masonic fold.

We come together with hearts all aglow from the cheerful warmth of the merry greetings and the merry makings of the season; the love-light of its firesides yet glistens in our eyes; the glad voices of children and friends yet ring their Christmas chimes in our ears; and the kisses of a pure love are yet warm on our lips. Santa Claus, the merry saint of all good children, and Saint John, the loving and patron saint of all good Masons, combine their influences to give us happy and loving hearts, and to prompt us to all those sweet charities which make homes happy, society a brotherhood, and men everywhere better.

It is the season of congratulations. Permit me, therefore, to congratulate you, my brothers, upon the unity, the growth, and the prosperity of our beloved order during the past year, and upon the bright future that opens before us in the year to come.

But this allusion to the past and to the future reminds me, too, that the mythologic influences of the old Roman deity Janus, the god of the year, are, also, upon us. He is represented with two faces—one looking before and one looking behind—to the future and to the past. We come, therefore, to this Grand Communication with all the peculiar influences of the new year still fresh upon our minds. As, in the secret chambers of our hearts, each one reviews his own past, and brings it all before the tribunal of his conscience, or looks to the future for amendment of his life, or for perseverance in well doing—as the business man inventories his stock and balances his ledger, or makes plans for the future—so we, as Masons, may profitably indulge in retrospect, carefully determining whether the designs drawn on our trestle board one year ago, under the scrutiny of the All-seeing Eye, have been properly worked out; or, indulging in prospect, may wisely determine *what there is for us to do* for the good of Masonry and of mankind.

And this Communication is peculiarly an occasion for retrospect; for while we are but just past the line that divides the old year from the new, we have, also, just entered upon another *decade*, when census statistics will cause numberless comparisons to be instituted between 1860 and 1870, and give occasion for many reviews of the great events of the intervening years—events that will mark it as one of the most important decades of modern history.

Since Masonry has not been idle during these long and busy years, bear with me while I pass in brief review our Masonic history and growth.

We had in our jurisdiction in—

	Lodges.	Members.
1860,	115	5,816
1861,	123	6,210
1862,	129	6,450
1863,	136	7,313
1864,	141	8,772
1865,	151	10,078
1866,	169	10,509
1867,	189	13,154
1868,	221	16,861
1869,	243	18,016

And now we have, in 1870, 257 lodges, exclusive of those U. D., and over 20,000 Master Masons in good standing.

Our wealth and our capacity for accomplishing the charitable purposes of our order have proportionately increased with our numbers. We now have a membership showing as large a percentage to population as any Grand Lodge in the United States.

And thus briefly we may summarize the statistical history of Masonry in Michigan for ten years.

But is this all? Ah! no! But who can write that unwritten history of Masonic charities and Masonic helpfulness that illustrate its career?

During the dark and dreadful four years of war, when not only States, but families were rent asunder, when brother was arrayed against brother—friend against friend, Mason against Mason—who can tell, (when the battle paused,) how many sick were comforted, how many wounded were succored, how many dead were decently buried, by enemies who were guided by the light of Masonry? Who can tell how many who met in battle as foes, and by the fortunes of war were wounded or made prisoners, after the battle was over found in the hail of distress, or in the Shibboleths of Masonry, a charm more powerful to relieve than all other influences? Who shall record the kind offices rendered by Masons to the dying—the kind messages and tokens of love sacredly conveyed to the loved ones at home? In short, who can properly portray the halo of human kindness that Masonry shed over every camp and every battlefield of the war? So, too, who shall tell of the widows and orphans of soldier Masons kindly cared for and cherished by the brotherhood at home? Or what eye has seen, or what pen delineated the gentle surgery of Masonry since the war, whereby many scars of civil strife have been soothed and healed, and the way to peace has been made smooth and easy?

Yes, my brothers, Masonry has a history of its work during this dark and stormy period which fills many a volume; but they are volumes whose pages are human hearts, and whose precious binding is human memory. To such records all Masons are content to trust their history.

But not to dwell longer in the past decade, let us give our attention to the work of the year.

DISPENSATIONS.

During the year I have received a large number of petitions to form new lodges Thirteen dispensations have been granted. In several instances I have been obliged to return petitions in consequence of non-compliance with the constitutional requirements. Of these new lodges, two have been formed within the geographical limits recommended in resolution five of the "Standing orders and resolutions of the Grand Lodge;" but in each case the petition was not only supported by recommendations from the *two* nearest lodges, but by additional considerations that, in my judgment, were of sufficient weight to warrant me in issuing the dispensations.

On the first of November I received a petition from several brethren residing in Unionville, Tuscola county, for a dispensation to form a new lodge in that place. Neither the certificate of qualification of the proposed officers nor a proper guarantee of a suitable place in which to hold Masonic meetings accompanied the petition, and I informed the brethren that I would hold the subject in abeyance until the requirements were fulfilled. All the constitutional pre-requisites have now been complied with, and I bring the petition for your consideration, recommending that a charter or dispensation be granted.

I would also present for your consideration a petition from several German brethren of Grand Rapids to form a new lodge in that thriving city. The petition was not received until some time in December last, and so near our annual communication that I have thought best to present it for your decision. Permit me to say in favor of the petition that Grand Rapids, now the second city in the State, has a large German population, whose industry and economy contribute largely to its prosperity and to its wealth. The city is said to cont in upwards of 17,000 inhabitants, and has but two Masonic lodges. The application is accompanied by all the constitutional requirements, and I therefore recommend the petition to your favorable consideration.

On the 29th of March I gave a dispensation to the brethren of Washtenaw Lodge, No. 65, to continue their Masonic labors, fo the reason that, on the 25th, their lodge room, together with their charter, records and furniture, was destroyed by fire. This dispensation has now expired by limitation, and upon a proper application for a renewal of the charter I would recommend that it be granted.

I have issued four special dispensations to receive and act upon petitions without waiting the usual delays.

I have, also, issued one special dispensation to receive and act upon the petition of a non-resident. The peculiar circumstances connected with the case were such as seemed amply sufficient to authorize the act.

In every instance where I have granted a special dispensation I have not only received guaranties of the moral qualifications of the candidates, but, also, satisfactory evidence that the emergencies were of a nature to warrant me in conforming to the general usage in such cases.

Upon the application of Dryden Lodge, No. 150, I gave permission to receive and act upon the petition of a candidate for membership without dimit. A communication from the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Illinois certifying to the fact that the brother was a member in good standing of a legally constituted lodge in that State at the time of the surrender of its charter I considered sufficient to justify me in giving the permit.

DEDICATIONS.

During the year I have attended in person the dedication of five Masonic Halls, viz.: Lawton, Eaton Rapids, Pinckney, Fentonville, Cooper, and five others were dedicated by proxy, as follows: at Portland by P. G. M. Francis Darrow; at Bay City by J. A. Barnes; at Gaines by W. Bro. Bela Cogshall; at Centreville by P. G. M. J. Eastman Johnson; at Trenton by W. Bro. J. S. Van Alstyne.

In several instances the members of the lodge dedicated made this ceremony the occasion of a large public demonstration. To the brethren who have acted as my proxies, to those who have assisted me on these occasions, and to the lodges themselves, is due something more than a mere mention of these facts. Indeed, it would be gratifying to myself to be able to present to the Grand Lodge even a brief account of these evidences of our prosperity and the zeal exhibited by our brethren upon these occasions. But to do this would be to occupy your time to the detriment of important business. I, therefore, reluctantly leave this pleasant topic to proceed to other important business before us.

During the year the Masonic ceremony of laying the corner stone, under the auspices of this Grand Lodge, has been performed in two instances: one a Methodist church, at Negaunee, by W. Bro. A. W. Maitland, as my proxy, and the other the Court House at Muskegon, which I attended in person.

ARREST OF CHARTER.

On the 8th of February last I received a communication from the officers of Ann Arbor Lodge, No. 85, containing the statement that the charter of said lodge had been lost by surreptitious removal from their lodge room; that diligent search had been made for the same, but without success. I immediately issued my mandate revoking the powers conferred by said charter, and forbidding the holding of meetings or the transaction of business under or by virtue of its authority. That the property of the lodge might have proper care, I appointed Bro. G. H. Rhodes receiver, and the books, seal, and other property of the lodge are now in his possession. Subsequently, the officers and several brethren of this lodge petitioned for a dispensation to hold two regular communications for the following purposes, viz.:

1. To settle the business of the lodge.

2. To take into consideration the formal surrender of the charter.

The dispensations were granted, for reasons not necessary to mention at this time. The proceedings of the lodge under this dispensation, a record of which was in due time forwarded to me, appear to have been correct. The record and other papers relating to this subject are on file with the Grand Secretary.

IMPROPER SURRENDER OF CHARTER.

Efforts have been made by a few lodges (and I am pleased to state they are few in number) to surrender their charters for the purpose of paving the way to the formation of a new lodge which should exclude a certain element which, it was supposed, could not be eliminated by charges and trial. In a single instance the charter was surrendered by a vote of the lodge, and only required acceptance by the Grand Master to make it complete. Immediately after the surrender came a petition for a dispensation to form a new lodge of a portion of the material composing the vacated, but undemolished structure. This petition was signed by officers of the lodge whose charter had just been surrendered, and was duly recommended by the nearest lodge. Contrary to the expressed opinion of several prominent brethren, I refused either to accept the surrender of the charter or to grant a dispensation for the formation of the proposed new lodge, because I was convinced that such a precedent would necessarily have a dangerous tendency. The good of the order may be so endangered in some instances as to justify the surrender and acceptance of a charter as the only possible solution of a complicated and protracted difficulty. But it appears to me this Masonic *felo de se* should be a *dernier* resort. It is my judgment that if the Grand Lodge countenance such a proceeding, in such a case as is now under consideration, it will not be long before we shall find it become a universal panacea for uncongeniality and the other lesser ills that occasionally disturb the Masonic fraternity.

The brethren who were to be left out in the cold by the reconstruction of this lodge would remain Masons, notwithstanding they might be outside of all healthy organizations, and would be entitled to all the rights and privileges of Masons in good standing. The lodge should discipline them, if liable to discipline; can expel them if found guilty of unmasonic conduct; but if they are simply uncongenial the brethren cannot destroy their rights or their standing as Masons by a reconstruction of their lodge.

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FOREIGN RELATIONS—GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

It is well known to the members of this Grand Lodge that some two years since the political status of our Canadian neighbors north of the lakes was materially changed. What we have long known as the province of Canada (having one Legislature) was divided, and became the province of Ontario and the province of Quebec, each having its own Legislature, while both, united with the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick in a federal union, became what is now called "The Dominion of Canada." These political changes have necessarily disturbed pre-existing Masonic relations, and the disturbance has culminated finally in an attempt to organize within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Canada a new Grand Lodge for what is now known as the province of Quebec. This so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec appeals to us for recognition, and assigns the political changes just mentioned as the principal reason for organizing a Grand Lodge for their province. On the contrary, the Grand Lodge of Canada complains to us that the proceedings of the Quebec brethren are not warranted by political changes, are illegal, unmasonic, and contrary to the will and wish of the parent Grand Lodge, and prays us to withhold from the Quebec organization our recognition and sanction.

This is one of those Masonic difficulties (with which we in the United States are familiar) growing out of a change of political boundaries.

It is well known that Grand Lodges in the United States have uniformly agreed that when a Territory or district has been recognized by the proper political power as a State, with all the rights and privileges of a State in the Union, from that moment all lodges and brethren within the limits of the new State are entitled to proceed to the formation of a Grand Lodge. Indeed, it is the *universal* policy of Masonry to conform the boundaries of its grand jurisdiction to the political boundaries of the State.

It seems evident that our Canadian brethren will find in this principle the only practicable solution of their difficulties. While I thus frankly state the policy which, from an American standpoint, seems to me best in such cases, I cannot refrain from expressing at the same time my deep regret that our Canadian brethren have not made an amicable adjustment of their difficulties; and so confident am I they will yet find such a settlement through the influence of Masonic charity and brotherly love that I recommend this Grand Lodge, for the present, to refrain from all interference in the questions at issue. Our relations with our Canadian brethren have always been, and I hope they may always continue to be, most harmonious and fraternal.

ITALY.

I have received from Col. L. Frapolli, the M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Italy, a communication extending to us the fraternal greetings of his Masonic jurisdiction.

Masons in Italy have but recently emerged from embarrassments which rendered it difficult, if not impossible, for them to openly communicate with the other grand families of the order; and now that these impediments are removed, and they are able to renew their official and fraternal relations with the brotherhood of the world, we, in common with all kindred grand bodies, most cordially grasp the hand extended to us from beneath the shadow of St. Peter's, and bid them a hearty God speed.

FRANCE.

The painful duty is forced upon me of announcing to this Grand Lodge that, by the voluntary and deliberate action of the Grand O. of France, our fraternal relations with our French brethren, hitherto undisturbed and pleasant, are endangered, if not wholly destroyed.

A few words by way of preface to our complaint will fully explain the situation and facilitate a perfect comprehension of our difficulty with this Grand Orient.

It is well known to the brethren of this Grand Lodge that Scotch Rite Masonry in the United States (first established in 1767, at Albany, New York, and having since then a somewhat complicated history,) is divided into two jurisdictions, a Northern, with its Grand East at Boston, Massachusetts, and a Southern, with its Grand East at Charleston, South Carolina. These two bodies have established the most fraternal relations with each other not only, but they concur in a policy toward the York Rite, as exemplified in our Blue Lodges, which must command our respect for their wisdom and our cordial regard for their Masonic and brotherly sentiments.

These two great jurisdictions of the A. & A. Scotch Rite in the United States, through their Supreme Councils at Boston and Charleston, severally and solemnly declare the first three degrees to be the basis of all esoteric Masonry, and leave their purity and exemplification to be the care of the Blue and Grand Lodges. They have still further honored the York Rite (while at the same time they protect themselves) by making it a part of their regulations to receive none but M. Masons as candidates for their rite.

So long as this fraternal policy is pursued the relations between the representative bodies of the York and Scotch Rites in the United States cannot be otherwise than harmonious, pleasant and profitable. With this preface I proceed to the subject of complaint.

The Supreme Council of the A. & A. Scotch Rite for the Southern jurisdiction, Grand East at Charleston, complains that the Grand O. of France has invaded its rights and jurisdiction by recognizing a spurious and clandestine Supreme Council in the State of Louisiana with its Grand E. at New Orleans.

With this infraction of Masonic comity in the Scotch Rite we, officially, have nothing whatever to do. But immediately upon the heels of this comes the complaint of our sister Grand Lodge of Louisiana that this spurious Supreme Council of the A. & A. S. Rite, recognized by the Grand O. of France, notwithstanding the most earnest protest of our Louisiana brethren, has invaded her jurisdiction by conferring the first three degrees of Masonry and assuming to control these degrees throughout her entire jurisdiction.

This is a question that demands your most careful and serious attention, not only because of the invasion by our French brethren of the rights and jurisdiction of a sister Grand Lodge in one of the United States with whom we are in friendly correspondence, but chiefly because of the reasons assigned by the Grand O. of France in justification of her unmasonic proceeding As these matters will undoubtedly be made the subject of a report by the proper committee, I need not further detain you with details.

OF ANCIENT BANNERS, OR STANDARDS

"Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their fathers' house. Far off about the Tabernacle of the congregation shall they pitch."—*Numbers*, ii. 2.

The Almighty, after having, in the first chapter of the book of Numbers, directed the numbering of the people, proceeds to point out the manner in which the twelve tribes of Israel should be disposed of in their encampments, so that perfect order and regularity might be observed throughout the whole army, and thus they should become properly organized and well disciplined.

The twelve tribes were divided into four headquarters (representing the four quarters of the globe), three tribes to each quarter. There were four royal standards, or banners, namely, one at each quarter. Each of the banners bore a certain device, characteristic of the principal and foremost tribe to which such banner was attached. The camp was thus formed into a square, the center being appropriated for the Tabernacle of the Lord, guarded by the priests and Levites (who were stationed there by the special appointment of the Deity), under the able superintendence of Moses and Aaron, the immediate servants of the Lord; and thus it was that the ark containing the Decalogue, engraved on the two tablets of stone, was carefully preserved from all danger.

The four principal standards were those of the tribes of Judah, Reuben Ephraim, and Dan, bearing the following devices: on that of Judah, a lion; on that of Reuben, the head of a man; on that of Ephraim, an ox; and on that of Dan, an eagle. Each standard was of the color of that stone in Aaron's Pectoral upon which the name of the tribe whereunto it belonged was written. This regulation afforded great facility to the people on retiring from and returning to the quarter to which they belonged.

We will now proceed to explain the situation of the tribes in each quarter, how and why certain tribes were placed with each other in preference to any of the others, the object of the several devices on the banners of the four principal standards, and the reasons why those tribes were selected to bear those ensigns of dignity.

The tribe of Judah was placed in front of the camp, on the east side, towards the rising of the sun, accompanied by the tribes of Issachar and Zebulon. The whole number of the camp of Judah amounted to 186,400. At the head of the camp of Judah was placed the royal standard, bearing the device of a lion, to personify strength, power, and sovereignty. Judah was compared to the lion by his revered father, Jacob, who, on his death-bed, assembled all his children, and at that awful period had pronounced the prophetic blessings on them in which he has so beautifully and minutely depicted their characters, and more particularly in reference to his beloved and favored Joseph, whom the brethren had so ill-treated. He extols and praises Judah, and in the fullness of his heart he compares him to the lion of the forest, who is noble and majestic. So wast thou, my Judah (said the dying patriarch); thou didst keep aloof from the cruelty leveled against my beloved Joseph. Thou, lionlike, didst spurn at the cowardice of thy brethren; thou didst exhort thy brethren, and admonish them of their filial duty. I compare thee, therefore, to the lion—noble in spirit, majestic in power, and thus calculated to wear the diadem of glory and royalty. Thou art, therefore, destined to rule thy brethren. Thou dost in every way possess the qualifications requisite for the high office of a ruler, since thou hast so eminently distinguished thyself from amongst thy brethren. This ascendancy over the rest of his brethren did Judah deservedly inherit from his father, Jacob, and he was, therefore, honored by the Deity to be the principal standard of the whole camp of the Israelites, bearing all the insignias of dignity, royalty, and dominion. He was further distinguished from his brethren, for from him descended the great kings David and Solomon, who were the pride of Israel and the glory of Jacob.

Issachar and Zebulon, who were favored with the prophetic blessings of their patriarchal father to be inseparably united, were directed to accompany Judah, so that Zebulon should be engaged in providing for Issachar while he was employed in the study of the law and storing himself with every qualification necessary to legislate for and instruct his nation. These tribes, therefore, were best calculated to be attached to the royal camp, so as to be ready at all times to render their sovereign such assistance as would enable him to govern his people with justice and mercy. Thus, Judah formed the foremost camp, and was distinguished as the Royal Standard, to direct and conduct the whole of the nation.

The tribe of Reuben was situated on the south side of the camp, accompanied by the tribes of Simeon and Gad. The whole number of the camp of Reuben consisted of 151,450. This formed the second rank. At the head of the tribe of Reuben was placed the royal standard, bearing the device of a man, representing intelligence, superiority and pre-eminence. Man being the noblest part of creation, and ordained by the great Architect of the Universe to rule and have dominion over the whole face of the earth. Reuben (being the eldest of Jacob's sons) ought to have been entitled to the dignity allotted to Judah; but, for some reason assigned by Jacob when blessing his children, he was not allowed to enjoy such privilege. Yet, he having been prominent in rescuing his brother Joseph from the hands of the other brethren, (although his scheme did not prove successful, his motives were, nevertheless, good,) he was rewarded accordingly; and thus it was that Moses prayed for Reuben in his last blessing, "May Reuben live and not die," signifying, may he enjoy the bliss reserved for the righteous only hereafter. Simeon being the second brother of Reuben, he was placed with him, Levi having been appointed to guard the Tabernacle. The next in rotation was Gad, who was the eldest son of Leah's handmaid.

The tribe of Ephraim was placed on the west side of the camp, accompanied by the tribes of Manasseh and Benjamin. The whole number of the camp of Ephraim was 108,100. This formed the third rank. At the head of the tribe of Ephraim was placed the royal standard bearing the device of an ox, denoting patience, meekness, and submission—truly characteristic of Joseph, whom Ephraim represented, Joseph having evinced a strong mark of patience under a long and severe state of slavery, in which he had been so undeservedly placed, and submitting to the will of his God when persecuted, although truly innocent, and while faithfully and honestly discharging his duty, and fulfilling his obligations as a moral and religious man, and meek, humble and unassuming in the high and exalted situation in which he was placed as a reward for his industry, sobriety, temperance, and modesty.

Joseph received the blessing of his affectionate father in a peculiar manner when compared with that of the other brethren, namely, that the blessings which he received from God were more considerable than the blessings which God had conferred on Abraham or Isaac. These blessings, said Jacob, shall be on the head of Joseph, who is worthy of them; and mine are, also, fitted for Joseph on account of the anguish which he suffered when he was separated from his brethren, as expressed by the words, "And on the crown of the head of him who was separated from his brethren." And thus Moses, in his last blessing, says, "His glory is like the firstling of his bullock." Benjamin being the only brother of Joseph from his mother, Rachel, was placed with Ephraim, as, also, Manasseh, the brother of Ephraim and the eldest son of Joseph; Ephraim having been destined to be superior in rank to Manasseh, in accordance with their grandfather Jacob.

The tribe of Dan was situated on the north side of the camp, accompanied by the tribes of Asher and Naphtali. The number of the camp of Dan was 157,600. This formed the fourth rank. At the head of the tribe of Dan was the royal standard, bearing the design of an eagle, representing fleetness, assiduity and affection, the eagle being the swiftest of all the feathered tribe and particularly careful of and affectionate to her young. Dan was compared to the eagle, although in the prophetic blessings of Jacob he was designated as the ant or caterpillar lurking in the high road, which is equally quick and expert in its pursuits, and the most assiduous of the reptile kind. The swiftness of the eagle was, therefore, compared to the alertness of the serpent, and we thus see the wise and ingenious comparison drawn between the two extremes. This explication will clearly illustrate the figure as represented by the prophet Ezekiel. Asher and Naphtali being the sons of the handmaid, were placed with Dan.

We thus see the devices on the four standards agreeing, in uniformity, with the figure described by Ezekiel; and in elucidation of this the following have been pointed out as the four most perfect animals in the creation: the lion, the most noble among the wild beasts of the forest; the ox, the most patient among the beasts of labor; the eagle, the swiftest and most expert among the feathered tribe; and man, the most perfect of all, being endowed with reason and good sense, to govern and subdue all nature, and thus properly designated the lord of the creation.

Thus it was that the all-wise Creator led His favored people, Israel, through an arid desert infested with wild beasts, and void of any of the refreshing powers of nature, save and except that which His divine providence furnished them. Yet, notwithstanding these difficulties, every care was taken to let them travel on their journey, well organized and properly disciplined, carefully provided against the attacks of an enemy by the adjustment of each quarter for such a purpose. And thus it was that the vast number of 603,550 were enabled to travel by the signal given by Moses in the center of the army, which was immediately communicated by the four principal banners, or standards, throughout the whole of the camp, without the least delay or waste of time, accompanied by the pillar of cloud by day, and that of fire by night, as the miraculous guides throughout the whole of the journey, till they arrived in the promised land of Canaan.—*Rev. H. A. Henry.*

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PORTRAIT GALLERY OF LIVING MASONS.

II.

CHARLES WHITLOCK MOORE,

Editor *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*, Corresponding Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, and the senior active member of the Supreme Council of Sovereign Grand Inspectors General of the 33° for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States, was born in Boston March 29, 1801, in which city he received a liberal education and has since permanently resided, with the exception of a short sojourn in the State of Maine.

The exalted opinions which Brother Moore entertained of the Masonic society caused him to be extremely anxious to be permitted to receive Masonic light on the evening of his twenty-first birthday, and with that object in view, he solicited, and was proposed for the degrees in Massachusetts Lodge in February, 1822; but having been, in the interim, called to the State of Maine, he obtained the recommendation and permission of Massachusetts Lodge to receive the degrees in Kennebec Lodge, in that State, and was initiated, &c., in April or May following.

In the fall of the same year he returned to his native city, and in October affiliated with St. Andrew's Lodge, and the following month was placed in office, and continued serving it in various stations until 1832, when he was elected Master Having been elected Recording Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in 1832, he felt himself under the necessity of resigning the office of Master, the two offices being held by the same brother being incompatible, but was the same evening elected its Secretary, which place he held for sixteen years, when he resigned. He uninterruptedly held the office of Recording Grand Secretary for thirty-four years, when, in 1867, he became Deputy Grand Master, and in 1868, Corresponding Grand Secretary. He was Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Grand Charity Fund, and a member and Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Masonic Hall, in which latter position, if his views had not been overruled by a majority of his associates, not nearly so large a debt as now exists, if any, would have been incurred.

In Capitular Masonry Brother Moore was advanced and exalted, in St. Andrew's Chapter, Boston, in 1825, and having satisfactorily filled most of the offices in that body, was elected its High Priest in 1840. In the Grand Chapter of Massachusetts, after having acceptably occupied nearly all the subordinate offices, including that of Grand Lecturer, he was elected Grand High Priest. At the Triennial Convocation of the G. G. Chapter of the United States at Hartford, Conn., in September, 1856, he was proxy for the Deputy Grand High Priest of Massachusetts, and chairman of the Committee on Doings of G. G. Officers.

In Cryptic Masonry he received the degrees of Royal and Select Master in 1832, in Boston Council, over which he subsequently presided for more than ten years. In the Grand Council he held nearly every office.

In the Chivalric Order he was created and dubbed a Knight Templar in Boston Encampment, in or about the year 1830, and having served most of the offices therein, was elected Eminent Commander in 1837. He has, also, been Eminent Commander of De Molay Encampment, of Boston. In the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island he was elected Grand Master in 1841, and held that exalted station three years. In the Grand Encampment of the United States he was elected Grand Generalissimo in 1853, and at Hartford, in 1856, was a prominent member of the Committee on Jurisprudence.

In Ineffable Masonry Brother Moore ascended, through intricate paths, along fearful precipices and bewildering acclivities, until he reached the 33°, in 1848; was for several years prior to May, 1861, the Grand Secretary General of the Holy Empire of the Northern Supreme Council; from that period to May, 1867, its Grand Standard Bearer; and is now the senior active member of the same.

The many and eminent services which this venerable and distinguished brother has rendered Masonry for the past forty-three years, in various stations, and, also, as an editor and writer, can by us merely be glanced at They would fill a volume. When, in 1833, he assumed the Secretariat, anti-Masonry was raging with its utmost fury, and his first official act was to attest the memorial, of which he was the author, surrendering to the Legislature the act of incorporation of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. The idea originated with him, and he may, with honest pride, look back upon it as one of the most beneficial performances of his eventful Masonic career. Our brother was the author of the "Declaration of the Freemasons of Boston and Vicinity," issued to the public December 31, 1831, and signed by one thousand four hundred and sixty-eight of the leading citizens, in their capacity as Masons—one of the most able, next to the Declaration of American independence, ever published, and drawn forth by the persecution of the Masons at that period. It concluded as follows: "Should the people of this country become so infatuated as to deprive Masons of their civil rights, in violation of their written Constitutions and the wholesome spirit of just laws and free government, a vast majority of the fraternity will still remain firm, confiding in God and the rectitude of their intentions for consolation under the trials to which they may be exposed"

Brother Moore's services to the craft have been acknowledged, both at home and abroad, by his election to honorary membership in several Masonic bodies, grand and subordinate. In 1823 he established the *Masonic Mirror* in Boston, and continued it until 1835, and in its columns gallantly fought against anti-Masonry. So terrific were his onslaughts that, in 1834, he was prosecuted for libel by the leader of anti-Masonry, and, although he overthrew his adversary, his health was injured and his means impaired. In 1841 he commenced the publication of the *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine*, the oldest Masonic journal now extant, which, from that period to the present time, has been uniformly conducted with signal ability. He is, also, the author of the "Masonic Trestle Board," originally prepared by order of the National Masonic Convention held at Baltimore, Md., in 1843, first submitted to the fraternity in that year, and which has since passed through several editions.

Brother Moore is evidently a profound thinker, as he certainly is a logical reasoner. His sentences are classically elegant, and if he has, as a Masonic writer, one failing, it is on the safe side—ultra Masonic conservatism. In manner Brother Moore, to the stranger, is apparently distant, but to those who have long enjoyed his acquaintanceship his genial and social qualities show to advantage, and are fully appreciated.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

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FREEMASONRY, PAST AND PRESENT.

OPERATIVE AND SPECULATIVE FREEMASONRY BEFORE A. D. 1716.

BY BRO. W. J. HUGHAN, PROV. G. SEC. CORNWALL.

The last few years will be remarkable, Masonically, for a considerable addition of evidence respecting the character of Freemasonry anterior to the eighteenth century, as, likewise, for an increase of published records of lodges during that eventful period. While some attempt to deprecate the study of our history and speculations as to the origin of the fraternity, it seems generally to be admitted by intelligent brethren that the time has arrived for the *facts* of the craft to be published, for all absurd stories and unhistoric statements to be abolished at once and forever from our records, and for the history of the order to be written according to the laws of evidence rather than of fiction.

There are minute books of several lodges still in existence which date long before A. D. 1716, some as far back as the sixteenth century, and others preserved commence only a short while before the "Revival."

All such records that we know of, either from personal examination or published excerpts by competent brethren, decidedly confirm the fact that other candidates were admitted than operative Masons before the last century, although it is not certain that such brethren became officers before the middle of the seventeenth century.

The records of some of these lodges never mentioned aught of operative Masonry, either as a condition of membership or as the basis of organization, while others do. Among the latter class the old lodges are generally to be found, and were mostly instituted as much for the financial benefit of their members as for the study of architecture, and in all probability very much more. We allude now to such lodges, of whose character we may be certain of by the minutes of their proceedings still extant. We are not aware of any lodges before the "Revival" having worked the Master Mason's *degree* in any sense as it has been worked since, as a degree. No records before A. D. 1717 mention three distinct and separate degrees, although, without doubt, such degrees were arranged by brethren well versed in the ancient order, who, while incorporating the old landmarks into the new system, carefully preserved the customs of operative Masonry and the ceremonies of the lodges before the "Revival," and who, from having been admitted members of the institution of former years, had a just claim to be considered the legitimate representatives and descendants of the operative Masons of the past, and the originators of that peculiar system of modern Freemasonry which was in fact a development or outgrowth of mostly operative and partly speculative Masonry of previous centuries.

We may say that the highest authority on the character of old lodge records we know of (Bro. David Murray Lyon) supports these views, and has most intelligently written much on this subject that will be valued so long as operative Masonry is believed to be the parent of English Freemasonry.

The history of Freemasonry seems at present bound to be far from complete, although much that is valuable has been collected of later and most carefully published by Bro. Findel, of Leipzig, who has just completed the second edition of his important work, and proved himself to be the best general Masonic historian of the day.

Since the issue of any trustworthy history of the craft, the early minutes of the lodge formerly held at Haughfoot, Scotland, have been published in these pages by your contributor, R. S., and although they are mainly in accord with other lodge meetings held about the same period, it is desirable to remember their precise nature. Those preserved commence December 22, 1702, when they whispered the word as before and the Master[*] Mason grips his hand in the ordinary way." Several candidates petitioned "to be admitted into the society of Masons and Fellow Crafts," consisting of Sir James Scott and others, who, on being received, were charged such fees as corresponded with their stations in life. No part of the records, which extend over a period of sixty years, exhibit any special connection with operative Masonry (in which respect this lodge differs from most other old lodges), and its funds were applied for the relief of sick or distressed members and their dependents. *Five* members were allowed to admit qualified persons "to the society of Apprentices and Fellow Crafts" on the 27th December, 1704, and for many years subsequently. Any infraction of this rule was visited with fines. It was, also, made a rule A. D. 1707 (27th December) that "one year, at least, should intervene betwixt any admitted Apprentice, and his being entered Fellow Craft." "The word" generally describes the ceremony at admission, and is all that is vouchsafed to us of their mode of initiation. These minutes say nothing of *three degrees* according to the trustworthy account of the lodge by your contributor, and as the same can be said of the other records dating long before those of this lodge, we take it that it cannot be established that three *separate and distinct degrees* were worked before A. D. 1716, although that number subsequently contained what was *ancient* as well as what was *modern* of Freemasonry. No records allude to Grand Masters, Grand Lodges, Provincial Grand Lodges, or any such titles or designations, before the last century. Notwithstanding this fact, however, lodges were instituted by several old lodges that virtually exercised a similar authority to that now vested in our Grand Lodges. Of such, the "Mother Lodge Kilwinning" is the most notable example of Masonry.

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[*] I.e., the President, as with the old lodges at York, Kilwinning, Edinburgh, Banff, etc.

From the sixteenth century the "Revival" was chiefly operative, generally promoted for its usefulness either as a benefit society, a means of fraternity, or for purposes immediately connected with the trade of masonry, and was invariably of a simple and unpretentious character.

Bro. Hyde Clarke, a learned Mason, says he knows "little about Masonry, except in its morals, for most of the data have yet to be collected. Until we have facts it is of little use to build up theories." With him we cordially coincide, and in so doing at once utter the doom of the "Ashmole" and other theories. We are told in "Chambers' Encyclopædia" that modern Freemasonry is an innocent mystification, unconnected either with the building art or architecture. "Its real founders were Elias Ashmole and some of his literary friends." [*Vide* letter to Bro. Hughan from Bro. Charles Purton Cooper.] We know of neither records, nor lodges, nor facts of history, to confirm this statement, however plausible the theory may appear. The severance of modern Freemasonry from its original operative connections can only tend to destroy the link that binds the present form of Freemasonry with the Masonry of the past, and is in direct opposition to the evidence hitherto accumulated on the subject. The various manuscripts still in existence, extending over a period of four centuries, directly favor—in fact, state the connection of Freemasonry with operative Masonry; and certain it is that the brethren who assisted in the change of organization, and partly of character, of the order A. D. 1717 were anxious to avow and prove their descent from their operative parent.

We cannot go over the ground again that we examined in our "Analysis of Ancient and Modern Freemasonry," but when time permits we are always ready to defend our position that the "Ashmole" theory is based upon insufficient evidence, and is opposed to existing documents dating before and since the initiation of Elias Ashmole, 16th October, 1646. The Sir Christopher Wren theory is equally untenable, for, according to a MS. in the library of the Royal Society, this great architect was not initiated until A. D. 1691, although Dr. Anderson asserts he was appointed a Grand Warden about thirty years before! It seems to us, then, that facts so far warrant us in assuming that the present system of modern Freemasonry, consisting of Grand Masters, Grand Lodges, and three *degrees*, etc., had its origin in the second decade of the last century, and was a continuation, in an improved form, of the operative guilds or fraternities of the middle ages, which were descendants of still earlier *secret* societies.—*Freemasons' Magazine, London.*

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TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBURRY.

CHAPTER VII.

It was near the end of June. The small village of Lindenberg lay in a valley of the mountains in calm, sleepy quiet. The small gilt star on the spire of the little church glittered like a distant orb in the sky, of which it was an imitation, as it reflected the rays of the setting sun. On the side of a hill that overlooked the village at the distance of half a mile stood a small brick house. The building was old, the roof moss-grown, and the walls discolored with the storms of many years. Yet there was an air of neatness in the old building, and of taste pervading the premises surrounding it. The shrubbery and flower parterres were in good order and well kept. A large walnut tree in front of the house cast a deep shadow across the dash of golden sunlight that fell gorgeously along the hillside. This glow of brilliant light from the setting sun contrasted strangely with the deepening shadows in the gorges and valleys below, that were already thickening into twilight.

The view from the cottage was sublimely picturesque in its variations of shadowed ravines bordered by streaks and gushes of the setting sunlight, its quiet village, its distant farmhouses, its leafy undulations broken by numerous sharp outlines of towering rocks and ledges crowned with graceful evergreen laurels. The cottage, with its surroundings, became a conspicuous feature in this beautiful scene, lit up, as it was, in the glory of the setting sun. The dark shadow of the walnut tree, as it lay along the bright green lawn, was checkered at its edges with dazzling light, that danced and quivered like magic liquid ripples as the outer branches of the old tree swayed to and fro, and yielded gracefully to a slight breeze that stirred them.

Within the depths of this shadow sat a lady. She was a matron above the middle age, and above the medium stature of her sex. Her graceful form and her yet handsome features bore traces of early beauty. Her eyes, deep, thoughtful and brilliant, and which appeared even yet to possess the light of youth, gave to her handsome, but thoughtful features, a deeply intellectual, yet vivacious expression. As she sat in the shadow of the old walnut tree, her figure perfected the whole gorgeous picture. She sat alone. A pet lamb, with a necklace of scarlet and blue ribbons fluttering about its ears, skipped and gamboled around the chair of the matron, where she sat. Garlands of withering flowers suspended from the drooping branches of the tree indicated the recent presence of innocent childhood.

As the lamb bounded across the lawn in merry gambols, still returning to the chair of the matron as the goal of its excursions, the countenance of the lady, as her eyes followed its playful bounds, would occasionally relax from its severe thoughtfulness, for a moment, and indulge a smile which would have escaped observation were it not for the beaming light from her eyes, which accompanied her smile, and lit up her expressive countenance. Anon she would turn to the distant landscape spread out below. Here she sat, composed, thoughtful, silent. Sublimely beautiful was the scene as the deepening twilight below, the paling sunlight above which was slowly stealing still higher up the mountain side, the tinkling of the evening bells, the lowing of herds and bleating of flocks in the distance, arose in a soothing harmony, and, swelling on the evening air, announced the close of another day.

Ah! the sacred peace, the holy calm, and the simple truth of rural life! How beautiful it is! If it possess less action and less excitement than metropolitan life, it manifests more humanity and more true life. Here, what appears to be, is. In the other, life and human action are too often meretricious, and enacted for effect only. In rural life nature is the great, majestic parent. In metropolitan life nature yields to human conventionalities. In the former, the objective is constantly inviting the spirit onward. In the latter, the subjective is as constantly holding back the spirit, and embarrassing its efforts to aspire to its ultimate aim and destiny, intellectual greatness. Here, in the mountains, nature opened her book, and pointed to her pictured lessons in their pristine purity.

As the sunlight crept up the mountain side, and left the cottage and the old walnut tree in the twilight shade, an expression of anxiety stole over the countenance of the matron. She frequently cast her eyes searchingly down the narrow footpath that led from the cottage grounds across a rustic stile into a deep and dark ravine, as if expecting some one by that path. After having repeated this glance of expectation several times she arose, and, displaying her graceful, womanly figure, slowly made her way to the dilapidated stile that led from the lawn to the deep, dark dell. As her foot was on the first step of the rude structure, as if her intention were to cross over it, her advance was arrested by a clear, ringing voice, which arose from the ravine below, and was echoed in wild notes from a high, rocky cliff that towered up across the gorge in front of the cottage, the ragged peaks of which were still bathed in the glow of the setting sun. The matron smiled outright and her eyes sparkled joyfully as the following stanza, borne on the voice of childhood, rung wildly and clearly on the evening air to the measure of an old Scotch melody:

"Up the cragged mountain,
Down the boeky glen,
Charley's gone a huntin'
Wi' Robin and his men."

In a moment more a young girl came leaping and springing up the path with the buoyancy and celerity of a wild fawn. Her pink gingham sun-bonnet hung upon her shoulders by the ties which suspended it and were knotted under her chin. Her dark hair, which hung upon her neck in natural ringlets, was raised by the evening breeze and waved gracefully about her shoulders as she bounded along with the elasticity of childhood against the breeze that stirred the ringlets from their repose. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her dear blue eyes flashed with the light of joy.

"Now! now! now!" shrieked this young creature, redoubling her speed as she saw the matron, who, as the girl approached, seated herself on the old stile; "now! now!" continued she "didn't I tell you so?" didn't I tell you so, *mon mere?* Didn't

I tell you there was a letter from poor Charley? Didn't I, ha? So there was, too. *I' lai mon mere.* I knew there was a letter from Charley just as soon as I heard the post horn toot its first toot. I just knew it. I just felt it all over me. *Bien, j' lai.* Here it is," continued the child, as she presented the letter to her mother, and continued in an undertone to warble the following catches of an old French chorus to express her joy:

"Mon frere, mon frere,
Tres bien, tres bien;
Mon mere, mon mere,
Qui va clin, clin,
Qui va clin, clin,
Tres bien, tres bien,
Qui va clin, clin."

"Ella! Ella!" said the mother, kissing the little Ella. "you are wild with joy. Pray, quit your French prattle and be quiet, at least, while I read the letter from Charles."

If there is anything that will lift up the sorrowing mind from its cares and anxieties, and impel the soul to acknowledge, in profound gratitude, its relations in the great chain of human connections, it is to witness the natural outbursts of joy, leaping as pure fountains well up, from the spirit of childhood. These leapings are wild and untrammeled in the innocent earnestness that employs voice, eye and soul into concentrated expression.

Mrs. Preston (for the matron was the mother of Charles Preston, the banker's clerk, opened the letter and read as follows:

"BALTIMORE, MD., *June* 26, *A. D.* 17—.

"*My Dear Mother:*

"It is strange how little we know ourselves, notwithstanding the most severe self-ordeals to determine our own individual status. It is, also, strange that we are sometimes startled with an unexpected view of ourselves, as we sometimes see our physical forms unexpectedly in a mirror, and, for a moment, wonder who we are. So, too, we are sometimes, in like manner, surprised with unexpected good fortune, at a moment when, in spite of our most diligent and persevering efforts to discover some ray of hope in the future, we can discern nothing but dark clouds. Perhaps it is well that we do not know ourselves as well as others know us, and just as well that we cannot penetrate the locked up mysteries of the future. Could we always know the estimation in which we are held by others, it might have the effect, perhaps, to mortify and discourage us, or to flatter our vanity and prompt premature aspirations and aims.

"I have passed a year in the employment of Mr. Wilson. Every day—I might almost say, every hour—I tortured myself with the most harrassing reflections, arising from a fear that, perhaps, my best efforts were not satisfactory to my employer. Every time he entered my department I was apprehensive that his visit might be for the purpose of dismissing me. I lived in hourly dread of the cynical Mr. Gimlett, whom you will remember as our head clerk, as stated in my former letters. I fancied that every smile from my fellow clerks was provoked by my awkward manners and uncouth *personale.* These unpleasant reflections followed me to my pillow and wove themselves into my dreams, with a train of the most fanciful vagaries and inextricable dilemmas and emergencies.

"My dear mother, fancy, if you can, what became of all these bugbears when, on last Monday morning, I was promoted by my employer to the position of chief clerk and agent in the bank, with the most cordial concurrence of all the clerks, and with a salary of three thousand dollars per annum."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Preston, dropping the letter at her feet, as she clasped her hands and raised her eyes upwards, while tears of joy coursed down her cheeks in quick succession. "Thank Heaven!" said she, and continued, "My poor boy! My noble Charles! I am proud of you!"

"*Bon! bon! mon frere! mon cher frere!*" cried Ella, clasping her hands in wild glee, and continued: "Now I can wear my new pink dress every day, can't I, ma? But read on. What does he say about me?"

The mother took the letter and resumed its perusal.

"My prospects now appear flattering. You and Ella can make yourselves more comfortable than you have been. It is my wish that you will indulge yourself in anything that will minister to your comfort. I wish you to rest, and work no more than is necessary for your physical health. I will send some books when an opportunity presents, which will enable you to indulge your taste for reading. I have had the good luck to meet with some rare French works, which I bought quite cheap. Many of the French refugees are poor, and are obliged to sell their libraries for means of subsistence. Of course, as there are so few in this country who understand the French language, their books command but low prices. Continue Ella's French lessons, and be more liberal in your own and Ella's wardrobe. When I come home on a visit I will bring both of you something from the city to add to your apparel. Is little Ella as wild as ever? Kiss her for me, and tell her to kiss you for me.

"I have my striped linsey suit yet. It is nearly as good as new. I keep it safely locked up in the trunk I bought to keep my things in. I will save this suit as long as I live, as a sacred souvenir of my adventure into the wide world. I take it out every Sunday and look at it, and think of home, as I remember that every thread of it was spun and woven by the fingers of my dear mother. But at last I can compensate you for your self-denial and patient toil in preparing this outfit for me to seek my fortune in.

"I continue my articles on national economy and international polity. I publish them in the *Weekly Baltimorean*. They make a good deal of sensation here among the fraternity, and some of them have been translated and published by the republican organs in France. No person knows the authorship except the editor of the paper and myself. Mr. Wilson, the banker, who is a decided republican, reads these articles with much interest, and frequently directs my attention to particular passages, with high commendations of the author, and with the wildest speculations as to their authorship, little suspecting that he is at the moment addressing him.

"Tell Madame Chartellett that if she will increase Ella's French lessons to three a week her wages shall be increased in proportion.

"You exacted a promise from me when I left home, that, as soon as I could afford it, I would apply for admission into that ancient order to which my father was so devotedly attached. I think I can now afford to take this important step, and will send in my petition this week. Mr. McLean, a fellow clerk, and a very excellent man, informed me to-day that he is a member of a lodge here, and told me it would give him great pleasure to carry up and recommend my petition.

"Be of good cheer, my dear mother. I hope the dark days have passed away, and that there will be rest for you in your old age and a fair prospect for little Ella.

"Mr. Wilson, my employer, has a daughter. She is an only child. She is a young woman and very beautiful, but— Her name is Eda. I think it is a very pretty name. I have only seen her twice. I consider her very handsome, but her father is very rich. She has very light hair, which hangs in ringlets on her neck and shoulders. Her mother is not living. She died when Eda was a child. Her father is a widower. All this information I got from Mr. McLean.

"Farewell, my dear mother, and my dear little Ella.

"Your affectionate son and brother,

"CHARLES PRESTON."

The last lines were read with difficulty by Mrs. Preston, for the twilight had deepened so as to mingle the lines before her eyes, and, folding the letter carefully, she arose, and, with Ella, entered the cottage.

WOUNDED.

BY FAY ALSTINE.

With a mother's last kiss still warm on his brow,
Her blessing still hovering over his head,
Over fallen warriors laid low,
O'er the sepulchres of the dead,
They bore him away from the dreadful affray
Mortally wounded, so they said.

Another is wounded, but on with the strife,
The victory's not lost or won in a day,
And in this great battle of life
He marked with his bravery the way;
But temptation and sin lay in waiting for him—
He fell like a hero, they say.

Oh! worshipping mother, kneel now for thy child;
For an armor of strength to the angels pray,
To shield the dear loved one beguiled
To enter the dreadful affray;
For the battle of life is a fearful strife,
And thousands are wounded each day.

But see! o'er the fallen a brother now bends,
And so tenderly raising the prostrate foe,
His shield and a talisman lends
That every true brother will know;
For strength 'twill impart to each faltering heart,
The hand of despair hath laid low.

But now healed are the wounds, and strong is the hand,
That bears the bright shield and the symbol divine;
For as one of the brotherly band,
He hath knelt at the mystical shrine;
Not dying nor maimed, but a lost one reclaimed,
Goeth down with the record of time.

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ITEMS.

Grand Lodge Proceedings.—Of late our good friends, East, West and South, have remembered us to copies of the printed proceedings of the various Grand bodies. We return thanks, and in due time will give more extended notice of each. They all bear abundant evidence of the healthful condition, and unprecedented growth of the various branches of the time-honored Institution.

We are under great obligations to our worthy brother, J. W. Hall, of Georgetown, Col., for upwards of thirty advance paying subscribers to our journal. We hope to make it more worthy of the patronage of the brotherhood as we shall be favored with their support.

The *Masonic Token* is the title of a beautiful gift book placed on our table by the Masonic Publishing Co., No. 432 Broome street, New York. It is made up of an excellent selection of Masonic articles in prose and poetry, edited by Ills. Brother William T. Anderson, 32°, and is a work of real merit. It is copiously illustrated with engravings. We have not the price, but prophesy a ready sale.

Rev. Bro. Samuel Ashton, Gen. Agent of Great Western Life Insurance Co., of Chicago, offers to be one of five to insure the life of any clergyman who is a member of our order. We know Bro. Ashton well. He means what he says, and as every congregation should insure the life of its minister, here is a good chance to get part of the money.

AN APPEAL

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF F. & A. MASONS OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

Brethren, I have the honor again to call your attention to the fact of the existence of the MASONIC MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION, and to lay before you a few statistics relative to the ratio of deaths occurring in our Masonic Grand jurisdiction, and among the members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, for a period extending over twenty successive years. These tables are facts, from which deductions can be drawn very favorable to the plan of mutual relief, and justify the soundness of the principles upon which the Masonic Mutual Relief Association was organized.

It is now two years since the same was organized in this city, and it now numbers 150 members, all told; this from out of a membership of over 20,000 Masons in this State alone. The railroad conductors, one year ago the 22d of last October, organized a company on the same basis, with the same object, the same payments and benefits as our own, and who now number 2,800 members, having paid a benefit before it was a year organized of $2,700 to the widow of a member who had been killed on the Erie Road in the discharge of his duty. Now, how is it that there is such a difference in the number of members, the one two years old with 150 members, and the other one year old with 2,800 members? It is claimed that the conductors, being all in one business, all more or less of the same standing in society, their interests lie in one direction; whereas the Masons are a more mixed class, many well off and generally insured in some life insurance company for greater or less amounts, and waiting for the Masonic Mutual Relief Association to number one or more thousand members before joining. On the other hand, the railroad conductors have taken the thing in hand, as their table will show, and made their organization what the Masons have been waiting for theirs to become.

It was an objection with many that there was no discrimination made between the strong and the feeble, and many of them pledged their interest and promised to become members were they assured that none but those in reasonably good health should be allowed to become members; and, under a pressure of that kind. the Association passed an amendment of that character. But I ask those who asked for the change in question where they are now. Are they members? No. Is there any insurance company in the world that will guaranty to the widow and orphans the same amount of benefit at the same low cost, and with the same surety of their wishes being fulfilled? You not only have the confidence that your family will receive RELIEF, but have the satisfaction of knowing that every dollar paid in goes as your share in relieving the necessities of a brother' widow, who had made a mutual promise to have done likewise had the same Providence stricken you down in his stead.

It has been asked, what is the basis of the calculations on which is estimated the probable cost to each member per year? It is based on the observations and calculations of the annexed tables, running through a succession of twenty years, but more particularly the table representing the deaths that have occurred in this Grand jurisdiction for the past eleven years. There have 1,055 Masons died during the past eleven years, not including the year 1869, for which no data have as yet been received. From these tables it appears that the average ratio has been one death out of every 112 9-11 members. The tables are facts, and speak volumes in favor of the Association, and any brother who will examine them carefully must come to the same conclusion.

Now, independent of any brother joining the Association for the particular benefit of his family, is the lodge of which the brother is a member anywise interested or benefited? Supposing some lodge having, say 300 members, many of them working men, and many of them, as you well know, from time to time not having money enough in the house to pay their funeral expenses, should join together and enter with each other into a contract that when one of their number died the balance would pay one dollar each to the widow of their brother. Only one dollar from each, and yet the widow would receive more, I will venture to say, than any lodge in this State has paid to any one object of relief, and this done without drawing on the lodge for a single dollar. No warrant asked to pay the widow's rent, for the cord of wood, or for the barrel of flour. But, says some cautious brother, I might have to pay for fifty benefits before mine came! Even then he or his family would receive $250—supposing there had been no accessions to the membership of his lodge—five times more than it had cost him. And who is there among you who dare say, "I shall be the last man." Many of our lodges know how hard it is to pass the "charity box" night after night, the *working* brethren doing the work and filling the box. But the lodge whose members were enrolled on the list of the Association paid alike and received alike. Picture to yourself the Master who, regular after regular, has to rise and state that the widow of our late Bro. is again out of supplies; no money in the treasury, from its repeated drains; and has to resort to a contribution. The brethren begin to talk of raising the dues, or, what is worse, are urged to bring up work to fill the treasury. Here the Secretary of the lodge rises and reads a letter just received from the Secretary of the Masonic Mutual Relief Association stating that the late brother had been a member of the Association, and that there was such a sum placed to the Master's credit, to be handed over for the benefit of the late brother's widow. This is reality—no picture. It, in fact, happened in one of our lodges, although, 'tis true, the sum was small.

One good, honest brother, of Bronson, on sending in his last assessment, writes to the Secretary, saying: "I wish to God every Mason belonged to it, and paid his share as willingly as I pay mine, and there would be fewer Mason's widows and orphans unprovided for."

In what manner does this Association or its affairs interest you as members of this Grand Lodge and as Masters of the several lodges of this Grand jurisdiction? Much. In being Master it is placed in your charge to see that the widow and orphans are in no way destitute. It is the mission of the Association to provide for them, and place them, as far as it is in its power, above want. Thus, our interests in that particular are identical. Its mode of operations has been approved by our late Past Grand Master Coffinbury, who, in his address at the sessions of 1868 and 1869, drew your attention to its existence and gave it his recommendation. Other Grand jurisdictions are devising schemes and appointing committees to ascertain the best method of providing homes for their widows and orphans. Here we have an association that only needs your hearty cooperation to become a perfect success. Its plan of organization was approved of, and considered of sufficient interest to the

English Mason by the *Freemason's Magazine* as to publish entire its constitution and by-laws for the benefit of their charitable institutions.

In the year 1852 a committee was appointed by the United States Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows charged with the duty of inquiring into the true relations that should subsist between dues and benefits; and, in the pursuit of that duty, they collected the returns of thirty Grand Lodges for the ten preceding years, from which tables I have made the following extracts. The first column is the names of the States the second the number of members attached during the ten years, and the third the ratio of deaths:

Maryland,	69,327	1 in 92	Illinois,	19,678	1 in 85
Massachusetts,	92,307	" 118	Texas,	1,822	" 82
Southern New York,	188,946	" 93	Alabama,	9,498	" 62
Northern New York,	110,[illegible]12	" 145	Connecticut,	12,543	" 138
Pennsylvania,	245,756	" 111	South Carolina,	16,143	" 108
Iowa,	5,139	" 78	Tennessee,	14,962	" 123
District of Columbia,	11,690	" 135	Georgia,	14,473	" 87
Delaware,	9,381	" 120	North Carolina,	8,296	" 107
Ohio	72,030	" 93	Maine,	38,929	" 122
Louisiana	12,683	" 45	Rhode Island,	11,730	" 123
New Jersey	49,997	" 132	New Hampshire,	17,043	" 120
Kentucky,	21,493	" 72	Michigan,	17,613	" 129
Virginia,	37,204	" 92	Wisconsin,	[illegible]	" 136
Indiana,	2[illegible],315	" 88	Vermont,	5,646	" 149
Mississippi,	9,512	" 92			
Missouri,	18,417	" 53	Aggregate,	1,172,821	1 in 103

In our own Masonic Grand jurisdiction I have collected the returns for the following years, none having been returned previous to the year 1859. At the session of the Grand Lodge in January, 1859, the following report was made, and is followed each year up to 1869:

1859	5,058	Members	33	Deaths	Ratio 1 in	153
1860	5,816	"	62	"	" "	94
1861	6,210	"	54	"	" "	115
1862	6,452	"	73	"	" "	89
1863	7,318	"	118	"	" "	65
1864	8,772	"	122	"	" "	72
1865	10,078	"	185	"	" "	54
1866	10,509	"	58	"	" "	198
1867	13,154	"	99	"	" "	133
1868	16,861	"	130	"	" "	130
1869	18,016	"	131	"	" "	138
					Average ratio 1 in	112 9-11

In round numbers, one dies every year out of every 113 members.

These figures are facts, and the deduction from them is thus: supposing the 5,058 brethren in 1859 had joined an association of this kind, and that each Mason had joined at the time of his "raising," up to the present time it would have cost each brother just $10 27 each year for each $1,000. What insurance company in the world would insure your life for double the money? Independent of the fact that each dollar you pay goes to your own brother's widow and orphans.

Now a few words in relation to a society that took for its model our own association: in the year 1858, October 22, the railroad conductors formed an association having for its object the same as ours, paying the same assessments and receiving the same benefits, counted on the 22d of October, 1869, one year from its organization, 2,800 members, having paid a member's widow $2,700, at an expense to its oldest member of but $14! For the benefit of the brethren I append their official report up to the 1st of September, 1869:

December	5, 1868,	a member died.	The society paid his widow	$796
"	27,	" "	" " "	1,124
January	19, 1869,	" "	" " "	1,482
February	12 "	" "	" " "	1,700
"	16, "	" "	" " "	1,733
April	3, "	" "	" " "	2,079
"	7, "	" "	" " "	2,082
May	22, "	" "	" " "	2,251
June	12, "	" "	" " "	2,317
"	22, "	" "	" " "	2,368
July	20, "	" "	" " "	2,445

The member whose widow received the $2,445 had paid into the association $10 for the relief of the families of those who had gone before him, and $2,445 is the return it brought his family. These also are facts, brethren; draw your own conclusions.

And now, in conclusion, I would say to you, join the Association at once, and when you go home lay the matter before the brethren of your lodge; and, if *you* so will it, the Masonic Mutual Relief Association may be in condition in one month's time to pay a benefit of $5,000. Every W. Master owes to his lodge, and to its members, to lay the matter squarely and fairly before them. The Secretary will be glad to send you applications, or answer questions; only, pray, don't ask, "How many have already joined?" and then say, "Oh! I guess I'll wait till it gets a little larger before I join." Just one thousand of you step up and join at once, and then the next one of you that goes that "last, long and lonely journey," will have the satisfaction of knowing that his wife and little ones will not be crying for bread. Remember, "he who gives shall in due time receive back ten-fold."

JEX BARDWELL, Secretary.

INDORSEMENT.

The Grand Master, A. T. Metcalf, of this city, who has stood firmly by us ever since we commenced this journal, thus alluded to it in his address to the Grand Lodge:

"In this connection I also desire to call the attention of our brethren to the *Michigan Freemason*, a monthly journal devoted to the interests of our jurisdiction, edited and published by Bros. Chaplin and Rix, assisted by M. W. Bro. Coffinbury. This excellent Masonic periodical has been in existence six months. and displays an ability and devotion to Masonic interests which render it worthy of your support."

To this we add the resolution reported by the Committee on the Literature of the Order, which was unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge at its recent session:

"Resolved, That believing the publication entitled the *Michigan Freemason*, published by Chaplin, Ihling & Rix, is ably conducted, and will aid in diffusing Masonic light and information, and as it is published within this jurisdiction and advocates its interests, we commend its support to the subordinate lodges and Masons throughout the State."

Now that the Grand Lodge commends the *Michigan Freemason* to the support of the brethren, we trust they will come forward and subscribe by thousands. Give us six thousand good paying patrons and we will expend freely in brain work and material, and print a journal second to none devoted to the interests of Masonry.

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THE *Mystic Star* for January is received, and is an excellent number. The editor makes no vindication of his Hebrew criticism printed in a former number, which was so shattered by the *Voice of Masonry*. It would be a hard matter to defend the criticisms of Dr. Bellamy—so we are informed by knowing ones.

A NEW Masonic journal entitled the *Gavel* has been started at Toronto, Canada. It is said to be issued in the interests of the Grand Lodge of Quebec.

MEETING OF THE GRAND LODGE.

The annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of Michigan was held at Detroit on the 12th, 13th and 14th of January. The number of delegates in attendance was unusually large, and the utmost harmony prevailed throughout the session. The annual address of Grand Master Metcalf was able and interesting—brimming full of matter of great importance to the craft—conclusively proving its author to be alive to all the wants of his jurisdiction, and demonstrating his ability to supervise its important and complicated interests. An unusually large amount of business was transacted during the session, but it is not necessary, in this article, to do more than allude to some of the more interesting topics.

The "Code of By-Laws" for subordinate lodges, adopted last year and made obligatory upon them, was so far repealed as to leave the lodges at liberty to add to the Code (as their circumstances may require) such by-laws, for the regulation of their internal police, as do not conflict with the Constitution, Standing Rules, and Edicts of the Grand Lodge.

The project of building an expensive Masonic Temple at Detroit was rejected with great unanimity: at the same time, the necessity for some adequate accommodation for the large number of delegates annually in attendance upon the sessions of the Grand Lodge was generally admitted.

An amendment to the Grand Lodge Constitution, providing for the appointment of *five District Deputies* for the Lower Peninsula, was approved, and laid over, under the rules, to be adopted or rejected at the next session.

An able committee was appointed to mature, and report to the next session, the details of a plan by which subordinate lodges may own real estate, and insure real and personal property, without detriment to their Masonic or pecuniary interests.

Very many important questions of Masonic jurisprudence were decided, which will, in due time, be officially communicated to the several lodges.

Twenty-two new lodges were chartered, making the whole number now in the jurisdiction two hundred and eighty. Over twenty thousand Masons in good standing are reported as members of these lodges.

Contrary to the usual course of business in our Grand Lodge, several interesting and important questions touching our relations with foreign Grand bodies were presented and acted on.

One of these was the request of the so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec to be recognized. The Grand Lodge of Canada, within whose jurisdiction this attempt to form a new Grand Lodge occurs, remonstrated against the recognition. Out of deference to the Grand Lodge of Canada, whose regular annual Communication is held in July next, all action on the subject by our Grand Lodge was postponed until next year. This difficulty is one growing out of the recent change of political relations in the British dominions.

The Grand Orient of France was held to have violated Masonic comity and courtesy by recognizing a spurious Masonic body within the jurisdiction of our sister Grand Lodge of Louisiana. For this reason all correspondence and intercourse with the Grand O. of France were suspended by our Grand Lodge.

In this connection we will mention that M. W. Grand Master Newcome, of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, was present during most of the session, and that R. W. Thos. B. Harris, G. Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Canada, and R. W. Bro. White, of the same jurisdiction, were, also, in attendance. The response to the Grand Master's reception of the Canada brethren, by R. W. Bro. White, was, both in matter and style, one of the most graceful and pleasant it has ever been our good fortune to hear.

M. W. Bro. Metcalf, of Kalamazoo, was re-elected Grand Master for the ensuing year, and W. Bro. J. W. Champlain, of Grand Rapids, was chosen D. Grand Master. Most of the other Grand officers were elected to their former or to higher positions. The craft throughout the State will be glad to know that R. W. Bro. Look was re-elected Grand Visitor and Lecturer. He has proved himself an able and active craftsman.

Notwithstanding the Grand Lodge has become a large and unwieldy body, and its business is rapidly increasing in amount and importance, its recent deliberations (thanks to the business-like promptness and clearness of its presiding officer) were carried rapidly and smoothly, yet without hurry or confusion, to a harmonious and successful result.

We shall wait with some impatience for the publication of the Annual Transactions, and hope, as soon as they appear, to give our readers very many items of interest and importance not now alluded to. Meanwhile, we again commend to the attention of the craft the extracts from the Grand Master's address which we shall make in this and succeeding numbers.

Since the above was put in type we have received the following from our worthy brother, A. G. Hibbard, of Detroit, in reference to the doings of the Grand Lodge:

GRAND LODGE OF MICHIGAN.—The session just closed was not marked by any occasion of special interest or legislation of marked importance. The address of the Grand Master was a finely written and eloquently pronounced production, terse, practical, and as thoroughly condensed as its subject matter would permit. Masons in Michigan have no occasion to be ashamed of their Grand Master, and we could not but think, as we witnessed the dispatch of business that followed the address, that the mantle of Salathiel had fallen upon shoulders that were worthy to wear it. We say "eloquently pronounced" in face of the fact that it was delivered in a hall where the angel Gabriel would hesitate about blowing his trumpet, for fear it might not be heard at its extremity, or, if heard, for fear it might destroy the temple. And we would also say in this connection, that he will prove himself a good angel who expels the Grand Lodge from the hall aforesaid, and guards its entrance with a flaming sword.

The progress of Masonry in our State is marked and gratifying. Numerous lodges have been chartered during the year, and the total membership has largely increased. There is commendable uniformity in the work, and universal harmony prevails.

The three officers of the Grand Lodge upon whom devolves the principal part of the work are the Grand Master, Grand Secretary, and Grand Visitor and Lecturer. In the re-election of these officers the verdict of approbation was sufficiently pronounced. While there can be no doubts of the eminent ability and fitness of many members of the Grand Lodge for the office of Grand Master, there are very few men in whom the qualifications are so marked as in the present efficient officer. And while we are ready to believe the office of Grand Secretary *might* be filled, should the present incumbent retire, we are very sure no one wishes him to retire, even to make room for a better looking man. Bro. Fenton may retain his office until he receives the degree of Grand Master Architect, where his skill would be appreciated. One year ago there were many doubts as to the expediency of electing Bro. Look to the office of Lecturer, but among those who were cognizant of, what he has accomplished, there were none as to the expediency of retaining him in office. As a ritualist, a proficient in jurisprudence, a presiding officer, an eloquent speaker, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, he is alike worthy of his position and of our heartfelt respect and love. His Digest of Masonic Law is worth more to our order than all the Masonic orations of the last ten years, including the writer's.

I proposed to write something in relation to the Grand Lodge, but have made a signal failure. That body, however, will continue to do well with the officers we have named, and the mutations of 1870 will add to its influence and growth.

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

We greet our readers with the usual salutation of *A Happy New Year*, hoping that it may, indeed, prove such to us all. It certainly will if we indorse with a true life the tenets of our profession as Masons. If we put our trust in God, obey the moral law, practice Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, are industrious and economical, we shall enjoy great peace, and nothing shall offend us. But, on the contrary, if we are irreverent, profane, intemperate, immoral and indolent—if we live in contention with our brethren, and are untrue to them and to our Maker, we must expect to reap the fruit of our doings. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he, also, reap." So saith the Great Light of Masonry, and the experience of the world is in strict accord with its declaration.

We commence the new year with the hope of seeing our enterprise placed on a solid basis during the year 1870. We have staked our pecuniary all upon this enterprise, and with it we must go up or down. Since we commenced this publication we have had much to contend against. The firm that undertook the job of printing our journal did well for a short time, and we had high hopes for the future. But that firm was broken by one of the members withdrawing, and then our troubles commenced. Printers *struck*, and one after another left. The pressman, also, left, and our work was not only neglected, and put behind time, but was badly worked off; and finally matters became unbearable, so that we have changed our place, and will soon be up to time again; and we think our work in future will not suffer in the comparison with the first class magazines of the times.

We now come to the brethren commended by the Grand Lodge of Michigan, which, at its recent session, passed resolutions favorable to our journal and commended it to the liberal support of Michigan Freemasons, and also made it the medium of communication between the Grand Master and the fraternity. Here will be found, from time to time, such of the Grand Master's decisions as he may choose to give to the public, and this feature of the magazine will make it invaluable to the brotherhood of this jurisdiction.

We have a renewed pledge on the part of leading craftsmen that they will write for our pages, and we hope all will interest themselves in forwarding us such items of Masonic news as may come to their knowledge.

And now, brethren, we again bespeak your aid and cordial co-operation. Thus far you have stood by us, and given great reason for thankfulness for your aid. Continue to aid us, and when our subscriptions amount to what the jurisdiction can amply afford for a home Masonic journal, we will pledge you a magazine which shall equal any devoted to the interests of the craft in this country or in any other. With a zealous co-operation on your part, why should we not have from four to six thousand subscribers before the close of the present year?

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THE editor of this journal has been "smitten with boils" almost as extensively as the man of Uz. This has prevented the use of the pen (as three of these pests were located on the right hand), and, also, caused him to fail to fill engagements to address lodges on two or three occasions. He hopes to regain wonted good health in a few days.

DEATH OF BRO. ALLEN WESTON.

Through a correspondent of the *Mystic Star* we learn of the death of Brother Allen Weston, who was formerly a resident of this State, and will be remembered by most of our readers as the proprietor of the *Ashlar*, one of the best Masonic publications ever issued in the West. He was a true man and Mason, and his memory will long be cherished by a brotherhood in whose hearts his virtues remain embalmed. His labors for our noble order will live and speak for him in the ages to come. We give the following from the *Star:*

"Mr. Weston came to this city from Massachusetts—his native State—in the year 1853, and took charge of the *Daily Advertiser* as editor-in-chief, which post he filled with distinguished ability until the paper changed hands a year or two after He was made a Mason in Union Lodge of Strict Observance, No. 3, in this city, and subsequently took a dimit to join in forming Ashlar Lodge. His soul was wrapped up in the teachings of our order, and he very soon became a bright, as well as uncommonly intelligent Mason. He became proficient in all the lectures from the best source of information, and formed a class for instruction in the lectures, to which he devoted himself with zeal for the good of the craft. His mind and education fitted him for a wise leader and teacher. With a desire to extend the influence and benefits of the ancient craft he established the *Ashlar*, a very able monthly, devoted to the interests of Masonry. After some years he moved it to Chicago, where it was continued until he determined to seek a home in the far Western Territories.

"He settled in Central City, Colorado, and resumed the practice of the law. While there he was appointed by the General Government as District Attorney for the Territory, and was a prominent actor in public affairs, on the side of the Government and the Union, during the fierce struggle of the rebellion. While in Colorado he took an active part in organizing Masonic lodges, and was subsequently appointed Grand Lecturer, and Grand Master of the Territory. The present existence and prosperity of Masonry in Colorado is due more to his efforts, probably, than to those of any other one man.

"About the close of the war he moved to New York city, and took up his residence there, to enjoy a more refined society, better fitted to his genial nature and education. His pioneer life had left traces of an impaired health, yet by the practice of a most exemplary and correct daily life he was generally in the enjoyment of good health His death, in June last, was quite sudden, by paralysis. I have no further particulars. Bro. Weston will be kindly remembered by many Masons in the Northwest. He had, I believe, attained all the highest degrees conferred in this country. A FRIEND."

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THE AMERICAN FREEMASON.

This is the title of a monthly paper hailing from Cincinnati, Ohio, under charge of J. Fletcher Brennan. It is to be devoted (so says the prospectus) to "the vindication of the rights of Freemasons in their lodges—rights which, to admit of our present style of American Grand Lodges are violated, until they are, in great measure, unknown." Among the reforms proposed are the following:

"1. The complete recognition of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity among the brethren Freemasons of every rite and rank, country, race and color, in their lodges.

"2. The total rejection of those ideas of caste, creed, race and color, which at present are recognized and made pre-requisites to initiation and affiliation.

"3. Freedom for brethren Freemasons to select such rite as they may elect by which to perform their work, provided the same embodies the usual obligations and modes of recognition.

"4. Freedom to obtain a charter to organize a lodge from any authority competent to grant the same, provided the authority set up by the lodges of that particular jurisdiction refuses to grant such charter."

And much more quite as heretical.

It will be news to our readers that the rights of brethren are violated in our lodges until they are, in a great measure, unknown! And our poor, down-trodden brethren have had no one to step forth in their vindication till, in these latter days, J. Fletcher Brennan comes to the rescue! He comes to break the chains of oppression and give deliverance to the captives—to proclaim "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity among the brethren" of every rank, country, race and color. Well, we thought our brethren had enjoyed these God-given rights from time immemorial in Masonic lodges, where titles, ranks, positions, are unknown.

But the *meaning* of all this is obvious to those who are aware of the encroachments of the Grand Orient of France upon the rights of American jurisdictions. The editor of this would-be *American Freemason* is undoubtedly endeavoring to undermine our present American system, and set up a something in its stead which will be modeled after the infidel, mongrel Masonry of French dictation. J. Fletcher Brennan is undoubtedly a mouthpiece for the French Emperor, and paid by French gold. We advise all true Masons to give his publication a wide berth. It is anything but loyal to American Freemasonry, and its name is a misnomer, and pretentious clap-trap to catch the unwary. It proposes the overthrow of all *real* American Freemasonry, and the recognition of the clandestine lodges, formed without legitimate authority, but in strict accordance with the number four of Brennan's prospectus.

We pronounce this publication what the *Trowel* does, an *anti* of the worst type. It is worse than the *Cynosure* of Chicago; for that disgusting sheet does not pretend to support Masonry while it tries with all its power to undermine it. We honor an honest opponent, but have no language to express our contempt for an enemy who is too cowardly to assume his real attitude of opposition, but would assume the garb of friendship, the better to stab in the dark. We advise J. Fletcher Brennan to change the title of his publication—take off *American Freemason* and call it the *Clandestine Advocate.*

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THE *Masonic Monthly* is again on our table, reduced to thirty-two pages to the number. Bro. Evans retires from the editorial charge of the *Monthly*, and no *Hash* is served up to its readers. Br. Evans will continue to contribute, and has the place of honor reserved for his articles. The number before us is handsomely printed and reads well The leading article, on "The Literature of Masonry," is not what we expected from the title. It is a great effort with small results.

SAINT JOHN'S DAY.

The festival of Saint John the Evangelist was never more generally observed by the craft throughout the country than upon its recent occurrence. Our exchanges are full of the most charming accounts of the good times experienced by the brethren. And what is true of Michigan is recorded of other jurisdictions. Even from England, where we had heard the St. John's Days were not observed, reports come to us of a general celebration of the festival, with the best results for the craft. Public installations, at which addresses were delivered explaining the objects of Masonry, called together large assemblies, and the ladies came to grace the occasion by smiles of approval, all of which served to more than vindicate the wisdom of observing the Saint John festivals.

In our own jurisdiction public installations were had in Detroit, Battle Creek, Centreville, Dowagiac, and several other places.

The Grand Master spent the day at Battle Creek, where he delivered an excellent address, in his usual eloquent and happy style, which was received with great applause. We may give extracts in a future number.

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Hotel Courtesy.—We are under great obligation to the gentlemanly proprietor of the Kalamazoo House, Mr. Frank Todd, for courtesies received. The Kalamazoo House equals the very best in its accommodations, and we commend it to the public most heartily. Mine host knows exactly how to cater to the wants of his guests and make their stay agreeable.

We are also under obligation to Brother Tabor, of the Biddle House, at Detroit, with whom we always make our home when in that city. While attending the recent Grand Lodge we were the guest of Br. Tabor, as were many of the brothers from various parts of the State, all of whom were abundantly accommodated and made to feel at home. The Biddle is one of the best hotels in the country. Its dining hall has not an equal in Michigan.

BUSINESS EXTENSION.

On the 1st day of January, 1870, the proprietors of the *Michigan Freemason* became associated in business with O. Ibling, the former proprietor of "The Kalamazoo Blank Book Manufactory," and we are now prepared to supply Lodges, Chapters and Commanderies with record books got up in the best style of the art. We are also prepared to do all kinds of commercial printing, supply blanks, and execute Bookbinding of every style.

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On Monday evening, January 10, a convention of delegates from the Lodges of Perfection, Councils, Chapters and Consistories of the A. & A. Scottish Rite of this State was held in the hall of Strict Observance Lodge, Detroit, for the purpose of considering the interests of the Rite in this jurisdiction. There was a good attendance, and judging from the sentiments expressed by prominent members of that Rite, a petition will be forwarded to the next session of the Supreme Council for the consolidation of the Consistories, so as to have but one in this State. At this time, of course, it is quite uncertain where it may be located, some favoring Detroit, and others hoping it may be more centrally located.

Table Talk—The chapter of Table Talk intended for this number of our magazine was delayed and did not come to hand till we were about ready with our last form for the press. We can assure our *good friend* Gottfried that his articles are highly appreciated by our readers, and we are sorry to send out a single number without the quaint sayings of Barney Hagerman. The chapters received will appear in future numbers.

New Lodge Hall.—We understand the brethren at Grand Rapids and Jackson are engaged in erecting new lodge buildings, each of which will be magnificent.

A new lodge hall was dedicated December 28, at Grattan, in this State. Rev. Bro. J. M. Fletcher, of Grand Rapids, delivered an address on the occasion.

Bro. John W. Simons has become chief editor of the *Masonic Tidings.* He is one of our best Masonic writers, and the *Tidings* is one of our very best exchanges.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. I.—MARCH, A. L. 5870.—NO. VIII.

A MASONIC SERMON.

BY REV. A. G. HIBBARD.

RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS AND IMFUENCE OF FREE MASONRY.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore." —Psalm CXXIII.

"But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" —I John III : 17

"Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings; if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious. To whom coming, as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious, ye also, as lividg stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Ctrist." —I Peter II: 1, 3—5.

I select, to introduce my discourse, the passages of scripture to which you have listened, on account of the peculiar impressions they are calculated to make upon members of the brotherhood from their frequent ritulalistic use, and as embodying in comprehensive form, the spirit of the Masonic institution.

It is because I believe that good may be done thereby, and that those who hear me may see that there is a *soul and vitality*, where so many see nothing but forms and mystery, that I speak to you to night of the religious teachings and moral influence of an institution as old, or older than any other existing on earth, having a membership numerically exceeding the voting population of the United States, whose ritual is pronounced in every known language, whose members may be found in every state and nation, and whose charity and benificence is co-extensive with the human race. If I may speak of Missionary, Sunday School, Educational enterpises or our ordinary local charities, this theme is certainly befitting to the time and the place.

To labor for the advancement of the highest and best interests of mankind has ever been revered as the true virtue, and so it is that the improvement of society has engaged the attention, and employed the energies of the good men of every age and clime. And so unexceptionally true is this, that there is scarcely a period in the history of the world, so enveloped in darkness, ignorance and vice, as not to afford some vestige of usefulness, some gleam of light and knowledge,

"Life is onward evermore—
Still the present age improving,
On the age that went before."

The succeeding *labors* by which the past has contributed to and enriched the present, constitute the noblest monuments of antiquity. The improved condition of the times in which we live, is the outgrowth and rich product of long existing influences, which have, in fact, been accumulating through the interminable centuries till it is our privilege to gaze with enraptured vision at the present advance in the progress of humanity. Ethical and philosophical writers teach us that both mind and matter are full and rich with the precious elements of human happiness. But who is there to instruct us in the means of gaining access to these secrets of mind and matter; who can and will put in our hands the key to unlock them? The seeking for them, although not always successful, has provided for our enjoyment vast funds of riches and information We make the present, the storehouse of past centuries. Nature is rendered the best teacher of perfection, so that

"In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God."

Science has been applied on a scale which would be the constant wonder were it not the reality of the age. And yet, how true is it that the great masses of mankind, are, to-day, in a position that is false to both their social and moral nature. Look anywhere and everywhere over the face of the broad earth, and you will see individuals and communities, consulting with an exclusive selfishness, that in no single instance looks beyond themselves, their on peculiar interests,—bound up in self with a power that makes them the veriest slaves. And you will often see that he is apparently the most successful who devotes himself most unscrupulously to his own interests and ignores completely the interests of those around him. The unceasing and vigorous prosecution of so many distinct interests, which are necessarily adverse, and the disastrous consequences which flow therefrom, constitute that singular compound of good and evil in which we live, and from which it would be difficult to determine whether we enjoy more than we suffer. At the present moment we see but little union, but little mutual confidence, men do not help each other, do not trust each other, but there is a wide expanse of dissension, alienation and confusion. Might, is the criterion of Right, with nations and with men.

With anxiety we look out over the Earth and ask, What influence can harmonize these moral discordances? What power shall render the principles of self-interest and self-regard subservient to social happiness and universal benevolence? What irresistible spirit can we summon and command, gifted with the reason, the genius and the virtue to regenerate the present evils and extract from them the sweet but potent influences of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth?

These words contain the sum of the spirit ot the institution of Free Masonry. Masons engrave them on their portals; they inscribe them on the banner which they uphold for the guidance and happiness of man; they announce them as the sources of inexhaustible good and benificence; they re-echo them in their Halls, and re-create them in all their teachings and obligations.

Where men are divided, estranged and overwhelmed with wants and evils, Masonry offers the design of assembling them together by the attractions of Brotherly Love. Masons never assemble without listening to the blessed words: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" To a body of moral beings, with diverse wants, and often unable to supply those wants, we could not commend a a greater earthly blessing than the generous and reciprocal supports of relief. A man is reminded of this when first he enters the Masonic portals, and, "To do good, and to communicate," is the lesson that often falls upon his ears, and in a world where oppression so often wrongs, cunning defrauds, temptation seduces, Masonry presents the bright and enduring character of truth. By every emblem, symbol and rite it seeks to impress this lesson :—

* * * "to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Of these principles, the Masonic Institution, is, more than any other, the Apostle; and in adopting and promulgating them it has an ally in every heart, for they are the cry of nature from one extreme of humanity to the other. I will not pause now to enquire whether Masons live up to their strength and spirit, but this may be said with confident assurance, that men engaged earnestly and devotedly in establishing the influence of such sentiments over the permanent interests of society and therefore controlling those interests, are performing that duty which must be received with grateful emotions by the heart of every virtuous man.

Let me say just here, that whatever claims I have urged or am about to urge, I do not claim perfection for Masons or the institution of Free Masonry. Far from it;—but on the contrary, there are times when I see so much imperfection and sin among men who have made such exalted professions that my love and veneration for the institution is overcome by my disgust for its representatives. It partakes of the qualities of every thing human. Can *you* see spots upon its brightness? I can see them also. Do you point me to Masons, some of whom have held official positions, even, who are a disgrace alike to Masonry and humanity? I admit the justice of your criticism and feel all the dishonor and shame resting upon the institution, on their account, *more* than you, and can only say in extenuation, that I believe they would sink still lower and be still worse, were it not for certain restraints it continues to throw around them. I love the church of Christ, it is hallowing in all its associations, elevating and sanctifying in all its influences, but there bow at its altars, and partake of its sacrament, men destitute of holy rinciple and true manliness, women who have long been strangers to virtue, guilty fornicators, the cruel and treacherous, and those in whose souls neither truth or virtue ever find a resting place. But when I think of Jesus who founded the church, of the martyrs who have died for it, of the dead and living saints who have illustrated its principles, I forget all that is wrong in others and can only pray, that I may be worthy of its fellowship and true to its precepts and principles. And so when I think of the elevating precepts of Free Masonry and their impressive and beautiful illustrations, I forget all the shortcomings of individuals, and rejoice that I have been found worthy of membership in a fraternity older than the church of Christ; that has been honored by brothers of virtuous patriotism, like Washington; of wisdom like Bacon; of genius like Burns; of science, like Humboldt; of eloquence, like Webster's at the forum, and Starr King's in the pulpit; of true nobility and unassuming worth, like the New England clergy of seventy-five years ago, nine-tenths of whom were connected with this institution.

In speaking to you to-night of the religious influence of Free Masonry, I wish you to bear in mind, that it inculcates precisely the same system of *practical morality* tought in the church. You will also remember, that while my statements are not necessaly thus limited, I do thus limit them in my thought. I speak of religion as a system of ethics, and not as a particular system of faith or worship. With this qualification I say that the teachings of Masonry have vastly more power in the world, and true religious influence, than the teachings of the church. They are imparted in a spirit and by a method which has a tendency to *unite* men; while the church, by pressing its most unimportant theory with all the force it applies to its highest practical teachings causes men to differ, and so brings about rivalries, jealousies, intolerance and persecution. Theoretical differences or disputations are forbidden in the Masonic institution as tending to disturb its peace and harmony, and while encouraging the largest liberty of thought, it also says that unity, brotherly-love and the practice of virtue are worth more to humanity than the most glittering theories ever mooted. Not to build up a party or sect, but to elevate and improve the world at large, is its motto. To deal justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly before God and to teach men so, is the spirit that gives it life and incites all its efforts. The churches labor with a zeal which I do not criticize, to make Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, and this seems to be the primary aim, while

Masonry labors to make just and upright men who are strictly charged ever to walk and act as such. Each sect thinks itself better and purer than any other, and the careful observer may often detect beneath its utterances the same spirit which nineteen hundred years ago, prompted the words, "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other men." The Founder of Christianity rebuked the spirit, and then no Masonic Lodge has been duly opened and closed since that time, but what the rebuke has been repeated. Just where the teachings of the church cause men to differ, the Masonic Institution comes in with its religious influence; "with her white vestments, her gentle, conciliating voice, and her pure system of morals, and teaches humanity and universal benevolence" to a contending world. It recognizes the fact that men are blinded by prejudice, and warped by perversity, and degrated and soiled by sin, and living upon a plane far beneath that which God designed them to occupy it says to them—Arise, and *be* men, large, manly men,—and not men only, but brothers,—but do not rise until you breath to Heaven the prayer we all should utter.—

"More light! more light!"—to see
What mystic path I tread;
What dangers hover o'er
My heart and head!
Oh, stretch thy guiding hand
And lead me through this night—
Then bathe me in a flood
Of perfect light!—"

Now I say, and undertake to prove, that society, as we see its manifestations in our own social institutions and republican government has attained such a condition of social harmony, of mutual regard and of equality of rights, as could not havebeen attained except by means of the influence of Free Masonry.* I say that it is impossible in the very nature of things, that a system of government so free and so perfect as that of the United States, so harmonious in its workings, and so tolerant in its spirit, could have been established, and a tone and direction given to its institutions, through the influence of the christian churches, some of whom have gone so far at this late day as to petition Congress to make their peculiar theological dogmas a part of our

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*For this thought and the fact illustrating it, I am indebted to an article in the *Masonic Review* of 1859, written by Hon. Salathel J. Coffinuerry, at present Grand Master of Masons in Michigan.

federal compact, and so, the supreme law of the land. We find interwoven with our system of government, those great cardinal principles of equal rights, those exalted ideas of equity and justice, that liberty of conscience and privilege of religious sentiment which permits every individual to adopt such a faith and such a form of worship as pleases him, or not to engage in outward worship at all, which are the sources from which our grandeur springs and which make our Republic vital with a life such as could never have existed even in the ideal Republic of Plato. None of these excellences can be ascribed to the church; for, the very mission the church claims is, to compel men to worship and to prescribe the form of that worship.

By an examination of the principles of Masonry, you will find clearly enunciated the most salutary features of our system of government. It teaches peace on earth and good will among men. It teaches morality, universal freedom of thought, and independence of moral action. It teaches that true nobility is based upon merit, that, not the jewelled crown, but the honest man in any garb is alone entitled to homage. It teaches that true manhood is made, not by titles, wealth, learning or pride, but

By unassuming Worth;
The noble architecture of humanity,
Whose dome does reach the sky
In its diviner masonry;
Where sound and ripe whole-heartedness,
And clear and bold straight-forwardness,
Have their high birth.
Squared, plumbbed, and measured, by old Honesty,
Integrity his base;
His strong foundation Faith, and Truth, and Love.
He lives heroic in his active deeds—
A life-pulse beating in deep sympathy
With the eternal place,
And the whole human race—
This constitutes a MAN.

Are not these principles identical with those embraced in our system of free government? Is it not the simple truth, that the framers of our government transplanted them from a social organization to a political one? And these principles have given life and vigor to a system which is the admiration of the world; which, unselfish in its workings and ever catholic in its porposes and spirit, inspires and keeps alive in faithful hearts in every nation on earth, the great truth that all men are endowed with inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I know that this statement may be sneered at and ridiculed by many who are too wise in their own conceit to examine if it be true. It *is* true nevertheless, and I cite a fact which places its truth beyond cavil. With the exception of six or seven of the men, who constituted the Federal Convention that framed the Constitution, its members were Free Masons. The same thing is true of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Masonry may be denounced by some as sinful, and laughed at by others as trivial and ridiculous, but the wisdom of Masons secured to us our political system, and their liberality the right for every man to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience. In these bodies of men there were members of rival churches, but something led them to pledge to each other their lives, if need be, to defend, among other things, this liberty of conscience. This was not in accordance with church practises, for very good men say and do hard things against other very good men who do not agree with them in religious theories. It was Masonic, however. It was reasonable, right and proper. It was strongly tinctured with that humanity and philanthropy which is taught so impressively and beautifully in both the esoteric and exoteric lessons of Masonry. These men had learned the great truth that they were brothers. There was one God in whom they all trusted; one alter at which they all bent the knee; and standing in the presence of that God and remembering their service at that alter, they acted in unison and accomplished their purposes by securing that for which humanity will never cease to revere their memories as sacred.

Enough has been said to show the liberal religious influence of this institution, to show that thereby it secures unity of action in accomplishing the best and noblest purposes and is, therefore, a conserving and life-giving power in the world. If it has been my privilege to understand its teachings aright I should say that by following its direction, extending one's thought and purposes as it suggests, every want of the mind and soul, in these directions, may be met and answered. It enjoins mental cultivation, tells the student how the mental faculties may be enlarged and strengthened;—it also illustrates faith in God, hope in immortality and charity towards all mankind, those celestial attainments of wisdom and goodness, which reach like the ladder of Jacob from earth to heaven. In the days of prosperity and gladness, it rejoices with a Brother and doubles the joy; in the days of mourning and affliction, by sympathizing with the grief, it alleviates the sorrow; and when the lamp of life burns low, it points to the bliss that awaits our departure hence. Oh! what service is this to offer to the Giver of all things, it is the power that moves the gates of heaven. For God's word says of such service, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The member of this fraternity who is true and faithful to its obligation and precepts, may justly say with the old patriarch—"That the blessing of him that was ready to perish was upon him, and he caused the widows heart to sing for joy: he was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame, and a support to the feeble, and he ate not his morsel alone; the naked also felt the warming fleece of his flock—when the ear heard him it blessed him and when the eye saw him it beamed on him with delight."

It is more, and requires more to be truly a Free and Accepted Mason, sincerely honest and faithful to the profession, than most men think There is much in this *freedom.* The man must have waged war with, and must have vanquished, those vicious appetites, lusts and passions, that so often control men, so that his soul shall reign supreme over his body, rendered obedient to all its decrees He walks with his conscience in the one hand, truth in the other and his God before him. No mean thing, no impure thing, no trickery must soil his character. His mind must be so firmly fixed and grounded that he can stand in the smiles and sunshine of prosperity, unelated; in the clouds and rugged paths of adversity undepressed; on the bed of sickness he will be unrepining and resigned; so that all that are commonly called the arrows of outrageous fortune shall fall powerless at his feet. One must be such a man to be a *Free*-Mason. To the wounded spirit, he administers by his counsel, the heavenly balm of healing; his wealth, if he has it, he scatters, like the dew on the tender herb, to refresh the poor and needy. To the reputation or the good name of his neighbor, he acts as a shield against the malicious efforts of detraction; he delights to add to human joy, to sympathize with human sorrow, to minister to human weakness and infirmity. Bowing his heart with humility and gratitude, Heaven *accepts* his devotion and service, and so he has peace with men, peace with God, every pulse of his heart vibrates in unison with ransomed souls, and—

Serene he views both worlds, and here
Sees nothing but with hope, and nothing there to fear.—

This harmony of life and frame of soul beams on his countenance and glistens in his eye, a strong reflection of God, and purity, and Heaven. His faith removes the sting of death, so that when he goes down to that gate men have made so dark and cheerless by their doubt and sin, his serene spirit illumines it, and his experience teaches him that so God would always introduce men to *more light*, and that the silence brooding over him will soon be broken by the cheering words—"Come, thou blessed, enter into the joy of thy Lord!" One must be such a man to be an *accepted* Mason.

And now, my hearers, may I not justly say, that an institution which has already done so much and proposes to do so much for the world is worthy our reverence and regard? May I not ask you to look away from the outer show for a time, 'till with eyes refreshed you can discern the real substance? May I not ask you to forget the foibles and short-comings of individual members, while in thought you visit battle-fields where it alleviates the horors of war; dungeons where it has brightened captivity; hospitals where it has nursed the disease; homes of poverty where it has alleviated distress and want; quiet cemeteries where it has laid the dead to rest; and breaved households where it has ministered to the widow and fatherless? It cannot die, for it is founded upon the best and purest instincts of humanity. Its secrets cannot be divulged, for God hides them only in faithful breasts. Its truth will ever remain as to-day for it is a divine attribute and nothing divine shall ever perish. It has been maligned by designing enimies and disgraced by professed friends and has stood every test, and like truth

"* * * shall conquor at the last—
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done."

If a member of this institution hears me to-night, let me remind him that only by the practice of temperance, prudence, justice and truth can he do honor to an institution that has done so much for the world and may do so much for him. Let me remind you that your professions glitter only like tinsel, unless their lustre is sustained by a daily walk and conversation emenating from an internal treasure of moral truth and virtue commensurate with the external display. Let me remind you that each of us stand before God to whom the secrets of all hearts are unveiled and that he can never be deceived—let me remind you that every just criticism of the Institution you profess to love, proceeds from your unworthiness or neglect. Let me ask you so to live that every virtuous, well-meaning man, in every community shall point to your excellencies, and every pure-minded man in the wide-extended brotherhood shall be proud to say at all times and upon all occasions—" I am a Free Mason." Permit me to remind you that the day of labor on earth is swiftly passing, and we shall do well to see to it that we are fitted by righteous living for the rest of Heaven. That each one of us may be found worthy of acceptance and acknowledgment there is my earnest prayer.

My brothers, let us so regulate our lives and actions by justice and virtue that we shall ever be ready for Heaven. Let us cultivate assiduously the noble tenets of our profession, Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth, and learn even from our jewels morality, equality and rectitude of life. Let us imitate in all their various perfections those noble martyrs of past ages, who have maintained their integrity even in death and have baptised their principles with their blood. As marbles have been reared to perpetrate their memory, and evergreens are planted to mark the place of their interment, so may virtue by its ever-blooming lovliness, designate us as Free and Accepted Masons.

Let us spread liberally the cement of brotherly love and affection; let us ponder well our words and actions, and let all the energies of our minds and the affections of our souls be employed in the attainment of our Heavenly Father's approbation; then when our dissolution draws nigh, and the cold winds of death come sighing around us, and his chill dew already glistens on our brow, with joy shall we obey the summons that calls us, and go from our service on earth to the everlasting rest in the Paradise of God; then shall we be fitly prepared as living stones for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; where no discordant voice shall be heard, but all the soul shall experience shall be perfect bliss, and all it shall express shall be perfect praise, and love divine shall ennoble every heart, and hosannas exalted employ every tongue.

TRIALS OF MASTERS.

The common people are very apt to think that Kings, Princes and other potentates are care-free and happy; that in their lofty position the trials and tribulations of every-day life cannot reach them, and that the remorseless waives of the sea of trouble break harmlessly on the shingly beach beneath their feet. But a little reflection will teach us that the poet was right when he sang—

> "Uneasy lies the head wnich wears a crown."

The shores of time are strewn with the wrecks of kingly barques, and heaped with the debris of the kingly great. Cæsar was stabbed by Brutus, "Charles I. had his Cromwell," and the long line of princes whose sun set in blood, like the ghosts in Macbeth, "stretches out to the crack o' doom." There is no man but what has his troubles, no station but has its attendant embarassments. To change our line of remarks, somewhat, all the world knows that most animate beings

> ——"Have big fleas to bite 'em;
> And these fleas have little fleas,
> And so *ad infinitum*."

We are led to these reflections by considering what is involved in the three words at the head of this article. The trials of Masters! To those who for a term of years have risen in the East to dispense light and knowledge, what pictures do these words conjure up. At his first election, it may be, the Master is, or feels himself to be incompetent—he is not up in "the work." He sets himself at once about the task of acquiring it. The Grand Lecturer, or his Deputy, is sent for. He learns all the ritual of opening and closing, and conferring degrees, and goes to work. Scarce a dozen sentences has he uttered ere winks and nods go from one to another of the brethren—he hasn't "got it" just as *they* have. The Senior Warden, the Senior Deacon, or it may be some old Past Master begins to prompt and correct him. If he says "his" it ought have been "the" if he does *this* way, he ought to have done *that* way; if he omits certain monitorial parts and long-winded interpolated addresses, he "hasn't got the state work;" in short, chaos has come, and the new Master feels to sing like the stupid whose wife beat him the second day after marriage—

> "Needles and pins—needles and pins,
> When a man marries his trouble begins."

When he gets home he considers the subject carefully; he goes to his masonic books and papers; he compares monitors he reasons in his own mind on this point and that, and is sure his work is as near correct as any other man's. But to satisfy himself he visits other Lodges, and converses on the subject with many well informed brethren. He finds that no two Lodges work exactly alike, and scarce any two brethren recite the Lectures exactly alike. Yet all embody everything that is essential, and not one of them but keeps within the landmarks. So he is confirmed in his position, and in the Lodge pays no attention to those who cavil and carp at him. At the end of the year his lodge has made progress, and works well. Then comes election. A week or two before that eventful day he learns that A has conspired with B to elect him, A, Master, B to be Senior Warden, and C Junior Warden. The plot fails, and he is retained in the East. The next year is just as full of vexation and difficulty. The intriguers are disappointed, and they resolve to begin their next campaign earlier. First they absent themselves from the Lodge—they are not going there to be brow-beaten and insulted—not they—and others are infected by their example. The master is charged with being harsh and over-bearing in his government of the Lodge, and if he makes some mistake, as by chance he may, it is magnified.

These are only a few of the ways in which he is annoyed, he all the while striving earnestly to do his duty, and when the year closes he sings the *Nunc Dimitus*, and unless a strong majority *forces* him to undergo another year of torture, he quits the East with the feelings of an abused man.

If a Grand Jury of Masters were called to consider this subject, it would write across the face of this article these words:

"THIS IS A TRUE BILL."

—*Masonic Tidings.*

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For the Michigan Free Mason.

THE TEMPLE IN THE HEAVENS.

BY M. W. ALFRED, M. D.

The Temple erected by King Solomon, the erection of which rendered his name immortal, was the result of combined labor, and architectural advancement of the Sidonians and Hebrews, their two leading powers in the East. Previous to the coronation of Solomon, even while David was on the throne of Israel, Hyram, King of Tyre, sent "Masons and Carpenters" to aid in building the house, (I Chron. 14, 4). The city of Tyre was built by the Sidonians 2760 years B. C., or about 1700 years before Jerusalem became the metropolis of Judea.

Solomon's Temple was a most costly and superb edifice, and often mentioned in the Scriptures as a representation of the *House in Heaven*, the dwelling place of the King of Kings.

The timbers for the Temple of Solomon were brought from Lebanon, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles; and the stones were squared near the same place. The city of Tyre was situated on an island, near the shore of the Mediterranean sea, 110 miles north of Jerusalem. Lebanon was still north of Tyre some 40 miles, so that the timbers and stones for the Temple were "prepared" much nearer Tyre than Jerusalem. The *tabernacle* which Moses erected, after the passage of the Red Sea, was made according to a PATTERN exhibited to Moses by the Deity himself. This *pattern*, this *model* was the workmanship of Heaven—a miniature of the Celestial Temple, which needs not the light of the sun, because the Divine Effulgence illuminates both the Temple and the City of the Most High.

The "Most Holy" apartment of the Temple was fashioned like the Tabernacle, the model of which was the workmanship of

Him who said, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern shown to thee on the Mount." By means then, of this epitome of the Celestial Temple, furnished to Moses, we have some idea then of the house in which are "many mansions," the home of the blest. The contemplation of this sweet home in the skies is a source of our richest comfort, the object of our most glorious hope. On faith's strong wings thither our souls ascend. Anxious even with mortal eyes to catch a glimpse of the world to come, we look away among the distant suns, and stars that twinkle like gems inwrought in the blue expanse, and anxiously enquire for that city built of gold, the Home in the kies.

Tell me! thou sun of day and light,
Have thy far reaching rays
Yet seen that world so pure and bright
Since thy first beaming blaze?
Wilt thou not answer, tell O tell,
Where do the blest departed dwell?

Thou brilliant star, whose twinkling eyes,
A thousand suns behold,
O hast thou seen, in distant skies,
The city built of gold?
Star tell me now, with tears I plead,
My earnest supplications heed.

Thou far more distant, blickering star,—
Looking through boundless space—
Hast thou while gazing near and far
Observed that happy plac
I ask imploringly, O tell!
Where do my loved departed dwell.

Tis vain to ask,—I turn away,
My soul tell thou me where?
hear thy inmost whisperings say,
THAT GLORIOUS WORLD IS NEAR;
Cease then my tears, no longer flow,
It is not far away, no, no.

—*Galesburg*, *Feb.* 1870]

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBURRY.

CHAPTER VIII.

The evening after the conversation between the banker and his clerk which resulted in the acceptance, on the part of the latter, the position of head clerk of the bank, the banker returned to his private residence in a thoughtful mood. He found his daughter awaiting him to join him in the accustomed evening walk. This evening walk was limited to a few acres of primitive fōrest trees attached to the residence, to which the hand of art had added her bright tribute of ornamentation.

The walk of the father and daughter had proceeded in silence until they approached a rustic seat in the shade of a large elm. After seating themselves Eda opened the conversation by the following inquiry :

" Can it be possible, father, that the elegant young man we saw in your office this morning is the same that you employed about a year since, whose outlandish figure, when he made his application, excited my risibility ?"

" The very same; Mr. Preston." replied the father.

" I was never more surprised than when I saw him there this morning upon the opening of the door ;" said Eda. " In fact I was embarrassed. As we approached the bank I thought of the poor young man, the impression his disappointment made on my mind, when, after his rejection, he turned to leave the office, was still fresh in my memory. In truth I have felt a melancholy interest for him, and, have associated with that interest a hope for his prosperity. But when the door opened and I so unexpectedly saw the elegant gentleman that sat there, instead of the raw country boy, I was quite disconcerted. I could not mistake the face although the healthy bronze of out-door life had faded away, and the expression of awkward inexperience had given place to thoughtful dignity. As he looked up our eyes met. I saw that he recognized me, and I felt such an embarrassment as forbid my entrance. What kind of a clerk does he make? He has certainly improved greatly in his personal appearance."

" Eda," said Mr. Wilson, "I shall never regret that I redeemed the promise I had made to you but a few minutes before the entrance of Mr Preston, and you may congratulate yourself and me for having made the request you did on that occasion, inasmuch as it resulted in giving me an excellent assistant in business, and promoting the fortunes of a most worthy young man, as well as opening the doors of the world to one who may yet mark the age in which he lives. Mr. Preston will hereafter be my chief clerk. He takes the place of Mr. Gimlet retires."

" Does Mr. Preston go much into society ?" enquired the daughter.

" I think not any," replied the father.

" He spoke of a sister. I warrant she is a sweet child," said Eda.

" Why do you think she is a child ?" enquired Mr. Wilson.

" Because he said as much in substance," replied Eda.

" Your recollection of the conversation is much better than mine." said the father.

" Can I forget that conversation, and how it thrilled me ? can I forget his quick decisive answers ? his proud and confident bearing, notwithstanding his unpolished exterior ? It was wonderful. The conversation, in substance ran thus :

" What relations have you ?"

" A mother and a sister."

" They have some means ?"

" No sir, not any."

" They support themselves, I suppose ?"

" No sir."

" Who supports them ?"

" I do, my mother has been afflicted with ill health until recently. My sister is too young to aid in her own support."

" Do you remember, father."

" I do remember now, that you renew the substance of the conversation in my mind."

" Was it not wonderful ?"

" It was wonderful, as I now see it, and, as I now know the man ; although, as it transpired, it did not at that time, strike me as remarkable."

" Yes," continued the young lady," it was as wonderful as it was noble. It was grand to see the young man entering the struggle of life calmly, proudly and confidently. It was noble to note his generous heart reaching back affectionately and tenderly to a mother and a little sister. It was as beautiful as noble and appealed to my heart touchingly."

"He is a noble young man, Eda," said Mr. Wilson, "and I am satisfied, from a conversation I have had with him, that he will sooner or later rise to eminence in the intellectual world."

"You will aid him, I know, father," said Eda.

"He will accept aid from no one. He is too proud and too independent for that. He is determined to carve his own way to distinction. He will accept nothing as a gratuity, and depends entirely upon his own untiring industry," replied Mr. Wilson.

"Noble fellow!" said Eda. He must succeed. Such men never fail. I am proud of him as my *potege*. He will doubtless acquire a good education when he has obtained the means."

"He is already quite above the most of our business men in that respect. He is a good German scholar and speaks the German language fluently. From the fact of his having a fine French education,—my house has become the bank of deposit and exchange for the numerous exiled French noblemen since the overthrow of royalty in France, and the decapitation of the unfortunate Louis and Antionett. The exchanges are affected through the medium of English and German bankers, and this department of business with all correspondence in their language is entrusted to Mr. Preston. Many of these noble exiles and refugees frequently call upon him, and treat him with great consideration. I asked him, recently, how he acquired the German and French languages; he said he picked them up himself, principally, with the aid of a few lessons from a poor old French lady, a widow, who had long lived in his native town. She gave him French and German lessons, and he chopped and prepared her fuel in return."

"But, Eda," continued Mr. Wilson, "changing the subject to one of a more domestic character; I propose giving my clerk a dinner, here at home, on the day that Mr. Gimlett retires and Mr. Preston takes his place. I wish you to fill the office of hostess and make them welcome, as well as the occasion one of pleasure to them."

"I am pleased with your intention," said Eda, "and shall avail myself of the occasion to convince you how well I can play the woman, and, also, to cultivate an acquaintance with Mr. Preston; for, I feel that I have a kind of claim to him, inasmuch as it was through my instrumentality that you gave him employment. You could not see the diamond through the exterior incrustation I could. Ha! dear papa?" added the young girl playfully.

Yes, Eda," replied the father, slowly and thoughtfully, "this gold hunting through an entire life, as I have found, too late, alas! disqualifies one for the higher and nobler duties of social being. When Mr. Preston applied to me for employment, I overlooked the diamond. I did not scan him with respect to his own intrinsic worth as a man, but to determine his value to me as an instrument of increasing my wealth; as a farmer would buy a wagon or a yoke of oxen. Oh! this accumulation of wealth plays havoc with our humanity and our loftier instincts. It dulls the intellect. It absorbs and saps all the philanthropic springs of our nature. It dries up all those fountains of human affection that keep fresh and green the memories that ought to cling to us and follow us through life, to shed purer light upon our gray hairs, and to soften and hallow our last years upon earth."

I was touchingly reminded of these important truths while I was making hay in the mountains, two years ago, near my native home.

"The name of my employer was George Ramsdale. He was born near Dover, in Delaware, and raised on the eastern shore. He came to L——— shortly after I left that village and removed to this city."

"One Sunday evening, as Mr. Ramsdale and I sat on the rustic portico of his log farm house, engaged in conversation upon general subjects, Mrs. Ramsdale brought her chair and seated herself by her husband. She was a simple minded and amiable woman. She had seen no more of the world than was visible from the mountain heights, near which she was born and raised. She was a cheerful woman and fond of conversation, which her lack of education limited to the ingramatical provincialisms of the country. As she seated herself beside her husband led her into a conversation from which I drew many deep lessons of sound sense. This conversation I will repeat, and, in doing so will endeavor to use her own language; for, her remarks might lose much of their point and force couched in any other words than those in which she uttered them. Besides, I having been, in my early life, used to those provincialisms, they come easy to me and carry me back to the days of my boyhood, when I knew no better language myself. They bring with them a deep tone of *home*, "to which, as we grow old, the spirit goes ondly back."

"I said to Mrs. Ramsdale, "You have lived here a long time. I should think you would like to leave this out of the way place, once in a while, and see a little of the world."

"Why, la, me, Mr. Holmes," (by the way, I had assumed the name of Holmes for the time,) "La, me" said she, "do you call this an out of the way place? I like it better nor any place I ever se'ed. Jist go a little furder up the hill yander an' ye can see forty miles around. Ye can look right down into L——— an' that's twenty miles off. An' then, in the fall, the trees look so fine. They get all the colors of the rainbow, jist as if each one had got a bran new calico gound. First the sugar trees, they turn all yaller, an' then they all get so nice and pinky like. An' for neighbors, why they can't be beat; they'r so kind and clever; I could'nt do without 'em no how. An' then we've sich good times at the quiltens an' flax pullens. No, I could'nt live no where else, no how!"

"Well, at least," said I, "I should think you would like to have a new house. I would pull down this old log house and build a more comfortable one;—a good frame, or brick house, perhaps"

"Well, I don't know, eyther, Mr. Holmes," she replied "my man talks, sometimes about pullen it down and bilden a new one; but, then somehow I don't like to think of it. Me an' my man have laid our two heads on the same pillow together nightly every night for twenty years an' more inside o them ere old logs, an' somehow, when he talks of pullen 'em down it kind o hurts ones feelens like, an' so I can't consent to it, like We've seen so much happiness under that 'ere old roof, 'an it seems so kind o homey to us, like, that when he talks about pullen down the old logs I kind a pity 'em an' won't let him do it."

"What a lesson was this to me, Eda? I felt that I could almost kiss the hard brown hand of the poor old woman who had found such a fullness of happiness with such small means of gratifications, while I had found so little in my feverish aspirations after riches. I again rebuked and reprehended myself. In my humiliation I turned and gazed at the honest woman as a superior. I paid homage to the simplicity of her nature. respected her useful life—*her real life*; for, indeed, she had lived to some purpose, and, contentment had crowned her with a garland of peace and had blessed her effort of life. I then felt how little of real life I had seen, and how much more arduously and laboriously I had struggled onward with the millions of unreal beings among whom I had mingled."

"Then," said I, "it is to be presumed you have no wants."

"La, me, no," she replied, "I can't altogether say that, eyther. Though work brings a plenty o peace an' happy feelens, an' a good strong appetite for one's victuals, an' some sleep at night, still, I recken every body has their own trobles. You see a bodies children gits growed up, an' then they have to be provided for. Now, you see our Andy he's a goin to git married next fall to Netty Vance, an' he's got to have a place. Well, Netty's a nice young girl, an' she'll make Andy a good helpmate; an' so, my man, he bought old man Riddleses farm for Andy a home, an' we owe on it yit nighly three hundred dollars, an' my man, he give the old man Riddle a mortgage for the money, an' so the old man Riddle he was owen some in Baltimore, an' so he goes down there to Baltimore an' he signs over the mortgage to a merchant down there by the name of Runion an' we're afraid he'll push the mortgage as soon as its doo, be'in he's a stranger an' don't know my man."

"When does the money fall due on the mortgage?" I asked.

"Jist about two years and three months from now," replied Mrs. Ramsdale, "But we've kept up the interest, an' I recon we'll be able to pay it afore the time runs out. My man can git sixty dollars for the bay colt any day, an' fifty dollars for the spotted oxen if the worst comes to the worst, an' the rest of the money we've got in the till of the chist, now, you see. But, you know a body feels kind of onsatisfied a haven sich a thing kind o hangen over our head, like; for, if me or my man was to happen to be called away, like, it would be awful for the children about that mortgage."

"Mrs. Ramsdale," said I, "I admire your happy disposition;

did you enjoy life when you were young as well as you do now?"

"Well, I can't say but what I did; but after me and my man got married the hard work come on, like, an' we had to make the most of our time, you see. But, when I was a girl I was a wild one, I tell you. An' when there was any fun a goen on I was bound to have my share of it. I shall never forget one time, for I thought it would be the last of my fun, an' I guess it would a been if it had'nt a bin for a young feller o the name of Ed Wilson, he—"

"Mrs. Ramsdale, allow me to enquire your maiden name?" said I, interrupting her.

"My maiden name was Rosanna Philips. They generally called me Rosa Philips, for short. Well, as I was a sayen, this Ed. Wilson, he was a son of old Mr. Wilson, the marchant, 'an Ed., he was a clark in his father's store. We lived two miles out of town, right at the head o the mill-dam. Well, there was a canoe on the pond. It was a kind of a totterish thing, an' so, I coaxed this Ed. Wilson to lets us go into the canoe an' take a ride on the mill pond. Thinks I if I can only git him into the old canoe I'll go to rocken it an' I'll tip him out into the water, an' give him a good ducken, like, an' wet up his fine clothes, scandulous; for, he was an awful tidy, dressy young feller. So into the canoe we goes, me an' Ed., jist our lone selves; so I goes to teeteren the canoe, like, an' a laughen with mischief, when the first thing I knows, all of a sudden, I lost my balance, an' over I goes into the water, kasouse, head foremost. Be'en I was a laughen when I plunged in, I got kind o strangled, an' the water, some how got the upper hand of me, an' I do suppose I would 'ave drounded out and out if it had'nt a been for Ed. Wilson. He jumpt right into the water with all his fine clothes on, an' he helped me out; but when he got me out to the shore, I was pretty much gone, like; but Ed. he rubbed and spatted my hands, till he kind o brought me to again. I always kind o liked the feller after that, 'though he was an awful upstart dandyfied kind of a feller, an' after all, he was a kind of a good hearted feller. Many's the basket of eggs an' pails of butter I brought into his father's store for sale, after that, for mother; an' always after he helped me out o the water whenever I come into the store, he'd kind a bow to me an' call me Miss Rosa. It kind o makes one feel bad to think over these things that happened when a body was young, like, after a body's grow'd old an' has se'ed their families rise up about them. Don't you think so Mr. Holmes?"

"Yes," I replied and continued "You appear to retain a partiality for this Ed. Wilson, even yet."

"Why yes, of course I do. Who would'nt have for a person that saved their life?"

"Truly. Supposing" enquired I "supposing this Wilson had offered you his hand in marriage, would you have accepted it?"

"No, Sir, Mr. Holmes, not if every hair of his head had been strung with gold," answered Rosa. "Sich a thing makes me laugh. La, me, what would I do with such a man for my husband? Why he was jist one of these clarks what stands behind the counters and sells storegoods. His hands was as white as a lady's, like. What could he do with an axe or a hand-spike? No, no, I could never take a liken to them weakly, stuck up kind of folks; but this poor feller, Ed. Wilson, I always kind o liked him after he saved my life. Who would'nt? but, still, it was'nt marryen likeness."

"Perhaps you were engaged to Mr Ramsdale, at that time." said I.

"No," she answered "I'd never se'ed his face, an' I was free as air. Why la, me, Mr. Holmes, how do you suppose a full grown, whole hearted woman could take a liken to one of them wite handed peaked clarks, more than jist to respect 'em for saven your life, or some sich kind of a favor?"

"How just, indeed, were this good woman's judgment?" continued Mr Wilson. "I felt it keenly. I feel it yet."

"Did you not tell her that you were the one that saved her life?" enquired the daughter.

"Indeed I did not" replied the father. "Mortification at the mirerable part of life I had been performing, and the miserable opinions which were held of me by this woman, with all the charity which was prompted by her sense of obligation, and which were as high as I merited induced me to keep my own secret. We gain by having ourselves discussed, some times, inasmuch, as by this means, we learn the measure of estimation in which we are held by others; and if we profit by what we hear of ourselves we may so amend our future conduct as to merit higher opinions."

"But," rejoined Eda, "what do you expect to learn from ignorant country people and the gossip of garulous old women?"

"Much, my child," said the banker. "Their utterances spring from the experiences of a whole life, and the lessons they teach are none the less valuable from being expressed in homely terms. The pure diamonds of truth lie concealed under the rough exterior. You can not perceive them, Eda; I can. Do you remember in what a figure Mr. Preston presented himself for employment in my office one year ago? He was called "clod-hopper," "greeny," and other reproachful names by one of my clerks, whom I dismissed from my service for no other reason. Do you remember his figure?"

"I do," assumed the daughter, thoughtfully.

"Now consider his present appearance and his position." continued the father. "My daughter, the most correct estimate of human character are to be found among the poor and simple minded laboring classes. Their judgments are not biased by fashionable conventionalities. Their opinions ought to establish the real standard of true wealth among men; for, no extrinsic or meritricious considerations of social position or circumstances of fortune can influence their decisions. For the same reason this class of people are apt to be correct thinkers and strict moralists. While the gold seekers are heaping up a superabundance of wealth, and the fashionable idlers, like silly moths are mocking life by fluttering around the blaze of social empiricism, and, for ought they know or care to the contrary, the world may be disintegrating and falling into ruin, the thinkers and laborers through unrequited and unappreciated mutual enterprize and physical industry are holding the atoms of the world together. And, O, Shaw! we go on heaping up for ourselves just the same, swearing at the honest laborer and the earnest thinker. We assign to the millionair a social position of importance commensurate with the sum total of his glittering gold, while the others, as a branch of the social body we ignore."

"I bow in defferance to the just opinions and the clear good sense of Mrs. Ramsdale, although they be delivered in the homely yet forcible language and unpolished figures of the uneducated in literature. The noble woman, true to the loftiest interests of human nature, still cherishes a kind feeling, nay a gratitude for the "peaked young clark" who saved her life, while she can find nothing else, in his character to redeem him from her contempt, and that of the noble workers who shape the worlds' destinies and hold all that is valuable in society in the palm of their hands."

"Those who assume to control our social relations are but partial arbiters in humanity; I mean those social empirics, who, on account of glittering mettle, (which in truth is another name for gilded poverty,) persist in assigning to themselves and their fellows the positions of eminence, and look down in contempt upon honest labor and industry, and wealth and intellect when it is found in circumstances of personal humility or pecuniary poverty. These arbiters mistake or ignore the objective aims of life. Each individual, placing himself in the current of human affairs, interprets every incident and every accident of fortune into a special effort of the social forces and influences for his particular benefit, and a change for his advancement. The difficulty lies here. These arbiters do not think. They are not educated in the methods of reflection and the philosophy of thought. Ethics and the philosophy of social institutions are sealed mysteries to their minds; all moral theories are above their mental comprehension. Every step onward in the life of the laboring man, who thinks as he progresses is inductive, and leads to a step still onward in physical labor, and upward in lifes philosophy. The empirics are satisfied with social fictions and fabulous platitudes. They are willing to float on with the general current of things ignorant of the fountains and sources of action which impel them. They let things take care of themselves, and, of them, with other things, little dreaming that the whole machinery of society and human relations is propelled and forced along through the efforts of intellect, virtue and moral enterprise."

"The human mind, under peculiar circumstances, will react upon itself, and, by a self demoralization, become its own tormentor. Thus, the mind that makes wealth a subjective aim of every mutual energy, when the wealth is attained the subject of its attainment ceases to be one of interest, and a stimulant to action; The mind falls dully and heavily back upon itself, without a genial gratification for lifes. enjoyments. While others were learning how to be happy and how to make life a journey of pleasure, the fortune seeker was learning how to make money and to make lifes journey one of pecuniary profit. He has amassed his fortune, but he does not know what to do with it. In learning how to get it, he did not learn how to dispose of it for his own benefit. Niggardly parsimony may lead to great possessions, but the niggard and the miser are taught by the same lesson not to spend any thing. Hence we see him laboring under a morbid mental action, an abnormal mental fatuity nearly allied to the *delerium tremens* of the brain, which is enduced from intoxicating stimulants."

"While these indiviuals are heaping up wealth and suffering a thousand privations to attain it in learning have to practice the most stringent economy, others are heaping up knowledge and educating the mind for intellectual happiness and enjoyment."

"The wealthy millionair may aim to struggle into the intellectual circles; but, were he admitted, for any consideration, he could not understand them or himself either, as well might the deaf man be admitted to the acadamy of music or the blind man to the gallery of fine-arts; hence all the wealty wretch can do is to retire to his hole like a hibornating quadruped and there gloat over his gilded excrement."

"Preston said truly, that any fool can gain wealth; that its attainment did not require intellectual powers, but, that few could attain to intellectual eminence and distinction. That expression, alone, of Mr. Preston, spoken proudly and independently to a millionair, is worth more to mankind than an accepted draft on any bank for a million. I would be willing to draw my draft for that sum to be the author of that expression, under all its contingencies, and the parent of the thought it expresses."

"But," inquired Eda," did not Mrs. Ramsdale discover you during the two weeks you were a member of her family.

"No," answered the father, "she did not. But, as I shook hands with her upon my separation from the family, she evidently had some indefinite impression of a former acquaintance, for, as she took my hand, she said, 'you must call if you ever come this way, again; it seems so nateral to have you in the house; it seems as if a body had always knowed ye, like, ye look so kind o familiar, some how, as if you was a'most a relation, like; so farewell an' come back again.'"

"How can it be possible," enquired the daughter, "that you could be two weeks in the family without discovery?"

"You forget, child,' replied the father, "that twenty-five years bring great changes in one's personal appearance. We do not notice those changes in ourselves until we trace the footprints of years on others. The aged do not feel that they have grown old, until, upon meeting the friend of early days after a long separation, we wonder at the ravages time has made, on our early friend—the gray hair, the wrinkled brow, the hollow cheek and the dull sunken eye; when, turning to our own mirror, we are surprised to trace the same ravages in our own lineaments. It is in others that we note the marks of decay and decline in ourselves. It is in the faces of others that we count the furrows in our own. And, it is reflected in the forms of others that we discover the scars that passing years have notched in the calender of our lives. In old age, when our minds retrace the past and recall to memory the forms and faces of our youthful companions, fancy does not present them as they are, with whitened locks and trembling limbs, with bowed forms and cracked voices; but we see them again as we last saw them, young, vivacious, buoyant and gay, with clear ringing voices, flashing eyes and glossy hair. Mrs. Ramsdale could have no idea of the "Ed Wilson" of her early days seperate from the "peaked young clark." She was not looking for what remained of the "dandified young feller," in her stout gray haired hired man Holmes. When her memory carried her back to "Ed. Wilson," she could only see him as she last saw him, a gay "dressy young feller."

"On the Sunday evening of the conversation I have been detailing, I asked her what had become of that same Ed. Wilson. "Well Mr. Holmes," she replied, "after his father died he moved to Baltimore, an' he's never been back since. They say he's grow'd very rich an' keeps a bank; an' they say he's worth—well the dear knows how many thousand dollars. I'de jist like to see him again, jist to see if he'd know a body like, but I reckon he would'nt; for one time, several years agone, Bob. Hanford, he went down to Baltimore, an' he said he meant to go an' see Ed. Wilson, for they was as thick as two pick-pockets when they was boys together. Well, when Bob. come back home from Baltimore, he said he went to see Ed. but as how, when he got to the gate that led up to Ed's grand house, with flowry garden walks all around and about it, his heart kind a failed him an' give way, like, and he somehow thought it was rather too much style for a country farmer to be dippen into, an' what if Ed. would'nt want to see him, or might think he'd come to borrow money, like, an' turn him the cold shoulder like,—an' so Bob. he turned round and went back, an' did'nt see Ed. at all. Was'nt he real chicken-hearted? I'll be bound I'de a gone in, if it had been me, whether Ed. had a treated me well or not. I reckon it would'nt 'ave broken any bones if he was'nt glad to see me."

"Certainly" I said "he would have treated you civilly; no gentleman could treat a lady otherwise."

"Well, I don't know Mr. Holmes! these rich folks get so stuck up and proud, an' they don't consider the likes of me as be'en a lady, me be'en jist a plain country woman, like, but an honest one, any how, though I say it myself."

"Supposing he had turned you the cold shoulder, Mrs. Ramsdale what would you have done? I suppose you would have given him a piece of your mind in plain terms, would you not?" enquired I.

"No, indeed, Mr. Holmes, I would not," she answered, "That would a been very unpretty and very unwomanly in me, an' nothing can happen that'll make a true woman act immodestly.

I would not be saucy for the world eyther to Ed. Wilson nor nobody else Ed. Wilson has a right to chose who he pleases for his friends, an' turn who he pleases from his door, an' if he was to turn me from his door I've no right to complain, for I hav'nt got no claims on him. It would hurt my feelens 'though awfully, but I would try an' not lay it to heart, for, a body in this life's got to submit to hav'n themselves hurt, like, a good many times, an' we show our strength and good sense in getting over it, like, with the least trouble to ourselves. But, I don't believe Ed. Wilson would treat any body oncivil for he was naterly kind o perlite like, if he was proud an' stuck up an' put on airs, like."

"Now My dear Eda, you see in what estimation the wealthy are held by those whose honest and sincere respect is a higher meed of commendation than wealth can purchase."

"Yes, but, Papa," returned Eda, "these ignorant people have no right to form any such conclusions."

"Yes, they have," returned the father, "every tendency and habitude of wealth leads to such conclusions, and is constantly interposing barriers to that genial and refreshing intercourse, which should be cherished in society, and that warm and inspiring friendship which no circumstances of life should check or hinder. Yes they reason well. Bob. Hanford's conclusions were legitimate as drawn from the circumstances before him. Although, you know I would have met him at my threshold, and would have welcomed him to my hearth, yet, all he saw, all he heard and all he knew contradicted any such anticipations, on his part Thus coldly turned away from my door the early friend and cherished companion of my youth, that I would with joy take to my bosom. I deserve it. In my struggle for wealth during twenty-five years I had forgotten old friendships, and had severed the ties that drew me back to early associations. I had not written one poor scratch of the pen to any one of them to remind them of me, or to tell them that I remembered them. Bob. reasoned correctly from the premises. I stand reprehended. I deserve it all. It shall not be so. It shall be different in the future. I will open a channel of intercourse with these early friends, and renew our associations."

" You are right, my dear father," said the daughter, I could not weigh, accurately, the force of these circumstances without your explanations and illustrations; but, allow me to ask a favor."

" What favor ?" enquired Mr. Wilson.

" Mrs. Ramsdale spoke of a mortgage upon the land they had bought for their son. I have a little mony of my own; permit me to go to Judge Runion and take up that mortgage· It will give me so much pleasure to send it to the worthy family. and to tell them that the daughter of "Ed. Wilson" took this method of reminding them of her father's friendship for Rosa Philips, for, dear papa, I wish that worthy woman to hold a better opinion of " Ed. Wilson" than she expressed to " Mr. Holmes."

" Eda, my child," returned the father," your intentions are right, and, in the main, I commend them; but, in the highest, the noblest, the purest human institution, I have long since learned "not to let my left hand know what my right doeth." The mortgage has been discharged ever since my return home from the country; and I presume the family will never know to whom they are indebted for this favor, nor do I wish them to know. I have held the release of the mortgage until recently, I sent it out to the recorders office of the proper county for record, as the mortgage will fall due in a few weeks.

"But come Eda, the evening air will chill you. Let us repair to the library;" and, so saying the father and daughter withdrew from the open air and entered the dwelling of the banker.

(To be Continued.)

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MASONIC EMBLEMS.

You wear the SQUARE, but do you know,
That thing the Square denotes?
Is there within your inmost soul
That principle that should control
All deeds, and words, and thoughts?
The *square of oirtue*—is it there,
O you that wear the Mason's Square?

You wear the COMPASS! do you keep
Within that Circle due
That's circumscribed by law divine,
Excluding hatred, envy, sin,
Including all that's true?
The *Compass*—does it trace that curve
Inside of which no passions swerve?

You wear the TYPE OF DEITY;
Ah! brother, have a care;
He whose all-seeing eyes surveys
Your inmost thoughts wide open gaze,
He knows what thoughts are there!
Oh, send no light, irreverent word,
From sinful man to sinless God.

You wear the TROWEL! do you have
That mortar old and pure,
Made on the receipe of God,
Recorded in His ancient Word,
Indissoluable, sure?
And do you spread with Master's care
The precious mixture here and there?

You wear the CROSS! it signifies
The burden Jesus bore—
Who staggering fell. and bleading rose,
And bore up Calvary the woes
Of all who'd gone before!
The *Cross!* Oh, let it say "forgive,
Father forgive, to all that live"

My brothers, if you do display
These Emblems of our Art,
Let the great moral that they teach
Be graven, each for each,
Upon your inmost heart!
So they will tell to God and man
Our ancient, holy, perfect plan.

—*Ex.*

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SECRETS OF MASONRY EXPLAINED.

At a meeting of the craft in the beautiful village of Newburgh, New York, on the 29th of December last, for the purpose of installing the officers of the flourishing Lodge located there, Past Master Scott made some excellent remarks which are given to the public in that very valuable semi-monthly, *The Masonic Tidings*, from which we make the following extract:

It must have astounded many of the outsiders to hear a Past Master essay in so bold a manner to explain the secrets of our fraternity. But we are of opinion that no harm will result from this "exposure." If the world were generally posted as to the fact that a Masonic grip has such a mysterious connection with the friendship eminating from the heart, as to convey an electric shock, we cannot see as evil can come of it. And if our "*words*" are words of comfort and cheer, carrying encouragement with them, is it not time that the world should know it? But to the extract—

"I propose to explain, so far as I can, the secrets of our order. They are laid down, in the main, in the "Monitor." In that volume may be ascertained the principles we inculcate and the manner in which we work. Some people object that we keep something back—that we don't tell all our secrets. That is a mistake they make. We are so fair and candid about it, they think there must be something behind all this, which they think we conceal from them. They come to the conclusion then that there are certain grips, signs, etc., unknown to the outside world, by which Masons become known to each other. Now, that there may be no misunderstanding about the matter, I will explain them.

" The signs by which you may recognize a true Mason are obvious, and you may observe them in his daily walk and conversation in life. That is the best and the truest sign of a Mason; and when you have watched him carefully and find the square of virtue, you may be sure you have one of the unfailing signs of the order—of a good Mason, I mean.

" The grip is given with a firm pressure of the hand, and when so given, an electric shock passes from heart to heart, and you feel that you have the grip of a true man in your hand.

" The word—or the words rather, for they are many—are always words of cheer and comfort, words of hope and encouragement; good words fitly spoken, " like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

" In short, we attempt to teach a system of morality veiled in allegory by the use of the tools and implements of our order—implements of architecture, in the main. By means of these we endeavor to impress upon the mind wise and salutary truths. We aim to inculcate the virtues of brotherly love, relief, and truth. We endeavor to teach faith in God—that God whom we as Masons are taught to reverence and serve. We teach hope in a blessed immortality and charity towards all mankind. Not that charity in which is ostentation, and consists merely in *giving*, which may be no real charity; but that which operates as a principle of love implanted in the human heart to be nourished and cultivated; by which we regard all mankind as members of the same great brotherhood—not Masons alone, but all mankind.

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STONEWALL JACKSON.—Brother Gouley of the *Freemason* of of St. Louis, Mo., announces from the highest authority, that Gen. T. J. Jackson, of the late Confederate army, was not a member of the craft—all of which argues nothing for or agaist the order.

TABLE TALK.

BY GOTFRIED.

No. VII.

"It seems to me that such a disaster might have been averted by proper management," said Barney Hagerman, folding the Chicago Times after having read aloud from that paper of the Stonewall accident.

"Yes," I replided, "and it is also my opinion that only a lack of discipline can explain the misfortune."

"There may have been a lack of discipline in this instance, perhaps, as one of the causes of the accident," returned Barney Hagerman, "but there must have been other great lacks, otherwise many lives would have been saved after the danger was discovered. Think of the loss of over a hundred lives within almost a stones' throw of the shore!"

"But remember, Barney, there must have been a great panic," I interposed.

"No doubt there was;" returned Barney Hagerman, "but a competant manager would have prevented or suppressed a panic. As great a charge of human life as is daily committed to Steam Boat Captains and Passenger train Conductors on Railroads, ought never to be entrusted to any one who is not competant, under every circumstance of those methods of traveling, and every emergency of danger to which passengers are exposed by those means of transit."

"That," returned I, "would require great military genius and ability."

"Yes," said he, "that is just what I mean. We raise armies of men, coarse, rough men, many of them unfit for social life, ignorant, illiterate and dissipated. We select for their management and protection, none but those who have made the management and conduct of military affairs a special pursuit; men who have proven themselves cautious and discreet; who are competant for every emergency; who can, by their presence, suppress a panic or quell a mutiny, regulate an orderly retreat or hold in check the minds and spirits of men, under the impulse of a victory. To such, only, the soldiers' life and welfare

are committed. In the camp, on the march, in the line of battle, on the field of blood, after the battle and in the hospital, the soldier turns with abiding trust and confidence to his chief, and the chief is ever ready for such emergency.

" In civil life the venerable elders, the wives and children, the youth and beauty, every grade and rank of the social connections, the accomplished, the wealthy, the literary and the enterprising are committed to the care of a steam boat captain or a rail road conductor, with no assurance that he is equal to emergencies that may transpire at any moment. It is easier to be a general than a conductor of a passenger train on a rail road The general has only to look after the lives and welfare of men; the conductor is responsible for the lives and welfare not only of men, but of women, and precious little babes. The successful general is a hero; the rail road conductor or the steam boat captain that has safely conducted his passengers through danger, is more than a hero. The one commands the obedience of men who have been taught to obey; the other by his presence, his firmness and self-trust in the midst of perils, wins the confidence and submission of men women and children, who turn to him with the same trust and assurance that the soldier does to his chief. The one conducts his charge of stout men to tents and quarters provided for them; the other without provision for the exigency, in the midst of fright, panic, suffering and storm perchance, deals with women and children, inspires them, soothes them, and shelters them without prepared means or arrangements. These are your true heros. These merit a higher meed of glory than the conqueror on a hundred battle fields."

" Where will you find such heros ?" I asked.

" The world is full of them," replied Barney Hagerman, and continued:

" At St. Louis a year ago last September, I was an eye witness of a circumstance which disclosed one of these heroic deeds."

" You allude to the sinking of the steamer Mississippi during the Masonic excursion," said I.

" Yes, I do," he answered.

" What were the circumstances of that accident ? if I have ever learned the particulars, I have forgotten them,' remarked

I. "But, first, be so good as to tell me how you happened to be there on that occasion."

"Well," replied Barney, "I did not simply *happen* to be there. I had heard that your Great General Grand Chapter, of the whole United States, of Royal Arch Masons, and the Great Grand Encampment of Knights Templars, of the whole United States, were to hold their tri-ennial Sessions at St. Louis in September of last year, and Reuben Mitton said he would go if I would; so we went. So that is the way we happened to be there on that occasion.

"At St. Louis we found every first and second class hotel crowded with representatives and members of the Masonic institutions. We could find no hotel in which we were willing to take lodgings. As we were passing along the street in search of a respectable place of private entertainment, we met a very genteel appearing, elderly gentleman, on the side walk. Notwithstanding his aristrocratic bearing, I accosted him, and, after relating to him the particulars of our dilemma, requested him to direct us to some respectable private boarding house."

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I presume you are Free Masons who have come to attend these Masonic meetings. I have no sympathy with this Free Masonry, but permit me to say that no respectable stranger, Mason or no Mason, shall want a home in St. Louis. I invite you both, as guests, in my own private family; my residence is as sumptuous as any in the city, and the hospitality of my family boundless. Nothing will give my family greater pleasure than to welcome you as members of our household, and to entertain you while you remain in the city.'

"You are mistaken;" said I, "had we been Free Masons we would have been provided with quarters, for these Masons allow none of their brethren to seek their own lodgings."

'True, I might have known that,' our host replied, and, after our grateful acceptance of his hospitality, he led the way to his residence. His domicil was a palace. Although our entrance as guests was unexpected by the family, yet, every member of it appeared to participate in the pleasure of the head of the household, in making us welcome, and in contributing to our comfort and pleasure while we remained.

The family consisted of our host, Col. D——, and lady, his son Carlos, and his three daughters, Mary, Caroline and Florence.

" We had not been long in the house, when a grand procession of Knights Templars moved along the street. We were invited to join the family in a large balcony that overlooked the street. The quaint banners and glittering arms and insignia of the Knights were displayed to great advantage in the morning sun. The Great Western Band of Chicago led the procession, while other admirable bands of music were placed at intervals in the long files which composed it. What a glorious sight it was! The whole length of the street, as far as the eye could reach, was crowded with spectators. The house tops, the balconies, the windows, the doors, the porches and the side walks, were covered with a dense mass of living beings. In the center of the street moved the procession of Templar Knights with their black uniforms and noding plumes. There was discipline for you. Every movement of that immense procession, whether forward, obliquely or otherwise, was as exact as the motion of some great machine, moved by a vast lever. Thousands of snowy hands waved white handkerchiefs in the air as the procession advanced."

What noble looking men !" ejaculated our host as the procession passed. And so they were too. Every form was noble, every step was princely, and every head was a model of lofty manhood. The bloated face and the bleared eye of the dissipated soldier could not be seen among them, but, in every countenance could be noted the clear beam of intelligence and culture, and the traces of high thought. I saw several of your Dotroit brethren in that procession, and with pride pointed them out to Col. D—— and his family, as my fellow citizens. ' Noble men !' said our host, ' to only see them is to know that they are gentlemen.'

' Well,' said Col. D—— after the procession had passed, and we had withdrawn from the balcony; "well," said he, ' there is meaning in this; there is an unquestionable moral significance in what we have just witnessed. I never saw Free Masonry in this light before. Those are no common men that make up that procession. I fear I may have, by my prejudice done this mysterious order injustice. It is no small matter to condemn so large a body of noble and worthy appearing men as those by our sweeping denunciation. I say it is no small matter; but, on the other hand, I have heard so many horrid disclosures from the lips of respectable men—most of them ministers, who, from a sense of duty, have renounced Masonry, that I confess that my mind has been greatly prejudiced against everything of the kind.'

"I do not believe a word of these pretended disclosures by those hypocritical ministers" returned I.

"Nor do I," said Reuben Mitton.

"You do not? many of them are eminet divines," returned Col. D——.

"If they even were Masons," I replied, "I will wager my head they were expelled from the order for some immoral conduct. Your ministers are but men, after all, and men are sometimes guilty of great immoralities. Nevertheless, it is more reasonable, and more charitable, to believe that they never were masons, and that their whole statements are simple and unvarnished falsehoods; for the sake of humanity, and for their own sakes it is hoped so at least."

"Why? how so?" demanded our host.

"Because," returned I, "if the disclosures made be true, then those who make them, according to their own pretended disclosures, commit moral perjury in making them. It is therefore easier and more charitable for me to believe, that they were never Masons and that they know nothing about it, than that they were Masons, and that they have basely and corruptly, and in open violation of the most solemn moral obligations, degraded themselves to the lowest point of contemptable meanness and imfamy. I have a better opinion of my fellow men, even the canting clergymen, than the latter proposition implies."

"There is much truth in what you say, I must admit," said Col. D——, "yet as the obligation is not one that the civil law recognizes, it is not regarded as binding in the eye of the law."

"Yet," returned I "that fact does not excuse the purjury; the moral perjury is just the same. The man who is restrained from crime, by legal penalties only, would cut your throat for your money if the restraints upon murder were removed. A falsehood is a falsehood just as much, whether its commission subjects the perpetrator to a penalty or not, and involves the same tupetude in either case. The only difference between legal and moral perjury is, that one is legally punished, the other is not. The moral criminality, however, is the same. With what a miserable grace would these reverend gentlemen appear before one of our legal tribunals, (instead of the public,) when the rules of evidence are strictly applied? The reverend gentleman walks into the witness stand, reverently bows to the judge on the bench, and turning to the jurors, with a sanctimonious unction says, 'Gentlemen of the jury, what I am about to tell you I have solemnly promised to tell no one, but, inasmuch as there is no law to punish me if I tell, inasmuch as I have no regard for my word of honor, or any obligations of honor, I will tell you what I have most solemnly promised not to tell.' Well might some inquisitive juror ask him to give some assurance, that he is telling the truth at the time, inasmuch as his own statement impeaches his veracity. The judge on the bench, in such case should charge the jury that they must entirely disregard the evidence of the Reverend witness, for the reason that a liar is not to be believed even though he speak the truth, and, that one of the fundamental maxims of legal ethics is, 'False in one thing, false in all.' So, you percieve, that in our legal tribunals, your Rev. witnesses would stand impeached, and their evidence counted for nought. Among the masses of the public they find credence among old women and children, a few uninformed men, designing demagogues, politcal mountebanks, and minds that are fonder of the marvelous than the truth."

'I must think of this,' said the Colonel. 'It may be that I have been wrong in my judgment, I am a lawyer, sir, and I can not reply to your argument. You say, sir, that you are not a Free Mason?'

"Yes sir," said I, "Neither is my friend Ruben Mitton. Still one good effort of my life has been to do justice to all men, and to judge equitably and charitably of all human action. In carrying this rule into practice, I have found much to commend and admire in the workings of this Free Masonry, without knowing any thing more about it than I can see in its effects upon the human family; and much to condemn, and contemn, and denounce, in those Reverend tricksters and political hypocrits, who denounce Masonry without knowing more about it than you or I do."

"While we remained the guests of Col. D——, the same procession of Knights Templars was repeated every morning on the street, with an intensified interest and demonstration of public satisfaction on each successive occasion."

"On the third morning, the daughters of Col. D., joined in the salutations, and waved their white handkerchiefs enthusiastically as the procession passed."

"Carlos," said Florence turning to her brother, "You must join the Free Masons."

Carlos drew his sister's arm in his, and leading her to the further end of the large parlor, they joined the other two sisters. After the exchange of a few furtive glances towards the Colonel, and a few suppressed whisperings, the three young ladies simultaneously bounded forward to where we still sat in conversation with our host and hostess, all exclaiming at once as they rushed forward,

"Mother! Father! Carlos is a Free Mason."

"The old man arose to his feet, and fixed his eye upon his son with a stern dignity in which rebuke and indecision were singularly mingled. The mother and daughters, with pale lips stood the while in silent suspense. After a minut's struggle with himself the Colonel spoke."

"Carlos," said he, "it is all right. I have not a word to say. It is not sufficient, Carlos, my boy, I will say, you have done well, you have my approbation." With a reverential bow the young man withdrew. The conversation continued. After the lapse of fifteen minutes, every eye was attracted to the entrance of the large parlor by the clatter of arms, and, to our surprise, there stood Carlos dressed in the rich uniform of a Knight Templar. He drew his straight sword, and first saluting his parents, then his sisters, then his father's guests; he touched the cross at the hilt to his lips, and returning it to its scabbard, he disappeared. The next morning, as the procession slowly moved up the street, the three sisters threw kisses to a young Templar in the procession as it passed below the balcony; it was their brother Carlos. The old Colonel took off his hat and gave three hearty cheers as his whitended locks fluttered in the balmy breeze."

"Through the courtesey of one of your Sir Knights from Detroit I was furnished with tickets which admitted Reuben Mitton and myself to the Steamer Mississippi, one of the excursion boats. Of course we had the politeness to extend our coutesey to the daughters of Col. D——, who accompanied us. We found their brother Carlos on that boat, and we six made a pleasant party."

"It was a magnificent sight, to see our immense boat accompanied by the Lady Gay, and the Belle Alton, their decks crowded with fair ladies and Knights Templars, bands of music, distinguished citizens and invited guests, as they steamed up the Mississippi; then down to Jefferson Barracks, where we all went on shore, to spend a pleasant hour, after which we again went on board and steamed merrily up the river."

I was standing near the captain. The Commander of the Templars came and leaned wearily on the capstan. I turned to Reuben Mitton, and whispered in his ear these words, 'that man was born to command.' He had the form of a Hercules, the head of an Appollo, and the eye of an eagle, and, as circumstances afterwards demonstrated, the heart of a lion. Although, not so very large, he appeared really larger than he was; he was full and athletic, and still, every proportion was a symetry, and every movement a grace.

While he was still leaning silently on the capstan, and while I was yet analizing his fine countenance, the captain of the steamer, with pale lips and blanched cheeks, approached the young Templar, and in a low tone and trembling voice said;

"Great God! Sir, we are sinking. We are snagged, sir, in the bottom, and nothing can save us!"

"How long can you keep her afloat?" carlessly enquired the young Templar.

"She may go down in five minutes, she can not keep afloat more than fifteen," replied the captain.

"Do not make your situation known to any one except your crew, or we will have a panic, then all will be lost. Signal the Lady Gay to lean to; none will notice or understand the signal of distress.—get your crew and hands ready to move, I will manage the rest."

"Blow Warder blow," said the young Templar, speaking to his ensign who stood near him, at the same time leaping upon the capstan. Every one was startled by a shrill blast from the Warder's trumpet. A hundred Templars swords leaped from their scabbords at the blast.

" Attention Sir Knights!" shouted the young commander. " The next cerimony in the programme is, for the Sir Knights ladies and gentlemen on this boat to make a visit to our friends on board the Lady Gay. As the steamers are rapidly appraching each other and can not be kept but a minute or two together the movement must be a rapid one. You will form procession at once, and, as the boats come together, pass over the gangway under an arch of steel, to the lower deck of the Lady Gay. Forward, Sir Knights, to the gangway. Music in front. The band will play "The Knight Templar's Quick-step."

In obedience to these orders, the Knights formed a double line to the gangway, facing around, with swords crossed above the heads of those forming the procession. In less than eight minutes the whole precious cargo of human life had passed from the Mississippi to the Lady Gay, even to the colored cook, except the two files of Templars, when the young Commander, ordered " From the rear, right and left inward wheel, march," and filing inwards,the Templars rapidly passed over the gangway to the Lady Gay, the young Commander being the last to leave. One minute more and the Mississippi Steamer sunk to the bottom.

As the noble young Templar sheathed his sword, I gazed at him in admiration and deep homage, and, for the first time in my life, felt in its true sense' the meaning of the word *Chivalry*. " What the deuce has become of my pipe" continued Barney Hagerman, feeling in first one and then another of his pockets. " That was Chivalry," continued he. That was a hero for you, worth a dozen of those mock heros who appear before the world, suing for its commendation, with hands red with the blood of their brother men. My pipe, my pipe! where can it be? There was shricking and fainting, pale lips and trembling limbs, as the noble Steamer sunk below the cold blue waters. I can't find may pipe. Perhaps I may have left it in the library; I will go and see It it is not there some of those mischievous girls have hidden it away." So saying, Barney Hagerman left the room.

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Two Dispensations have recently been granted for new Chapters by our Grand High Priest, C. Brown, one at Ithaca, and the other at Mt. Clemens.

MASONIC REPRESENTATION.

To the Editor of the Michigan Freemason.

SIR—It has occurred to me that a statement on the subject of Representatives as between Masonic Grand Bodies, and the action had thereon by our Grand Chapter and Grand Lodge, at at their recent meeting in Detroit, might be not without interest to your readers. If the following is deemed worth a corner in the "FREEMASON," it is at your service.

We observed in looking into Masonic history, that a Grand Lodge of one country has sometimes appointed a "Representative" to attend the Grand Lodge of another. I am unable to say how far back such practice can be traced, or what special emergencies led to such appointments,—or what ends were accomplished by them. In general terms it may be said that such acts have been regarded as marks of courtesy among Grand Lodges, and as a means of confirming the bonds of brotherhood between them. This we suppose to be the chief merit of this Representative system. And such practice, sparingly resorted to, as heretofore, under circumstances requiring some special action, is beyond question desirable and commendable.

Grand Lodges have acknowledged no Masonic authority superior to themselves. They are, in a limited sense, sovereign. As such, they clearly have the power, when assembled in Grand Communication, to make such appointments. We are not aware that any abuse of such power has been manifested. It has too seldom been resorted to, to have developed such a result. On this continent, three or four instances, would probably exhaust the entire list of such appointments, up to a very recent date.

"Suddenly, the system takes on a new action, so to speak. Half a dozen—perhaps more—of our Grand Masters, have appointed, from presumed reserved powers, Representatives to other Grand Lodges. Letters are read, speeches are made, compliments showered around, and for a few minutes a good time is enjoyed. We have not, so far, however, discovered any other results than these. All this is very well—plesant—amiable—fraternal, surely. And in fact nothing can be more harmless, when there is nothing to do, and no designs are drawn cn the tressel board.

Let it be noted that under the new system NOBODY IS SENT. The Representatives, so-called, are *not* Representatives from the body *sending them*. They are brethren who are members of the Grand Lodge *receiving* them, in every instance. A brother arises in Grand Lodge "A," and announces that he has been appointed the Representative of Grand Lodge "B," and presents his papers. At the same time a brother in Grand Lodge B. (it is presumed,) arises and announces *his* appointment, by Grand Lodge A. Then the speeches—complimentary—then an end; for we do not hear anything more. Such is about the history of the matter.

Now for a moment what has been done about it in *our* Grand Bodies? The G. H. P., William L. Webber, referred to the subject in his address. He had been informed in August last, that Comp. James Fenton had been appointed by the Grand Chapter of Tennessee, as Rreresentative to our Grand Chapter, and that the Grand Chapter of Tennessee had also suggested the name of one of *their* members as *our* Representative to *their* Grand Chapter. G. H. P. Webber had "doubts as to the value or necessity of that system, and declined to make any appointment." He argued that "if a Representative be appointed to one of our sister Grand Chapters, courtesey would seem to require it in all cases." He at the same time stated that Camp. S. C. Coffinbury had been appointed "as Representative to this Grand Chapter, from the Grand Chapter of Maryland." He thereupon referred the matter to the Grand Chapter. The special Committee to whom the subject was referred, of whom Comp. Cogshall was chairmam, reported against the adoption of the system, and their Report was adopted without objection.

The Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, A. T. Mecalf, also referred to the subject, informing the Grand Lodge of similar appointments by other Grand Lodges of some of *our* members to represent *them*, with similar suggestions from them, for us to appoint some of *their* members to represent *us*, in their respective Grand Lodges. Grand Master Metcalf approved of such action. The subject was by the Grand Lodge also referred to a Committee, consisting of the writer of this article, and brothers George C. Munro, and F. A. Blades. The Committee on such deliberation as the circumstances allowed, reported unanimously against the system.

One of the beautiful incidents of the Grand Communication was the statement, by our Grand Master, that he had received an official letter from the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Italy, asking from us a recognition. The Committee responded to this point, by the ackowledgment of all the enthusiasm associated with the name of Italy, referring to her past,—great in her triumphs—greater in her misfortunes; and expressed the earnest hope that when Italy should be united, in her Masonry, which as yet partakes of her discordant, transitional political state, she should not only be gratefully recognized by the land to which her Columbus led the way, but should be invited to a reciprocity of action, in the appointment of Representatives, to our respective Masonic Councils.

But the Committee made a broad distinction between this case, and the policy of going into the system generally, among ourselves. They agreed that the system with us is unnecessary; that it could effect no useful purpose not already attained by other means; that it would overload American Masonry with machinery merely ornamental;—that it would be cumbrous if fully carried out, there being forty or more Grand Lodges and as many Grand Chapters, involving vast numbers of Representatives;—that our system of foreign correspondence,—the Masonic press, and the facility of daily intercourse, by the visits of distinguished brethren, so often present at the meetings of all the Grand Bodies,—furnish abundant means of an unceasing,—warm—and fraternal interchange of all Masonic courtesies and intelligence.

In addition to this, it was urged that the Grand Chapters have a General Grand Chapter strongly promotive of the ends to be looked for, by any system of Representation; that the General Grand Chapter, is in truth, an assemblage of a Masonic Congress in which every Grand Chapter has, or may have, four Representatives, clothed with all necessary and proper ministerial power;—that the Re-Unions thus established, do more than accomplish—by all beautiful amenities, the work of Representatives proper, and do render such four-fold cord, too strong to be broken.

This was in substance the prevailing view in the Grand

Lodge. Others presented different sentiments. It was said that the Representative system tended to a close fraternity. It was further said that those Grand Lodges that have appointed Representatives here would feel aggrieved, and take umbrage unless such action was reciprocated by similar appointments made by our Grand Lodge. While the first argument was not wholly denied—when applied within very circumscribed limits—yet the last was had. It proved too much by a good deal. While Representatives appointed by other Grand Lodges were courteously received by us, and the compliment duly acknowledged, it is utterly untenable to say that any obligation devolved on us to appoint Representatives in return. In civil life, the reception of a Representative is a favor conferred. The sending of one is a favor requested. The analogy of the cases is close enough to warrant the same ideas in Masonry.

But quite aside from this, the argument goes to the extent of putting it in the power of ONE MAN—a Grand Master—to force the system upon all the Grand Lodges in the Union; for the appointments so far, have mostly beeen made, if not entirely, upon the sole will and pleasures of the Grand Masters, although in some cases their Grand Lodges have afterwards approved the act. If *one* Grand Master then, appoints Representatives to every Grand Lodge, *each is bound* (or the argument falls to the ground) to respond by similar appointments; the depriving the Grand Lodges from the exercise of their inherent, sovereign, and unbiased judgment in the premises. The powers of a Grand Master are sufficiently great. Prudence suggests their restriction rather than their extension. The making of Masons at sight,—an undisputed perogative of a Grand Master is now looked on with some distrust. Many think the practice should be discontinued altogether. It is practically nearly extinct. The assumption of doubtful powers—the appointment of Representatives for instance, is more to be deprecated.

The Report of the Committe of our Grand Lodge was adopted near the close of the session when only about one third of its members were present. This is not so definite an expression of the wishes of the craft on the subject, as might be desired.

In the Grand Chapter the sentiment adverse to the proposed system, seemed to be unanimous.

Please excuse the length of this article. My *design* was, to state, in few wrods, (fewer than I now find written,) the argument and action of our Grand Bodies on this comparatively new subject. J. EASTMAN JOHNSON.

February 12th, 1870.

VISIT TO SAINT JOSEPH, MICH.

Having received an invitation to attend the celebration of the opening of the Chicago and Michigan Lake Shore Rail Road, on February first, we took an early start for New Buffalo via. Michigan Central Rail Road. At every station the cars received accessions to our numbers, till every seat was filled, and many were standing, for want of more seats. New Buffalo being the junction of the two roads, was full of people anxious to attend the celebration, and it was evident that more cars would be needed than had been provided for the occasion. A telegram was sent to Michigan City for cars, and we remained patiently awaiting their arrival by the Day Express train, but to the great disappointment of the excursionists, no cars came. The result was, that box cars had to be substituted, and a mixed train of passenger and freight cars left New Buffalo a little before noon with upwards of a thousand excursionists on board. A more jolly set is seldom seen than these same excursionists. The new road was in very good condition for one so new, and after leaving the immediate shore of the Lake, the country was very fine. The soil is rich and the timber valuable. As we passed along, many new acquaintances were formed, and the great benefits of this new route to the rich fruit-growing region of north-western Michigan, were fully discussed.

I found quite a number of the excursionists were members of the Masonic fraternity, and several Master's of Lodges among the number. All reported the craft in a prosperous condition in their several localities.

As we neared Saint Joseph, fruit farms began to line the Rail Road on either side. Most of the trees were young, but the red, healthy condition of the twigs of the peach trees bore ample testimony to the adaptation of this far-famed region for the growth of this favorite fruit. We saw large fields set to Lawton Blackberry, which is also cultivated with great success in this region.

We finally arrived at the city of our destination amidst the ringing of bells, the roar of cannon, and the shouts of the multitude. It was estimated that some five or six thousand people were in Saint Joseph, from the populous region round about, to join in the rejoicing of that festive occasion. It was a proud day for the people of that city and region, and well indeed might it be, for who can estimate the worth of this new Rail Road to that part of our growing State?

Saint Joseph is a city of some three thousand inhabitants, situated on the south-west side of the river bearing the same name. Its site is elevated and commanding. It affords a beautiful view of the Lake and the high bluffs of bank to the north. Benton Harbor, a beautiful village of from a thousand to fifteen hundred inhabitants, is in plain sight across the river, and adds much to the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

Occidental Lodge, No. 56, is located here, with a membership of some 146. It was instituted in 1856, Lovel Church being the fisrt W. M. It started off with ten charter members, and its general history has been prosperous. It owns a Hall worth $2500. Its present officers are F. A. Potter, W. M; E. P. Watson, S. W; Charles Moulten, J. W; J. W. Brown, Sect.; E. Kingsley, Treas. Brother Potter has been elected to the Oriental Chair some eight or ten times, and has the faculty of rendering himself agreeable, especially to strangers. Brethren Warren Chapman, A. B. Leeds, Wm. Earle, Horace W. Gurnsey and George Chadwick, have each filled the office of W. M., of this Lodge. Hon. A. H. Morrison, President of the C. & M. L. S. R. R., Maj. Calvin Britain, Capt. S. G. Langley, Capt. Horace K. Langley, N. W. Napier and R. B. Duncan are among the oldest members of the Lodge, and also prominent citizens of Saint Joseph.

To give the reader some ideas of the business of this thriving city; we subjoin the list of her exports for 1869, viz, 11,101 packages of vegetables; 79,774 R. R. Ties; 25,068 Bbls Apples; 10.714,000 feet Lumber; 3289 Boxes Fish; 102 Cords of Wood; 4558 Bbls Flour; 5807 Packages Fruit; 16,902 Bu. Potatoes; 53,645 Bu. Berries; 700,812 Boxes and Bu. Peaches;

11,336 Bu. Apples; 88 Bbls Cider; 12,988 Packages Merchandise and Sundries. The above is carefully prepared from the Books of Hiram Brown, Esqr., Collector of Customs.

We are under great obligations to Br. Marcus Osgood, the gentlemanly Proprietor of the Perkins House, for courtesies received. He keeps a first-class Hotel, and deserves a liberal patronage. We take pleasure in commending him to the public. and our Brotherhood, in particular. Those who call once will go again.

W J. C.

CHIPS.

A Valuable Book.—We were recently shown a copy of a book which has been styled "the most complete work on Freemasonry, and its kindred associations, ever published." It is the History, Cyclopedia and Dictionary of Freemasonry by Robert Macoy, 33°, and George Oliver, D. D. It is a valuable Masonic Library of itself, and very worthy of a place in the libraries of the Brotherhood. It is issued from the press of the Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Company, No. 432, Broome Street, New York, and sold only by authorized agents of Brother J. S. Schermerhorn, General Agent for Ohio and Michigan. Price $4.00 and $5.00, as per cost of binding.

Communications are before us, requesting that we caution Lodges against one A. H. Bowen, who is said to have been made a Mason in Kalamazoo Lodge No. 22, in December 1863; Dimetted November 21, 1866, and joined Mystic Lodge, No. 141, at Bunson's Prairie, December 15, 1866; Dimetted from Mystic Lodge January 4, 1868, was expelled from Granite Lodge, No. 272, of Sedalia, Missouri, April 4, 1869, for *gross unmasonic conduct;* but is represented to have visited Hadley Lodge, No. 210, and Goodrich Lodge, No. 336, taking the Test on each occasion! Pass him around, that Lodges may be on their guard.

We Have received the printed proceedings of the last session of the Grand Chapter of Michigan, printed neatly on fine, tinted paper. The work was done at the office of the Detroit *Post* and is hard to surpass. The proceedings of the Grand Lodge have not yet come to hand.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. I.—MARCH, A. L. 5870.—NO. IX.

WAS MORGAN MURDERED?

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Forty-three years ago and upwards there was an occurance in Western New York out of which no considerable excitement, and no result different from the ordinary course of such occurrences, could have reasonably been expected; it was the disappearance of an obscure individual, under circumstances that left little doubt of forcible abduction. such affairs, even when grossly criminal, do not excite great communities and States into heated discussion and vehement action; we read of them almost daily in the papers, and they produce no more than a faint ripple of excitement upon the surface of events. Perfectly cognizant of the frequency of criminal offences, and the comparatively little public attention given to them, the youth of the present generation will find it difficult to realize the fact that the disappearance of this one obscure person, under circumstances strongly suggestive of forcible abduction, as I have said, at so early a date in the history of the commonwealth of New York as 1826, and when the great western region of the State was sparsely settled, without the facilities of railroad and telegraphic communication, and with very few printing presses to aid the circulation of news and opinion, could have created the intense excitement it did. But the tempest of public feeling excited by the occurrence not only arose with astounding suddenness, but it continued for six years with almost unabated vigor; upon the assumption that the individual who had mysteriously disappeared had been secretly and barbarously murdered by members of the masonic fraternity, the feeling aroused by the affair took to itself the name of Anti-Masonry, and entering the political field, became a power of such magnitude as to utterly suspend all other issues. The character and scope of this article forbid anything more than a brief glance at the political aspect of this most anomalous excitement; and it will suffice upon this head to say that at this time, when the politics of the nation were in bitter and vehement controversy, between the adherents of General Jackson on the one side and the Republicans on the other (designated in New York as "Clintonians" and "Bucktails"), the new party of Anti-Masonry subdivided and distracted all other parties, and drew thousands of adherents from them all; that in the election of 1829 its candidate for State Senator in the Eight District of New York* was elected by the unprecedented majority of *eight thousand;* that in the general election of 1830, in a poll of two hundred and fifty thousand votes, it failed to elevate its candidate† to the executive chair by barely eight thousand; that in the election of 1832, in the same State, in a poll of three hundred and twenty-three thousand, it was defeated by less than ten thousand majority; that it diffused itself like wildfire throughout the neighboring States, carrying its candidate‡ into the gubernatorial chair in Pennsylvania in 1835, and developing an astonishing degree of strength in previous years in Ohio, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Vermont—in which latter State it was triumphant for three years; and that finally, this unprecedented outbreak of public sentiment found voice in a National Convention in 1831, putting forth the most stringent resolutions against the institution of Freemasonry as a platform, and nominating candidates§ upon it, who in the States named received a large support, and who in the electorial college had the seven electorial votes of Vermont. It was a party, in brief, that for a season took the popular heart by storm, rejecting all the guidance of the politicians, increasing in a tremendous ratio of strength year after year; and no man can say what its bearings might have been upon national concerns, had not the question of the National Bank, and different financial problems of the time, arisen to divert public attention from it.

But if the political phase of this tempestuous sentiment was simply astounding, its social and religious characteristics were superlatively so. Households, by the hundreds, were divided against themselves by the angry conflict between mason and anti-mason; members of the same family often sat at table and refused to have verbal intercourse with each other; matrimonial as well as business engagements were ruptured for the same cause; the tea-drinkings and quiltings of the women, as well as the caucuses and street discussions of the men, were invaded by the same spirit of acrimonious difference, and for a time all the social institutions of Western New York were threatened with disintegration. So widely diffused through all classes and ages was this contest, that in many villages the boys in the streets took sides according to the opinions which they heard most at home, and formed mason and anti-mason bands, which indulged in the pleasant sport of stoning each other when occasion offered. It was a condition of feeling which, to the dispassionate reviewer of to-day, seems appalling in its intensity and determination; one of those exceptional tumult-times such as happily visit a nation only once in a century, and generally with a more limited duration than this.

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*Albert H. Tracy. †Francis Granger. ‡Joseph Ritner.

§William Wert, of Maryland, for President, and Amos Ellmaker, of Pennsylvania, for Vice President.

And this tremendous upheaval of the social, political and religious elements of a very large territory of our country had for its sole cause, let it be remembered, the mysterious disappearance of *one* very ordinary citizen, accompanied by a suspicion of foul play.

It is a singular quality of human nature that impels men to regard the sufferings, the wrongs, or the perils of the individual more than the mass. Thus, the loss of a little child in the woods will call out a whole community to search for it, eagerly and unremittingly until it is found; and, yet let some dreadful epidemic ravage that community, striking down its hundreds daily, and the magnitude of the suffering will blunt the sensibilities of the same men almost to indifference. Thus, also, the calamity of a hundred and fifty coal-miners suffocated in the bowels of the earth will call forth more expressions of sympathy, and more material aid, than that of thousands slain and mutilated on any great battle-field of a mighty war. This well defined characteristic of humanity will help us to account for the depth and the fervor of the emotion following this single abduction—but beyond this there was also the conviction that the constitutional right of one American citizen to his liberty, possibly to his life, had been desperately outraged—and hundreds of thousands of citizens felt that the blow was aimed at each one of them.

It is beyond the province of the present writer to discuss this subject in its minute political bearings, or to explain the very diverse positions that were taken with reference to it by members of the masonic order. His aim is briefly to group together the startling details of this remarkable mystery, with the different theories and speculations upon it, reasonable and unreasonable, without the least partizanship in so doing. It may be said in this place, however, that although every man to whom any connection with the abduction was traced proved to be a mason—and there were not wanting those in the order who declared that if the victim had met the awful fate claimed for him by the anti-masons it was no more than he deserved—yet there were very many masons who openly denounced the deed, by whomsoever committed, as an outrage which should be severely punished. Most of this latter class, however, were forced by the violence of the proscription into the ranks of the party that opposed the anti-masons; while many others yielded to the storm,renounced the obligations of the order, and became strenuous in their opposition to it.

The man in whom all this popular frenzy centered was personally the smallest character that circumstances ever raised to the rank of martyr. His name, notorious now wherever the language is read or spoken, was William Morgan. He was by occupation a bricklayer and stonemason; a man of little character and of no consideration in the village of Batavia, where, in the summer and early autumn of the year 1826, he resided. It is well known that he was a member of the masonic order, and poor and needy enough to venture upon desperate and extraordinary means for the sake of money. In the summer of the year named it was currently rumored in Batavia, and about the adjacent country, that Morgan, in conjunction with one David C. Miller, a printer of the same place, was about to publish a book disclosing the secrets of the masonic order. Upon this intimation an immediate excitement was observed among the masons, and an immediate effort was made to suppress the book. A stranger was introduced to Miller, who, under the pretext of desiring to purchase an interest in the publication, unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain the manuscript. Following this the office took fire in a way that pointed to the agency of an incendiary.

On the 12th of September Miller was arrested at Batavia by esse French, a constable, upon a warrant issued by Mr. Bartow a justice of the peace of Le Roy. He was conveyed by French assisted by Roswell Wilcox and James Hurlburt, in a carriage to Le Roy, accompanied by a riotous crowd, armed with clubs, who were supposed to be masons. At Stafford, a place on the route, he was taken from the carriage into the masonic lodge room, which was at once crowded with the armed escort, and an attempt was made to frighten him into the production of the obnoxious manuscript. In the meantime a large and equally determined party of Miller's friends had gathered in the street, and the demonstration soon became so formidable that the party inside were compelled to bring out their prisoner, which they unwillingly did. The whole *cortege* immediately proceeded to Le Roy with the object of this singular demonstration; and such another angry, contending rabble, the streets of that quiet village have never seen. Backed by the presence and encouragement of his armed friends, Miller firmly demanded to be taken before the justice. The demand was unwillingly complied with, and he was at once discharged, nothing of any substance being alleged against him. His friends immediately crowded about him and hurried back with him to Batavia. On the way an unsuccessful attempt was made to re-arrest him by the party that had before had him in custody. For their share in these high-handed proceedings, French, Wilcox and Hurlburt were tried and convicted of false imprisonment, roit, and assault and battery, and were sentenced repectively to one year, six, and three months' imprisonment.

This startling occurrence was upon the 12th of September. On the night of the same day, after nine o'clock, William Morgan disappeared. The act was not a causual and reasonable absence; he passed forever from the sight of wife, children and friends, and the lapse of forty years has afforded no solution of the mystery.

It is beyond question that on Sunday, September 10th, a warrant was obtained by one Chesebro of a justice of the peace of Canandaigua, fifty miles from Batavia, for the arrest of Morgan, on a charge of theft of a shirt and cravat, which had really been loaned him by one Kingsley. The warrant was served at Batavia on the following day, and the prisoner was forthwith conveyed to Canandiagua, without secrecy, in the public stage. He was arraigned before the justice who issued the warrant and discharged, there being no evidence against him. He was promptly re-arrested on complaint of Chesebro, in a civil suit for the recovery of the sum of two dollars, upon an alleged tavern bill assigned to the complainant by one Ackley. Judgment and execution followed at once; and although it was said that the miserable victim of this conspiracy divested himself of his coat, and besought the constable to levy on it for the debt, he was instantly imprisoned in Canandiagua jail. Unknown to his friends in Batavia, he lay closely confined during the balance of the day, during the same night, and the whole of the following day, until about nine o'clock of the night of the 12th. It appears also unquestionable that while the jailor was absent that evening his wife was approached by the parties who had procured his arrest, and the representation made to her that the judgment against Morgan had been paid by one Loton Lawson, and they advised her to discharge the debtor. This she at once did. The prison gates were thrown open and William Morgan passed out a free man again. In the obscurity of that September evening he was seen by a few idlers to reach the street; prowling figures were seen to pounce upon him from the darkness; his cries were stiffled, his limbs pinioned, and himself hurried into a carriage, which was driven furiously out of town, westwardly; and from that moment William Morgan disappeared from the knowledge of home, friends and acquaintances. Conjecture, theory, and the wildest forms of speculation have widely been employed to pierce the mystery that envelopes his fate; but after the lapse of almost half a century it is still to be confessed that those who give an affirmitive answer to the caption of this article base their conclusion upon presumptive evidence of a nature which is by no means conclusive.

It is not to be understood, however, that the fate of William Morgan is entirely shrouded in mystery from the moment of his kidknapping at Canandiagua. The profound excitement that instantly followed the publication of the details just given stirred the moral and law-abiding people of Western New York into immediate and energetic action, and committees were everywhere formed to aid the law officers and to discover the facts, that the guilty parties might be brought to justice. The substantial results of these wide-spread efforts were the indictment of the Sheriff of Niagara County, the commandant at Fort Niagara, and half a dozen more of the most prominent members of the masonic order, for such minor offences as the abduction or kidknapping of the missing man. There being no precedent in English or American criminal law to warrant a conviction for murder, in the absence of a dead body to establish the *corpus delicti*, the lawyers of the prosecution wisely chose to indict those men for minor offences. One or two were convicted; others, through the contumacy or evasion of masonic witnesses, escaped punishment. For the *murder* of Morgan, I believe, no one was ever tried; yet these judicial investigations, embarrassed though they were by the refusal of many of the witnesses to testify, serve to throw a startling light, if not a conclusive one, upon the question, Was Morgan Murdered?

They were held at Lockport and Canandiagua, within the space of a very few years after that memorable September, and presided over by such eminent jurists as Judge Nelson, Marcy and Throop.* I have room merely to glance at the singular spectacle afforded upon these trials, of several of the most respectable citizens refusing to answer upon the witness-stand, on the pretext that their answers *might* subject them to punishment for *some* offence, and suffering fine and imprisonment for their contempt. The most conspicuous example of this conduct was Eli Bruce, then Sheriff of Niagara County, who was not only fined and imprisoned but also deprived of his office by the Governor.

The testimony of masonic witnesses (among others Loton Lawson, one of the actual abductors) established the following facts:

That there had been much talk and consultation among masons, previous to the abduction, about Morgan's proposed publication, and it was agreed that he ought to be separated from Miller and his Batavia friends. Lawson testified that although Morgan struggled and made a noise at first, upon being placed in the carriage, and once cried *murder*, yet he went peaceably; that he admitted that he had done wrong, and that it would be best for him to get away from Miller, so that the book could not be published. The carriage passed on to Rochester, and thence west on the ridge road, Morgan agreeing to go. At Lockport a cell had been fitted up for his reception, but the vehicle with its occupants came no nearer that place than Wright's Corner, on the ridge. Masons only had communication with the inside of the carriage, and no disturbance appears to have proceeded from it after leaving Canandiagua, except that at one place threats were heard. The carriage proceeded west to Lewiston and thence to Fort Niagara. At that point the driver was ordered to *stop near the graveyard;* he did so, and four men got out and entered the enclosure, when he was ordered away. This was about midnight of the 13th. The purpose of this nocturnal visit was doubtless intimidation. It appears, from the testimony of masons, that preparations had been made some days before for the reception of Morgan at the Fort, and that he was confined in the magazine there from the morning of September 14th until the 19th following. When first brought to the Fort he was blindfolded, and his arms were pinioned, but while confined in the magazine he was not bound nor blinded. He was quite noisy, at first, and prominent masons were sent for to quiet him. He begged to see his wife and children, and several times made use of the strange expression, "I will starve here, doctor, rather than be bled to death by you." There was no doctor near him, nor was there any talk of bleeding him; and the use of these words impress me with the belief that the mind of the unfortunate man was wandering. He was constantly visited in his prison; food was furnished him; he was frequently threatened, and efforts were made to induce him to tell where the manuscripts of his book were hidden. Various consultations were held in and about the Fort, as to the disposition to be made of the prisoner, and three distinct propositions were made: to settle him on a farm in Canada; to deliver him over to the masonic commander of some British war vessel at Montreal or Quebec; and *to drown him in the river.* The last proposition was strenuously opposed, the witnesses in one or two instances being those who opposed it. High words and quarrels ensued; the councils became divided; and when, on September 19th, 1826, Morgan disappeared from the magazine at Fort Niagara, he left behind not one witness of his fate. Not one of those who were sworn on the trials, and who answered, were present at the magazine when he was taken out of it, nor could they learn his fate.[*]

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*The two last named were afterwards governors of the State; and it is remarkable that Judge Marcy, who held the scales of justice most evenly upon these trials, should afterwards be twice elected governor over the anti-masonic candidate.

Was he murdered?

The voice of an overwhelming majority of the voters of Western New York answered *yes*, their emphatic support of anti-masonic candidates, and perhaps a majority of their children still so believe. Yet it may well be said that there are other theories of this mystery quite as probable, and perhaps more rational. It seems certain that although Morgan left Canandaigua unwillingly, and only through the exertion of some force, he had previously confered with those who had kidnapped him, and reluctantly promised to go with them, expressing at the same time a desire to shake off Miller and the publication of the book. It is apparent that he was completely under the terrorism of his captors: and since the ends that they desired to gain, (namely, the complete suppression of Morgan as well as his book,) could be as well subserved by hiding him in the Canadian back-woods, or transporting him beyond sea, is it not, at the least, quite likely that one of these humane suggestions was adopted rather than that of death?

All the years that have since passed have contributed nothing to the solution of this great mystery. Rumors from over the sea have come to us of William Morgan, seen alive and well, at Smyrna, in Asia, and elsewhere; and there is not wanting today a class of people who maintain the startling theory that the disappearance and continued absence of William Morgan were affairs in which he was himself a *particeps criminis*, brought entirely by shrewd politicians, for the purpose of building up a a new political party. And others there were, perhaps are yet living, who insisted that in the darkness of September nights they had with their own eyes seen the disembodied spirit of the murdered Morgan hovering over the water where his body was sunk. I remember to have seen some verses on the subject in print, beginning thus:

"There walks on wild Niagara's wave
A ghost, whose form hath found a grave
Deep in the 'whelming tide."

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[*] The author owes it to the "truth of history" to say that these facts are derived from reports of the trials in his possession, printed in 1828, 1829 and 1830. It is thought best to suppress the names of witnesses, as many of them have relatives surviving, to whom this connection must be an unpleasant one.

There was a time, fifteen months after the disappearance of Morgan, when it was widely believed that the mystery of his fate had been solved by his own appearance from the watery grave as a witness. A dead body was brought ashore by the winds and waves on the strand of Lake Ontario, in the vicinity of Fort Niagara; and although the action of the elements had denuded it of clothing, and changed the features past recognition, scores of witnesses came forward and identified it before a coroner's jury as the corpse of William Morgan. There were hundreds who remembered a striking physical peculiarity of the missing man—the presence of a double row of teeth in the lower jaw. which these remains were found to exactly reproduce The evidence of physicians, however, disclosed the fact that only the early indications of putrefaction appeared, and that the general condition of the remains showed conclusively that they had not been in the water more than two months—while it was claimed that Morgan had been murdered more than a year before this man could have been drowned. In defiance of this evidence the jury found that the body was that of the missing Morgan, and it was interred as his. A very short time elapsed before it was exhumed, and positively identified as that of a man well known to his friends, who had been lost in the river above the Falls some weeks before! *

The book purporting to be Morgan's, which was published after his disapperance, had a wide circulattion, although doubts were thrown out of its authenticity. It was the pioneer of a flood of similar publications, many of which are still extant, and occasionally throw a cheap edition on the market.

The immediate effect of this "disclosure" of the secrets of Freemasonry—in connection with the onus of the "Morgan murder"—was to sensibly deplete the order, and to circumscribe its influence. It was also the occasion of the inception and growth of another secret order, known as "Odd Fellows," which, for a time, threatened to entirely supercede Freemasonry.

I have studiously forborne in these paragraphs to express any opinion as to the fate of William Morgan, or as to the truth of

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* It was with reference to this occurrence, and to the dispute that arose as to whether the corpse was or was not that of Morgan, that a distinguished politician is reputed to have used the now familiar expression, "It's a good enough Morgan till after election."

any of the charges which were so freely and bitterly bandied back and forth by masons and anti-masons, forty years ago. The door of controversy is not yet closed, as the truth has never been judicially established, and there are thousands yet surviving at our hearths to whom the mention of this topic in a partisan spirit is as the throwing down the gage of battle. I have written them mainly for the reader of the present generation, to whom the oral mention of the affair has made it appear more like a myth of antiquity than an American episode of the nineteenth century.

I leave the subject, with the opinion that it is not at all improbable that the whole truth concerning the disappearance of William Morgan will yet be known. Whichever of the theories regarding it be true, there are doubtless men living to-day in the State of New York in whose breast the secret is concealed; and it is not putting too great trust in the future to expect that the revelation of a death-bed will one day answer the interesting historico-political query—Was Morgan murdered. ?
—*Packard's Monthly.*

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IS MASONRY A ROCK, OR A WEATHERCOCK?

Eds Michigan Freemason :

In your December number, Brother Jacob Norton goes into convulsions over what he calls the "sound limb doctrine." After wisely telling us that Masonry "*knows of no fixed laws,*" and ridiculing the whole idea of "ancient landmarks," he says:

"It may astonish some of our *landmark sticklers* to learn that the oldest and most conservative Grand Lodge on this continent long since discarded the sound limb doctrine. How long ago it was discarded, *I know not*, but that it CEASED TO BE A LANDMARK, long before most of our sound limb advocates became Masons, is evident," etc.

He then quotes sec. 4 of art. 3 of the Const. of Massachusetts, 1843, to prove his assertion, by which it is provided that deformity which does not prevent the honest acquirement of the means of subsistence is not a bar to initiation *in that jurisdiction.* He might also have quoted Maine and North Carolina to the same purport.

But mark his words. He says it "*ceased to be a landmark.*" This is admitting that it *was once a landmark*, for a thing cannot *cease* unless it already exists. "Now, if the sound limb doctrine" once existed as a landmark, will Bro. Norton tell us by what authority the Freemasons of Massachusetts abolished it? His own words condemn him. The very section of the Massachusetts constitution which he quotes declares that "by the ancient regulations the physical deformity of an individual operates as a bar to his admission into the Fraternity."

To further prove his position he says that "a Michigan lodge elected a one-armed brother for its W. M." Suppose it did. If a Michigan lodge violated the law, are the foundations of Masonry thereby unsettled? Yet this is what he would have us believe.

Again, he says that Sir Walter Scott was initiated in Scotland, and that he had a defective foot. I defy him to prove that the defect in Sir Walter's foot was such as to prevent his full performance of *every portion* of the Masonic work, *at the time of his initiation.* Unless he does this the fact proves nothing, for every reader knows that in his old age Sir Walter was feeble and halt from disease; and the living brother mentioned as having seen Sir Walter, and who noticed his "limping gait," could only have seen him in his later years, for he died in 1832, at the age of 61.

But I do not write to argue this question. A little good *authority* is worth a world of assertion. Then "to the law and to the testimony," and let us see how Bro. Norton's assertions look in the light of law and history.

"A candidate must be without blemish, and have a full and proper use of his limbs, for a maimed man can do the craft no good."—[Ancient York Const., A. D., 926].

"No person shall hereafter be accepted a Freemason but such as are of able body."—[Reg. of 1663.]

"That he that be made be able in all degrees, * * * and that he have his right limbs as a man ought to have."—(" Anicient Charges of 1685–88.)

"No master should take an apprentice unless he has sufficient employment for him, and unless he be a perfect youth, having no maim or defect in his body."—(Charges to a Freemason, 1720, No. IV. These charges, the record says, were "extracted from the ancient records of lodges beyond the sea, and of those in *England*, *Scotland* and Ireland, for the use of lodges in *London-London;*" yet Brother Norton says the sound limb doctrine was *unknown in England or Scotland!*)

"The men made Masons must be free-born, or no bondmen, of mature age, and of good report, *hale and sound*; not deformed or dismembered at the time of making."—(Dermott, 1756.)

"The applicant must be *hale and sound*, so as to be capable of gaining a livelihood for himself and family, and to *perform the work of a member of the lodge*."—(Const. Penn.)

"No candidate shall be initiated by any lodge but such as are upright in body, not deformed or dismembered, but of *hale and entire limbs*."—(Const. D. C.)

"He (the candidate) must also be free from such corporeal deformity as would render him incapable of practicing and teaching the ritual of the fraternity."—(Const. Ala.)

Physical qualifications of candidates must not infringe upon the *ancient landmarks*, is provided by Const. of Md., Ohio and Nebraska.

"Every candidate for the degrees of Masonry must possess sufficient natural endowments, and the sense of a man, upright in body, not dismembered or deformed at the time of making, but of *hale and entire limbs*, as a man ought to be."—(Const. Wis.)

"Men made masons must be of mature age, free-born, of good report, *hale and sound*, not deformed or dismembered, and no eunuch."—(Const. Minn.)

"No lodge under this jurisdiction shall hereafter initiate, pass or raise any candidate whose physical defects are such as to prevent him from conforming *literally* to all the requirements of the several degrees of ancient craft Masonry."—(Res. Md., 1854.)

"The candidate must have no such deformity as shall interfere with his *giving and receiving all Masonic signs and salutations in due form*."—(Explanation of provision in the Const. of Maine by a Com. of the Grand Lodge, 1853. The language of the section of the Const. thus explained, is *precisely the same as that of the Massachusetts quoted by Bro. Norton.*)

"Candidates must be able to conform literally to what the several degrees respectively require of them."—(Gen. G. Chapter, 1850.)

"Candidates must be physically able to conform to the arts and mysteries."—(Ky., Miss., Vt.)

"*Resolved*, That it is a violation of landmark to make a Mason of one who has the disability of lameness, occasioned by a shortened or crooked limb."—(N. Y., 1856.)

"*Resolved*, That the loss of a foot, a hand, or the thumb and fingers of the right hand, or the total absence or deprivation of either of the senses of hearing, seeing or feeling, constitutes physical disability and disqualification; and no person laboring under either of the above specified disabilities is eligible to be made a Mason."—(Miss., 1856.)

"The requisition that the candidate should be *hale* and *sound*, is decisive of the question. These two words import that he should be entire and unmutulated."—(G. M. of Georgia, 1851.)

In commenting on the above decision of the G. M. of Georgia, the N. Y. Cómmittee on Foreign Correspondence, say, in 1852: "*This decision is sound*, and agrees with the old usages."

Dislocation of the hip is a disqualification.—(Const. of S. C.)

"The loss of a leg, arm, foot, both eyes, or of the use of any member necessary to his instruction, would be sufficient to exclude; but the want of one eye, a toe, certain fingers, or any other member *not necessary for the purpose of labor and instruction in Masonry*, would not be a fatal defect."—(Res., Ga., 1852.)

Charter was refused to a lodge, U. D., for initiating a man who had lost his legs.—(Louisiana, 1855.)

"The degree should not be conferred upon any one whose physical deformity is such that he cannot acquire a knowledge and *impart to others* the secrets of the Craft, *according to the rules of the Order*."—(Cal. 1851.)

"The admission of maimed and deformed individals into the Order, is a violation of the ancient landmarks and usages, and of the ancient constitutions of Masonry."—(Ga., 1848.)

"A man who has lost his right arm cannot be made a Mason."—(G. M., Hubbard, Ohio, 1852.)

"Having no maim or defect in his body."—(Ills)

"Cannot initiate a candidate who has lost his right hand."—(Iowa, 1858.)

Candidates must be "able to receive possession of the ancient landmarks, and to *exemplify the same*, so as to be recognized as a member of the craft."—(Texas, 1849.)

Candidate must be "perfect in all his parts, neither deformed nor dismembered."—(Mackey.)

"Not deformed nor dismembered at the time of their making"—(Penn., 1783; N. C., 1805; Tenn., 1805; S. C., 1807; Md., 1826. How is that for the *old and conservative* lodges?)

"Sound in mind and all their members."—(Mo., 1823.)

"Not only the ancient usage, but the fundamental constitution of the Order—the ancient Charges—forbid the initiation of maimed persons."—(N. Y., 1848.)

"It is not legal to initiate, pass or raise a man with but one arm or leg. *Certain parts of the body are used in Masonic communications.* If the applicant has not got them all, he is physically ineligible."—(Morris.)

"The provision in our Constitution *permitting* the initiation of a maimed person, has, upon *more mature reflection*, been stricken out."—(G. M., Fla, 1849.)

"A man having but one arm or one leg, or who is any way deprived of his due proportion of limbs and members, is as incapable of initiation as a woman."—(S. C., 1849.)

"Any degree of mutulation or dismemberment that will prevent a candidate from *assuming the proper positions*, and giving expression to the appropriate and necessary *methods of recognition*, well known to the fraternity, will disqualify him as a candidate for Masonry. Dismemberment of a foot or right hand is a disqualification. Immobility of the knee-joints is equally so. A candidate should be in the full possession of all his members and faculties, as a sound man ought to have."—(Mich., 1860. See Look's Digest, page 133.)

"A candidate must be physically so perfect that he can *readily place himself in every position required in conferring or receiving the several degrees*, and performing *all the work of the lodge.*" —(Mich., 1865. Look's Dig., 139.)

"If, after a candidate is initiated, it be discovered that he has no sense of hearing on the right side, and never had, he is thereby disqualified from taking any further degrees."(—Mich., 1865. Look's Dig., 140.)

"One who has been initiated, and then loses his right arm, can take no further degrees."—(Mich., 1865.)

"A man who has a hare lip, which, by surgical operation has been closed, but who cannot articulate so as to be understood except by those well acquainted with him, cannot be made a Mason."—(Mich., 1857.)

"*Resolved*, That any physical injury or imperfection which would render the conferring of any of the degrees upon a candidate, or brother desiring advancement, as required by the work or ritual, either impossible, *imperfect or incomplete*, is an insuperable objection to further progress, until such injury or imperfection be removed; and, in case of loss of hand or foot, such defect is remediless."—(Mich., 1869. Look's Dig., 160.)

These authorities explain themselves, and clearly show how the possession of certain limbs and members, is just as necessary in speculative Masonry as in operative.

Bro. Norton admits that he does not know when the sound limb doctrine was abolished. From the loose and reckless assertions with which his article abounds it is evident there are several things that he does not know. For instance, if he had known the law of the jurisdiction of Michigan, he would never have made the absurd blunder of citing the unlawful act of a subordinate lodge to prove that the sound limb doctrine had been abolished in Michigan. If he had made himself familiar with that "Masonic Jurisprudence" which he so ridicules, he would never have made the ludicrous attempt to demolish, by a stroke of his pen, all the ancient landmarks of Freemasonry. He is in the situation of thousands of half-informed Masons, who imagine that Freemasonry, like some other organizations, is a transient, flashy fabric, which their puny hands can mould and fashion at will. If he will go to the "book of the law," if he will study well the history and condition of the order, if he will work for a few years in the quarries, he will find, to his astonishment, that ours is "*a city that hath foundations.*" He will learn that the foam of just such folly as his has been dashing for ages against it, as the froth of the raging sea dashes against Gibralter, and with just as little effect. *Esto perpetua!*

H. M. L.

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At a regular meeting of Siloam Lodge No. 35, held February 11th, 1870, Jos. Schofield, an G. A. Mason, was found guilty of the charge of larceny, and expelled from all the rights and benefits of Masonry.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

CHAPTER IX.

On the evening of the last day of June, Charles Preston and Mr. McLean entered the superb mansion of Mr. Wilson to participate in the festival dinner tendered by the millionaire to the clerks employed in his bank. They were received by their host with a degree of welcome, and polite familiarity, which made Charles easy and at home in the richly furnished and brilliantly lighted drawing room of the princely mansion.

After the clerks were assembled Eda made her appearance. She approached each in turn, and extended her hand with a smile and a word of welcome, until she came to Preston; after having advanced a step towards him, and halting, she raised her eyes to his, and, blushing deeply, turned to her father and said:

"My dear father, I think I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance of this young gentleman."

"Oh! yes, Eda, my child," interposed Mr. Wilson, "that is Mr. Preston, our chief, and this is my daughter Eda, Mr. Preston"

"Pardon me, Mr. Preston," said Eda, still blushing, and extending her hand to Charles, "I certainly ought to know the gentleman who presides over my father's bank, but, until the present, I have not had the pleasure of a personal introduction to you."

"No, Miss Wilson," returned Charles, "I believe not. It gives me great pleasure to receive the honor of a personal introduction at this time," continued he, accepting her extended hand with a bow, encumbered with great embarrassment.— Their hands trembled as, for a moment, they were slightly clasped. Eda turned suddenly, and, addressing Timothy Pelatier said, in a tone of assumed indifference, in which could be noticed a slight effort and a dash of affectation:

"Twinkle, you have almost deserted us. You have not shown yourself here for several weeks. What has happened? You used to come to see us so often that we scarcely noticed your coming and going."

"Well, you see, Miss Eda," replied Timothy, laughing, "that is a sufficient reason why my visits should be discontinued. I think when a young gentleman pays such constant devotion to a young lady that his coming and going fails to claim her notice, it ought to serve as a sufficient hint to discontinue his coming and going."

"Oh! indeed!" said Eda, laughing, "I did not suspect that your visits were of a devotional character."

"Of course," returned Timothy, "but since you have given me the cold shoulder I have found a new shrine for my devotions, where my comings and goings are noticed, and where my offerings are accepted. So I think I can get along quite well until my visits in that quarter fail to attract notice."

"I congratulate you, Twinkle," rejoined Eda. "You ought to loose your heart every day, you are so facile in recovering it again." Thus saying, she left Timothy and seated herself on a sofa beside her father, while the guests mingled in cheerful conversation.

"Eda," said Mr Wilson, "do you not think Mr. Preston is much improved?"

"Certainly I do," replied the daughter, "and, although I had intended to take advantage of the occasion to cultivate his acquaintance, I fear I shall be disappointed."

"Why so?" enquired Mr. Wilson.

"He is so reserved that when I approach him I become so embarrassed that I do not know how to conduct myself," replied Eda.

"You must not forget to attribute much of Mr. Preston's apparent reserve to a natural diffidence, which, I have discovered, subjects his own deportment to many embarrassments," returned the father.

"Is that the fact? Then," returned the daughter, "I know how to sympathize with him, for, although I never, until this evening, labored under the least restraint or embarrassment in any company, yet, when I met him, and took his hand, I blundered and trembled to such a degree that I did not know what to say or how to behave myself. I know that he must consider me very silly and awkward. It is strange that I can not rid myself of this foolish sensation. I feel as if his eyes were upon me all the time. You know, papa, we can tell when persons are looking at us, although we do not see them. We appear to feel their searching vision. I constantly fear to look towards him lest I meet his eyes fastened upon me. I almost fear to move, for I feel that his eyes are following me and noting everything I do"

Eda was right. With an earnest and searching glance, the eyes of Charles followed the graceful Eda, and noted every motion and change of expression in her countenance, with a deep interest. It does sppear that, at times, especially in life's spring-time, when the warm sunshine developes and opens a thousand new thoughts and impulses, like unfolding flowers, the emotions of the heart unconsciously go wool gathering, and, through a kind of magnetism, or mysterious free-masonry of the soul, leave a magic impress upon the objects they reach.

"As a woman," said Mr. Wilson, still addressing his daughter, "you should conquor such an embarrassment, by entering into a free and familiar conversation with him. This is a lesson of self discipline you ought to enforce upon yourself."

"I will," said Eda, firmly. "I will command myself." She arose, crossed the room to where Preston sat alone. She drew a chair near him, and, seating herself, opened the conversation by saying,

"While the others of our guests are enjoying themselves leaving us out of their select circle, I see no reason why we might not employ the opportunity in extending our acquaintance."

"Nor do I, Miss Wilson," said Preston, "and I assure you that nothing could give me greater pleasure."

"How are you pleased with your employment in my father's bank?" enquired the young lady after nearly a minute of embarrassing suspense.

"In some respects, I am well pleased, indeed; and, in other respects, I confess my employment is not so pleasant," replied Charles.

"Has anything unpleasant transpired between you and the clerks?" Eda quickly enquired.

"Not in the least," rejoned Preston. "Considering my employment as a means of relieving the pecuniary necessities of my family and of myself, it gives me great satisfaction to know, that every emergency of those necessities are amply provided for in the generous salary I receive. My respect for those associated with me in your father's business increases every day.

But I have shaped out for myself, in my own mind, a course of life which compels me to regard my present employment as temporary only, and, therefore, as a hinderance for the present, to pursuits which would be more to my taste."

"It would give me great pleasure, Mr. Preston, to know what business you have chosen as a permanent pursuit?" said Miss Wilson, interrogatively.

"Pardon me," said Charles, hesitating and speaking in almost disconnected words, "the subject is one of such delicacy that I scarcely trust myself to think of it, much less to speak of it to others."

Eda discovered her blunder at once, and blushed deeply as she continued, "Pardon my indiscreet inquisitiveness, Mr. Preston, I certainly did not consider my enquiry properly, or I could not have been guilty of such a breach of propriety as to have put it."

"No, Miss Wilson," returned Charles, "pardon me. It is not that I consider your enquiry improper, but the presumption and perhaps vanity in which the answer to your enquiry might involve me, in your judgment, prompts me to beg to decline answering you. I hope you will excuse me, Miss Wilson."

"Truly, Mr. Preston, I have committed a great indiscretion, but let it pass until I can make amends."

Miss Wilson feeling the awkward position in which she had inadvertantly drawn Mr. Preston and herself, with well concealed vexation and self-reproach, and with a quick address changed the current of conversation into another channel by asking the following question:

"Do you find the society of the city pleasant to you?"

"Indeed, I have been very little, in fact, I may say, not at all, in society since my residence in the city. I have made but few acquaintances, and they are limited to my fellow clerks, principally, and the domestic circle at my boarding house."

"Allow me to ask, have you private lodgings, or do you board at a public hotel?" continued Eda.

"I have lodgings at the private hotel of Madame Druilliard," replied Charles.

"Ah, indeed! the residence of the French nobility. I believe the accomplished young Countess, Madame de Mont Martre, is a boarder there," said Eda.

"Yes," returned Charles, "she with several others of the French fugatives are boarders at Madame Druilliard's."

"Then you often see the young Countess, I presume," said Eda.

"Certainly," returned Charles, "nearly every day, at dinner, she sits opposite me at table."

"But," continued Eda, "I had supposed that none but French, or those, at least, who speak the French language, were admitted as boarders there, on account of the inability of the hostess and servants to speak any other language."

"I think it is so," returned Preston, "for I have heard no other language spoken there, and Madame Druilliard informed me that she did not understand a word of English."

"Then I presume you speak the French language?" said Miss Wilson enquiringly.

"Yes, it was a part of my early education," returned Charles.

"Then," said Eda, "I presume you are on terms of intimacy with the young Countess. I have heard she has created quite a sensation in the fashionable circles of the city."

"I am quite well acquainted with her; yet, I can not say that I am on terms of intimacy with her. I am quite sure she is ignorant of any particular sensation she may have created, for she goes out but little, if any, into the fashionable society of the city. She could not enjoy a society, I presume, where her own language is not spoken, and she ignorant of the language which would be exclusively spoken."

"I have never had the pleasure of seeing her; is she as beautiful as she is represented to be?" enquired Eda, timidly and furtively turning her eyes towards Preston.

"She is very handsome, and highly accomplished," returned Charles.

"I fancy," continued Eda with a simple earnestness, and in an almost unconscious manner, "I fancy we ladies of Batimore, with our unpolished habits and simple manners, would suffer by a comparison with the elegant and accomplished Countess."

"Indeed, Miss Wilson," said Charles, smiling and speaking with a more natural ease than he had before manifested, "you would be disappointed in the Countess de Mont Martre, if you expect to find her social deportment draped in the transparent external of meretricious affectations that characterize the social intercourse of the fashionable circles of this city. Simplicity, a frank amenity, and open candor, are the principal charms of Madame, the Countess. In her toilet and apparel, she is remarkably plain and simple, and in her manners as unpretending and earnest as a child."

"You surprise me, Mr. Preston. With the French character I had associated a finish of manners, a brilliancy, an almost dazzling style of personal deportment," said Eda.

"Do you think there can be a more perfect finish than simplicity?" enquired Preston.

"True," rejoined Eda, "anything else must be affectation."

"And is not affectation bad manners, and imitation?" continued Charles.

"I think I heard the Countess is a widow," said Eda.

"Yes," replied Preston, "her husband, Emil Jules, Count de Mont Martre, fell a victim to Jacobin brutality on the same day of Madam Roland's martyrdom. The Countess was the intimate friend of that unfortunate lady."

"Then, indeed," said Eda, "the poor lady has had much to give earnestness to her character, and to elevate her mind above the frivolities and conventional formalities of society. My heart bleeds for her. I now see her in a different light. What is beauty to the drooping flower? What are personal charms to the crushed and bleeding heart?" continued Eda in a low and mournful tone, as she unconsciously picked the petals, one by one, from a white rose in a boquette on a stand near her, and dropped them upon the rich carpet at her feet.

Preston watched the young lady thoughtfully, while a glow of admiration beamed from his eyes, until the last petal was dropped upon the floor, when Eda, suddenly raised her head from its bowed position over the boquette, and turning her eyes upon Charles, blushed to find herself the object of his earnest gaze, in which his whole being appeared to have centered.

Further conversation was interrupted by Mr. Wilson, who inquired whether Charles had seen Mr. Gimlett since closing business,—remarking, at the same time, that he had not yet arrived, although it was then ten o'clock. Preston informed Mr. Wilson that Mr. Gimlett, Mr. McLean and he had left the bank together, and that Mr. Gimlett assured them he would meet them at Mr. Wilson's dinner.

The absence of Mr. Gimlett was the cause of a good deal of Uneasiness. Still he came not. Mr. Wilson and his guests were greatly disappointed. As a surprise to the worthy Clerk, his fellows had procured an elegant an expensive gold headed cane the presentation of which was to have been one of the leading features of the occasion. Mr. Wilson had intended to improve the oportunity as a suitable one to present Mr. Gimlett a handsome reward for his long tried fidelity, with the expectation that the effect of such a circumstance would act as an incentive to integrity and fidelity on their part respectively.

The dinner was announced. Eda presided with great grace. The clerks enjoyed the entertainment. Preston was easy, but, as his companions thought, a little too formal and dignified. Mr. McLean was cheerful. Twinkle was witty and brilliant, but as the rest thought, a little to garulous. Joe. Elms, who stammered badly on account of a natural impediment which he could not overcome, rarely attempted any great exploits in conversation, laughed almost incessantly at Twinkle's witicisms. Philetus Tidmore spilt his wine in his bosom. Twinkle thought that while it was a good joke on the wine, it was no great misfortune to Philetus, for, considering who it was, it was better the wine should be outside than inside. The viands were discussed; the dinner finished; the guests re-assembled in the large parlor. Mr. Wilson, after complimenting and commending his employees, raised each one's salary for the ensuing year, assuring them that they would find a friend in him as long as they continued to merit his confidence and friendship.

Just as the clock in the city hall struck twelve, the party separated. A slow, misty rain had set in about ten o'clock, which rendered the night very dark and foggy. To this circumstance, and the physical debility of Mr. Gimlett, was attributed his absence.

Eda retired to her room. She sat thoughtfully many minutes. There was a sedate, almost melancholy expression upon her features. At length she extinguished the light, withdrew the heavy, damask curtains, and opened the window. She leaned her head against the side of the window, and looked out into the darkness as if she could penetrate it.

Thus in life's journey we endeavor to look with anxious solicitude into the future, and vainly speculate as to its developements. It is the mistake of the young ever to look forward, and rarely, if ever, to look back, and profit by the solemn and enduring lessons of the past. The aspen leaves will shiver in the summer zephyrs, pale and wither in the Autumn chills, and fly back to mother earth on the wings of the Winter blast, in days and years to come, as in days and years gone by. The youthful cheek will glow, pale and wither, the eye will sparkle, dim with tears, and sink back into its socket, and the glossy hair will glisten, bleach, and silver over in the future, just as they have in the past. So, too, the heart will leap and spring, and throb and thrill, and bleed, and tremble, and faint, and, at last, grow still in the future, as in the past. Ah ! the past with its volume of experience is the key to the future with its untold secrets. The painted wing of the summer month sheds its gold dust upon the autumn breeze. The pure spring vernal changes to the sombre autumnal brown. These are the impressive and solemn lessons of time. The past proclaims them ; the present heeds them not ; the future repeats them.

Eda sat long in silence at her chamber window. At last she arose, and said aloud to herself, as she closed the windows, " Simplicity and open candor are his principal charms." Then she sought her pillow, but not to sleep. The events of the evening passed in review before her mind. Every word of the conversation with her father's new head clerk was recalled and weighed. Again she blushed, and almost wept with vexation as she remembered the inappropriate part she (in her own judgement) had taken in it. " What will he think of me ? " thought she, twenty times, to herself. Her mind recurred to the young Countess in connection with these reflections against herself, and the recollection of her own inadiquate figure in the evening's entertainment, and the light in which it placed her in the estimation of Preston. She groaned, at last, and said to herself, " What is he to me ? What does Mr. Preston care for me ? I will not think of him again to-night. I will turn over and sleep." She turned in bed, but she did not sleep. She, for a long time, found herself again and again recounting the events of the evening, dwelling upon the conversation with Preston, and repeating to herself the precise phrases and words employed. At last those phrases began to mingle and cross each other, and blend into Twinkle's bursts of wit, and Joe's bursts of laughter. Finally all was lost and forgotten. She slept.

After Preston bade good-night to Mr. Wilson on the steps as the clock struck twelve, he slowly returned to his boarding house. He ascended the flight of stone steps that led to the front entrance, which was sheltered by a portico and a trillis of climbing honey suckles. He sat down on one of the seats under the portico. Here he sat nearly half an hour undisturbed in his thoughts by the rich harmony of the harp, which reached him from the large and brilliantly lighted parlor of the boarding house. Suddenly he arose, and entering the hall, passed into the parlor, where it was a custom of the inmates to spend an hour together in conversation, music and *ecarte*, before retiring for the night.

"Oh, truant?" said the countess de Mont Martre, in her native language, and putting aside her harp, as he entered, "we have missed you. This being the first night you have absented yourself from our domestic family, I will assume to put you on trial before our court, and require you to give an account of yourself. Come, what have you to say in defence of your bad conduct?"

"I have very little to say," Preston replied. "I, with a few friends, accepted an invitation to spend the evening with Mr. Wilson, our employer, at his private residence. I spent the evening there. I have returned."

"You have done well, especially in returning," said the Countess.

"Yes, in returning, and also in going; for the evening was pleasantly employed. The entertainment was superb," continued Charles.

"I hear the banker has a daughter," said the Countess.

"He has, Miss Eda, his only child," returned Preston.

"I hear she is handsome and highly accomplished. Is she as beautiful as she is represented to be?" continued the lady.

"She is handsome; her accomplishments are elegant," said Charles.

Handsome, and elegant!" said the Countess musingly and slowly. "Oh, yes! we poor French women, who have been locked up in cloisters, and educated by demure nuns have had no opportunities. It is a wonder that we can know any thing. We are lost when compared with your beautiful American women. The manners and personal accomplishments of your ladies possess a peculiar freedom, characteristic of the freedom and independence of their habits of life and thought. I will learn your language, and yet learn to be an American woman. That will be so fine. You will teach me. You will give me lessons in English. I will soon learn it. I am an apt, assiduous student. It will be so pleasant to learn here at home. But please tell me, what is it that is so beautiful in the banker's daughter?"

Preston sat nearly a minute looking into the handsome face of the young Countess before he answered. At length he smiled and said:

"Her simplicity and candor are her principal charms."

"Strange!" said the Countess musingly. "Are not her features handsome?"

"Faultless," answered Charles.

"Entirely faultless?" continued the lady "could not the features be improved in any particular?"

"The features are without fault; her entire person is perfection," returned the young man in a very decided manner.

"Without fault—without fault!" said the young widow slowly, and in an under tone, as if speaking to herself. "Say then, are not a perfect face and person charming of themselves?"

"Yes," replied the young clerk, "in their natural purity and simplicity they are; but, if disguised by affectations, they become hideous."

"I will try to be simple in my manners and conduct after this," innocently said the Countess.

"I beg you, my dear lady, do not attempt it," said Preston.

"You startle me by your request and your grave manner; What have I done? What have I said?" continued the Countess. "Do you think I can not habituate myself to simplicity, and easy manners?"

"Would not the very effort be an affectation?" asked Charles, and continued: Are you not natural and easy in your manners and deportment even now?—would you mar your present natural and simple habits by practicing affectations in an attempt to change them? an attempt to change one's natural manners, no matter what may be their peculiar style or character, or what change may be introduced, is a contradiction of their simplicity, and disguises the grace of their natural ease and purity. To try to be simple is to be affected, because it is trying."

"You make me see it," replied the young Countess with a cheerful laugh. I see how it is. I thank you for the hint, What a silly creature I am! I might have seen that we can not be any other person than our own natural self, try as much as we may, and any effort to change ourselves, only makes us appear the more rediculous to others. But, you make me see it so clearly.

"It sometimes appears to me," continued the Countess," that the different nations have characteristic methods of thinking. This does not depend so much upon mental discipline as upon a peculiar national, intellectual temperament or organization. There is the German mind; it is heavy and profound. In, and of its own inherent intentions, it is a power. It is a force to move mountains, overturn systems—to create and to develope. It reminds one of a heavy sea swell, or of a deep roll of thunder, but not a loud one. Then there is the English method. That is rich, but coarse. It is incomplete. It lacks the harmonious balance of the German, and the brilliancy of the French. It is uneven and unsteady in its operations. It is a cynical method. It is beligerant. It is exacting, and fault-finding. It is a good method for disputation. It demands, but does not sue. It threatens, but does not dissuade. It is overbearing and tyranical, and entirely selfish. The French thought is light and ornate It possesses great activity, but not so much strength and force as either the English or German. It is not cynical like the one, nor radical like the other. It lacks the bigotry of the English, and the phylosophical essence of the German It is flashing and brilliant. It reminds one of the dazling lightning that preceeds the deep roll of thunder.

"The American method," continued the Countess after a moment's pause, "the American mind is peculiar; it is analytical and poetical. That is all that can be said of it. It lacks the grossness of the English, the refinement of the French, and the profundity of the German. It is, emphatically practical. It adapts itself, to some extent, to either of the others, if there is any thing to be gained by it. It is practical. I wish to become practical. I shall endeavor to Americanize myself. Do you think I can succeed?"

"I fear not," said Preston." "The nobility of France. as you say, have been educated in such different methods of thinking, and with aspirations in such different directions from ours, that I apprehend you will find it impossible to fall into the channel of our theory of practical thought and action."

"Oh! but I am not of the nobility," piquantly replied the Countess." My husband was of the old time of nobility, but my side of the house were all practical men. My father was a banker. He was a successful business man, and, very affluent at the commencement of the revolution; but the indiscreet financial policy of France, under the direction of Simon Necker, revolutionized not only the fiscal interests of the State, but turned many a wealthy banker into the streets as beggars. My father was more fortunate. A great portion of his funds were invested in German and English securities. So he was not beggared by Jacobin misrule."

She was interrupted by the party rising to retire for the night. The young Countess de Mont Martre entered her chamber. She sat a long time absorbed in reflection. The conversation with Preston had made a deep impression upon her mind, but, how enduring, she did not at that time foresee. She thought of the fair daughter of the banker, and recalled Preston's commendation of her beauty. She arose, crossed the apartment and looked through the window into the darkness, at the same time saying in an undertone, *Sans faute—tres bel. La charm de chef est la simplicite.*"

She stood many minutes looking through the window. At length she reclined in an easy chair and leaned her head upon her hands. Again she thought of her native land,—of her exile—of the once gay society of Paris, in which she had once figured as a central attraction. These memories passed like visions before her mind; these visions were peopled with forms and faces that came and went like shadows. A tear traced her cheek. It clung a long time, and glistened and trembled like a dew drop on a morning flower before it fell, so motionless and still did she sit. Her thoughts were so intense that she sat an hour without moving. At last she arose, and, standing in front of a large mirror, contemplated her elegant figure and beautiful features many minutes. The trace of the tear had dried upon her cheek. She wound the corner of a napkin (which she took from her toilet stand) around her small white finger, touched it to a bottle of cologne water, and with it wiped away the last trace of the tear from her cheek Again she contemplated her feautres in the mirror. Although the tear was gone, her features wore a sad expression. Mournfully she sighed and turned from the mirror as she said, "*La fille du barquier est tres bel et tres elegaut en ses accompliser.*" Thus saying she sought her pillow.

Charles retired to his chamber when the household separated for the night. He employed an hour in writing. Finally he laid down his pen, folded his letter and addressed it to his mother

"How remarkable!" said he in a low voice; "what a coincidence! that both should ask the same question in regard to each other, and that both should be answered in the same words!" 'But," thought he, "this is only a manifestation of the truth, that pure minds, or minds that have not been perverted by a false education, are naturally true to the same metaphysical operations, and run in the same channels."

Preston retired to his pillow and was soon lost in dreams. Ah! the sweet sleep of the young and pure! It is the refreshing halo that arches over the spirit like the light of a higher life. It quiets the wounds of waking anguish, and withdraws the thorns of waking anxiety. It rears the rainbow of peace above the weary head, down which the angel of rest descends and baptises the brow with a kiss.

THE MYSTIC NUMBER "THREE."

In Freemasonry, this mystic number three is so conspicuous that its relation to the cerimonial, symbology and ritual of this ancient rite is singularly significant. The three degrees; the three great lights; the three lesser lights; the three alarms; the three at the temple; the three grand masters; the three elements, corn, wine and oil; the three processions; the plumb, level and square; the rule, the gravel, and trowel; besides other adaptations, of this number to the adopted "work," give to it an uncommon interest. Let it be borne in mind, that before the Christian era, this was an acknowledged Masonic number. It is also true that five, seven and ten are cabalisted numbers, but neither held originally so prominent a position as the number three. We are aware that much has been written to show the significance of numbers in Masonry. It is not from this point of view, that the consideration of this subject now engages attention. It is only to point out the singular prominence of Three in its primary, continued, and conspicuous relations to symbolical Masonry. The whole ceremonial is typical. It will not suffice to say that Masonry was founded since the Christian era, and, therefore, this number is naturally introduced. The answer to this suggestion is conclusive, in showing that the Craft, before the building of King Solomon's Temple, was organized by King Solomon, so that the number three was the prominent feature in his system of work. "Before the building of the Temple was begun, Solomon divided the workmen into three classes: one class to bear burdens; one class to hew in the mountains, and another class to act as overseers." Here then is the evidence which proves that the subdivision of the craft was in three classes, and the significance of this number three is here established as of the pre-christian era.

Again when the Cohanim, the lineal descendants of Aaron, gave, as priests, their benediction before the Holy Throne, always situated in the *East*, they placed their hands in the form of a triangle before their eyes, and gave their blessing in the three or triple form. The Temple of Solomon was divided in three parts or divisions: the porch, the inner sanctuary, and the holy of holies. In one of the cities of Palestine, very lately were discovered, the descendants of two original Hebrew tribes. They called themselves the children of light, and each other, "Brother." Their peculiar names were made of the first letters of three Hebrew words, which signify Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty. These words are to-day used in Masonic language. Faith, Hope, Charity, are three Masonic virtues.—*Keystone.*

AN IMPOSTOR.

We clip the following from an exchange:

South Bend, Ind., Feb. 17th.

On the 9th inst., a man named Edward Keating came to me, representing himself to be a Mason in distress, and asking for assistance to get back to his home in Randolph, N. Y. He claimed that he had been living in Kansas City, but could not find any employment there, and was determined to go back to Randolph, where he had friends who would assist him. I offered to pay his bill at a hotel till I could telegraph to his lodge, that I could be sure that he was a member and in good standing. He, however, declined to accept of my hospitality on those terms, and said I need not go to so much trouble, that he would try and get along himself. He then bade me good afternoon, and left. I then wrote to his lodge to know if he was all right, and received the annexed reply.

By publishing this you will, to a great extent, put a stop to the operations of this class of scalawags, and confer a favor on the fraternity in general.

Respectfully yours, &c., Theo. Witherell.
W. M., St. Joseph Lodge, No. 45.

Randolph, N. Y., Feb. 14th, 1870.

Theo. Witherell, Esq.—Worthy Sir and Brother:

Your favor of the 10th inst. is received. In reply, I would say that Edward Keating was made a Mason in our lodge in the spring of 1865. He paid dues for six months, and, at the end of a year thereafter, his name was struck from the roll for non-payment of dues. He has never visited the lodge since he was raised, and, to all outward appearances, had entirely severed his connection with the order. The first we have heard from him Masonically was on the 5th inst. We received a telegram from Kalamazoo, Mich., stating that E. Keating claiming to be a member of our lodge, was in distress, and asking if they should relieve him. I telegraphed them to render temporary relief: also told them his standing with our Lodge. I think he is traveling on Masonry, by his turning up so soon in your place in distress. Elm Creek Lodge will not pay any bills he may contract, knowing the man, and his intemperate habits for the past three or four years. There is no excuse for a young man of his ability to be asking charity of an institution he wholly ignores where he is best known.

Respectfully yours, HIRAM FOSDICK,
Master of Elm Creek Lodge, No. 359.

MASONIC ITEMS.

THE *Freemason's Journal* is the title of a new Masonic Monthly hailing from Montreal, Ont. It is said to be devoted to the interests of the Grand Lodge of Quebec. We have received no copy, as yet, and can not speak of its merits.

BROTHER J. W. HALL, of Georgetown, Col., who may be known by some of our readers, as he was formerly a citizen of this State, recently called at our office, and gives cheering news of the growth of Masonry in the far West. Brother Hall is a live Mason, and a man of great energy. The Publishers of this journal are indebted to him for *forty-six subscribers*, paying in advance, from his place of residence, and the use of his influence in their behalf at other points in Colorado. Brother Hall went into the service at the commencement of the recent rebellion as a Lieutenant, in the 4th Michigan Infantry, and by his energy and courage as a soldier was found worthy of promotion to the place of Colonel He remained in the service till the close of the war, and turned to civil pursuits with that energy which ensures success. May his shadow never be less!

IN compliance with a summons from the Grand Master of the State of New York, "to all Free and Accepted Masons in the city of New York," requiring them to assemble on the evening of March 21st, at the rooms of Hope Lodge No. 244, a very large crowd assembled, and were addressed by P. G. M. John W. Simons, and others, in favor of the project of building a Masonic Temple and an Asylum for aged Masons. The subscriptions are said to have been numerous and liberal. We understand that ground has been already purchased on the corner of Sixth avenue and Ninty-third street, at the cost of 140,000 dollars, and that prospects are encouraging.

AT the funeral of P. G. M. Robert D. Holmes, of New York, over 6,000 brothers moved in a procession, forming a column six abreast over a mile in lenght.

"HOW WERE YOU MADE A MASON?"

BY BROTHER JOHN WILLS.

Sightelss I sought the Temple's porch,
And destitute. knocked at the door,
Where as a man, free born, I sought
Admittance to its sacred floor.

Duly prepared, I was received,
And, entering, was taught to feel
What mental pangs *he* must endure
Who dares its mysteries reveal.

Putting my trust in God alone,
Led by a brother true and kind,
I traveled till I reached the East,
That which I *most desired* to find.

The light my soul long pined to see—
And soon, before the place of Light,
Where solemn vows to God were pledged,
It burst upon my ravished sight.

And I the wondrous things beheld,
Which fill with joy the Mason's heart,
The greater and the lesser lights
In which, thenceforth, I had a part.

Then with a lamb skin apron clothed—
Badge of a Mason, pure and white—
An emblem apt of innocence—
I felt a new and strange delight.

Than Star or Garter more renowned,
More ancient than the Golden Fleece;
That simple covering I shall prize
Till heart shall fail and life shall cease.

The Temple's middle chamber next
I gained, desiring further light—
There Fellow Crafts, a goodly band,
Pursued their labors with delight.

What things, when *passed*, I saw and heard,
Made me desire still more to see—
From deeper wells more truth to draw—
From crystal streams more purity.

Still Eastward-bound, I traveled on,
And reached the Temple's inner shrine,
Where truth and purity abound,
The Master's word, *at last*, was mine.

Here such a blaze of glory shone
As Master Masons only see,
When by the grip of power upriased
They are accepted and made free.

Affection's chart was here displayed,
And Friendship's heav'n-forged chain was wound,
(Its every link of purest gold),
My very heart of hearts around.

The mystic arts of Masonry
Were now unfolded to my view;
I felt the power of mighty truth,
I learned my passions to subdue.

That in the many mansioned house,
"Eternal in the Heavens," I might
Some humble place at last obtain,
And dwell in uncreated light.
—*Freemason's Monthly Magazine.*

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ANCIENT SECRET ASSOCIATIONS.

The origin of Secret Associations is hidden in the romotest antiquity. Perhaps the oldest of which we have any reliable history, is that of the Eleusinian mysteries, which were instituted in honor of *Ceres*, who is said to have visited Greece and instructed Triptolemus in the knowledge of a future state. This society existed fully fifteen hundred years anterior to the Christian era. These mysteries are mentioned by Cicero, as "the sacred and august rites of Eleusis, where men came from the remotest regions to he initiated." Originally they were confined to the town of Attica, in Greece, but they were afterwards extended to Italy, and even to Britain.

These mysteries are said to have been of two kinds, the lesser and the greater. The former were preparatory, and consisted of nine days' lustration and purification, which were succeded by sacrifices. A full year must then pass as a sort of probation, when the candidate was permitted to pass on, and receive the greater honors, which gave a full revelation of the secret doctrines. This, according to Bishop Warburton, consisted principally in a declaration of the unity of God, an opinion which could not be safely made public in those times, when the errors and superstitions of ancient polytheism prevailed, and when persecution, even unto death, was a common occurrence. Hence, Plato observes in his Timeus, "It is difficult to discover the Author and Father of the universe, and when discovered, impossible to reveal him to all mankind." The masses of the people believed that no truth could be *discovered*, it all came by direct revelation from the gods, and priests and philosophers had to cherish opinions in secret, which it was not safe to profess, or advocate, publicly. It was this spirit of mob violence, on the part of the ignorant masses, which drove Pythagoras from Athens, imprisoned Anaxagoras. It caused the ancient Abderites to treat Democritus as insane, because of his persistent efforts to discover the cause of madness by dissections. Because Socrates tried to demonstrate the unity of God, he was forced to drink the juice of the poisonous hemlonk! This bitter spirit of persecution prevailed in the early days of Christianity, and made martyrs of a great multitude of the followers of Christ. Then the Christians often had to meet in secret, and at late hours of the night, *in dark rooms!* Ths spirit of persecution is what gave rise to secret associations, in those ancient times, and made them popular among the priests and philosophers.

The initiation in the Eleusinian mysteries was attended with much ceremony. The herald opened the initiation into the *greater* mysteries, by the proclamation, "*Ekas, ekas. este beleloi*" "Far off, far off, for the present, ye unconsecrated." Thus were the sacred precincts guarded, or tiled. The aspirant for these honors was presented in a nude state, and was clothed with the skin of a calf, which animal was worshiped by the ancient Egyptians. After the oath of secrecy was administered, he was asked, "Have you eaten bread? which was answered, "No, I have drank the sacred mixture, I have been fed from the basket of Ceres; I have labored, I have been placed in the calthius, and in the cystus." Thus the candidate proved that he had received initiation into the lesser mysteries, and was prepared to receive higer honors. The calf-skin was then removed, and he was invested with a sacred tunic, which he was to continually wear, till it fell in pieces.

The candidate was now left in utter darkness, for a time, until the doors of the sactuary should be opened for his admittance. Terrific noises, the roar, as it were, of mighty winds, the rolling sound of distant thunder, and the mimic lightning, flashing to reveal specters and horrible apparitions, now transpired. During this period it is thought that the funeral rites of *bachus* was celebrated. Finally, the doors of the inner temple were thrown open to the candidate, and he beheld the statue of the godess Ceres, surrounded by dazzling light. The ceremonies then closed, and the assembly was dispersed.

In order to gain admission into these mysteries, the candidate had to be of mature age, possess a good moral character, and be noted for purity of conduct. It is said that Nero, when in Greece did not dare to offer himself as a candidate for initiation, much as he desired a knowledge of these sacred mysteries, would that our modern secret associations would imitate the *Eleusinian* in this respect. Many of the ancient philosophers joined this association, others were much opposed to holding important truths in secret; among whom I may mention the illustrious Socrates, who could never be prevailed upon to partake of these mysteries, but, as above noted, sacrificed his useful life to the bitterness of the persecutions of his times. When Diogenes was solicited to join this popular order, he replied that Patæcion, a noted robber, had obtained initiation; and that Epaminondas and Agesilaus never desired it. But the objection of this eminent philosopher would keep him from every society on earth, for such is the frailty of human nature, that bad men find admittance, more or less, into *all* associations. Even among Christ's chosen twelve was found a traitor to betray him into the hands of his murderous enemies, and a fallible Peter, to deny him with cursing, in the hour of his deepest trial.

As above remarked, though these mysteries were called *Eleusinian*, they were not long confined to the comparatively insignificant village of Eleusis. They were introduced into Athens thirteen hundred and fifty-six years before Christ. In the reign of Adrian they were taken to Rome, though at that late d somewhat corrupted. They were found in Phrygia, Cyprus, Crete and Sicily, and even in the capital of France, from whence they went into Britain, and other northern kingdoms. About the first of the fifth century the Emperor Theodosius the Great, extinguished the ancient pagan theology, and the Eleusinian mysteries suffered in the general devastation.

Intimately connected with the Eleusinian mysteries were the *Dionysian*, which Heroditus informs us, were instituted in honor of *Bacchus*, who is said to have invented *theaters*, and all dramatical representations. There is no doubt that Egypt was the mother of these secret associations, but they very soon found their way into Greece, where they were exceedingly popular. There is reason to believe that those who had been initiated into one of these orders, had a right to attend the celebrations of the other. But the ceremonies of initiation into the *Dionysian* were much more ample and thorough than those of the Eleusinian. These ceremonies commenced by the consecration of an egg, a symbol of the mundane egg, from which it was supposed all things originated. The candidate was then purified by water, and crowned with a wreath of myrtal; after which he was conducted into the vestibule, and clad in a sacred robe. He was then placed in the care of the conductor, who repeated the Eleusinian warning to the profane, or uninitiated, and exhorted the candidate to summon all his fortitude and courage that he might properly encounter the many dangers and trials through which he was about to pass. He then started upon his "rude and fearful march through night and darkness." In this march through dark caverns, he was terrified in a thousand ways. On every hand he heard the howlings of wild beasts, and other almost unearthly sounds. "Artificial thunder reverberated through the subterrenean apartments," and flashes of lightning served to reveal monstrous apparations. In this fearful condition the candidate was kept *three days and nights!* He is then placed upon a couch, in a solitary cell, where he is allowed plenty of time to reflect upon his past life, his present condition, and the nature of his present undertaking. While thus meditating, he is suddenly alarmed by the roar and crash of waters, which are intended to represent the deluge. Then Typhon appears searching for Bacchus, and discovers the ark in which he is secreted, when he tears it in pieces, and scatters the limbs of his victim far out upon the waste of waters. The candidate then hears the most doleful lamentations, and *Rhea* appears in search of the remains of the murdered god. The apartments are filled with shrieks and groans. Suddenly the whole scene changes. Mourning gives place to the wildest expressions of joy. The mangled body is found, the aspirant is released, and the shout is heard from many voices, "we have found it, let us rejoice together!"

But the candidate was not through with his impressive initiation. He had yet to descend into the infernal regions, and witness the torments of the wicked and rewards of the virtuous, after which he received the lecture explanatory of the rites, and was invested with the tokens and signs which served as means of recognition.

There has ever been a tendency with the uncultivated to embrace the ceremonial, while they neglected the substantial; and this this tendency, together with the greater tendency to licentiousness, which was so common in Greece and Rome, in the degenerate ages of their decline, served to corrupt these orders. Those whe indulged secretly in licentiousness, and unhallowed festivity, cloaked their iniquities under the pretense of worshipping Bacchus, and at length brought their mysteries into disrepute among the virtuous. When the licentious rule, ruin soon follows; and it so proved in the history of these ancient secret orders. [ED.

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GEO. D. PRENTICE'S FUNERAL.

All that is mortal of George D. Prentice has ceased to exist; but his name will be remembered while English literature exists. The tributes paid at his funeral showed the high position he held in the respect and brotherly love of his follow men. For many years a prominent Mason, his Masonic brothers gathered to pay their last tribute of brotherly love. On the day of the funeral, the remains lay in state in Louisville Masonic Temple from 9 to 1 o'clock, and, notwithstanding very inclement weather, not less than fifteen thousand persons visited them. The *Louisville Journal* says: There was a continual throng of ladies and gentlemen. The hall, in which the remains lay, was draped in mourning, and the coffin was beautifully decorated with flowers. Thousands who had known the illustrious dead in life, thronged around the coffin to take a last view of the remains, and almost every one remarked on the singular appearance of the features. Mr. Prentice looked much younger in death than he did a few weeks before, when he walked the street in excellent health. The long beard, which he allowed to grow since the death of Mrs. Prentice, was only slightly sprinkled with gray, no wrinkles were visible on the forehead or face, and, with the exception of the sunken eyes and emaciated cheeks, the corpse would have been taken for that of a person not more than forty or forty-five years of age. One sad and general remark was that the noble expression which lit up Mr Prentice's face, had been lost in death. This was the result of emaciation, caused by the severe spell of sickness which preceded his death. Many affecting incidents occurred at the coffiin; but the most touching, of all, was that of a lady, unrecognized by any present, who came in, gazed a moment on the still, pale face, and then, removing some withered flowers that lay in a wreath over the breast of the deceased, dropped a newly opened rose there, and burst into tears, turned and passed away. It was an expression of true affection, and caused tears to come to the eyes of every one present. No one knew the lady, and she came and went so quietly and unostentatiously that few even ventured to inquire.

The remains were taken from the hall to Christ's Church at 2 o'clock, under escort of the Masonic Fraternity. The following were the pall-bearers: Gov. T. E. Bramlette, Hon. Hamilton Pope, Dr. J. W. Benson, Benj. Casseday, Esq., Capt. Z. M. Sherly, Hon. W. F. Bullock, John L. Kirby, G. W. Grffin, W. N. Haldeman, Philip Doern, Hon. H. W. Bruce, Dr. T. W. Colescott.

On arriving at the church, the burial service was gone through with. On the conclusion of the services it was announced that the Masonic ceremonies at the grave would be postponed till some future day, and that on arriving at the cemetery the remains would be placed in a vault. The coffin was then borne back to the hearse, and the long cortege, nearly a half-mile in length, started for Cave Hill. Notwithstanding the weather, the attendance at the funeral was very large. The church was crowded. At the cemetery there was no formal ceremony. The rain was falling fast when the procession of carriages arrived, so the remains were placed in the vault, viewed for the last time by the large number of persons present, who descended from the carriages, and gathered around the place, when the vault was closed, and all returned to the city.—*Figaro, N. Y.*

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

On Monday, February 7th, being honored with an invitation to accompany the Grand Master to Coldwater and assist in the dedication and consecration of the Hall of Coldwater Lodge No. 260, we accepted, and after a very pleasant ride of four hours over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Rail Road, we arrived at our destination, where we were met by our worthy Brother T. S. Dorsey and escorted to the Michigan Southern Hotel. Here we were made to feel at home by Bro. Dickison, one of the proprietors, and one, by the way, who "knows how to keep a hotel," by making matters comfortable and agreeable for his guests. He is considered by the traveling public to be one of the best caterers in the State.

At 7 o'clock P.M., we repaired to the magnificent Hall (owned by the several Masonic bodies here), where we found a large number of *Fraters*, together with their wives and daughters, mothers and sisters, who had assembled to witness the impressive ceremonies, and listen to the address. After appointing proxies to fill the places of absent Grand Officers, the Grand Lodge was duly opened in the large Banqueting Hall of the Commandery which is on the same floor, and adjoining the Lodge Hall, to which we soon repaired when the very impressive and solemn ceremonies of consecration and dedication were performed. The following officers were then duly installed: T. S. Dorsey, W. M.; N. Rosenbaum, S. W.; J. Woodard, J. W.; S. S. Scovill, Treas.; W. G. Moore, Sect'y; W. J. Williams, S. D.; M. J. Jones, J. D.; and H. Folland, Tiler,—whereupon the M. W. Grand Master, in the name of the Grand Lodge of Michigan, declared Coldwater Lodge No.

260 duly constituted and empowered to work. Then followed a very able Address by the G. M., pronounced in his usual clear and eloquent style, which was well received, and then followed one of the most sumptuous repasts of which we ever partook, at the Michigan Southern Hotel. Our pen would fail to do justice to the proprietors, were we to endeavor a description and enumeration of the delicacies which made up the bill of fare, and of which all partook to a degree that would have done honor to the most fastidious epicures.

After supper a pleasant hour was spent in social converse, in which all took part, expressing themselves as delighted with the whole affair, and especially with the able and pleasing address of G. M. Metcalf.

Coldwater Lodge No. 260 was organized U. D. Feb. 15th, 1869. with 12 charter members. It received its charter Jan. 13th, 1870, and now numbers 48 good, working members.

Tyre Lodge No. 18, which meets in the same Hall, was organized April 1st, 1847, and has at present a membership of 275. Its career has been a prosperous one. Bro. D. Bovee has been its W. M. for the last six years.

It was very gratifying to witness the harmony and fraternity existing between the Lodges in Coldwater It seems to make little or no difference to the brothers which Lodge they attend. They seem to feel the same interest in the one as in the other, and are as ready and free to work for their sister Lodge as for their own. Especially does this fraternal spirit manifest itself in the conduct of the Worshipful Masters in their intercourse toward each other. We are sorry to be compelled to admit that this truly Masonic feeling does not always prevail in places where two or more Lodges exist, but on the contrary, strife, jealousy and rivalry spring up where no other contention or emulation should, except the endeavor to see who can best labor and best agree.

Temple Chapter No. 81, R. A. M., was organized in Nov., 1858. It now numbers 125 members. Companion D. Bovee is the H. P.; D. B. Purington, King; and T. S. Dorsey, Scribe. It is in a very prosperous condition.

Mount Moriah Council No. 6 is located here. M. Mansfield, Thrice Ill.; G. M. Dumon, Recorder.

Jacobs Commandery No. 10, K. T.,—O. C. Graham, E. C.,—has also a large membership, and is in a prosperous condition.

Long shall we remember with pleasure our visit to Coldwater. T. R.

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LODGE ATTENDANCE.

Every Mason who values the institution as he ought, will be punctual in his attendance on the lodge meetings; and with the exception of ill health, or the infirmities of age, to impede, you will find the members who are *Masons* in their places on lodge nights. The true brother will not need a prompter to inform him when the evening is coming for the lodge to meet; this he keeps treasured in his mind, and is no more inclined to forget the time when he is to meet his brethren in the sanctum of the lodge, than he is to forget the Sabbath, or the time of his daily meals. The lodge is the place where he enjoys the society of his fellow-men the most. Here he meets them all on the level, and each leaves his peculiar isms and schisms outside that holy place. No party feeling is here, no political bickering, no religious canting, none of the feeling which says, "I am better than thou; therefore, stand by thyself." All this is banished without this place. Here, all meet as *brothers*, and fraternity is the holy bond which binds them to each other. The more Masons meet in such a sacred retreat, the more they become attached to it. The more they mingle with their brethren there, the more they see in them to love; for it is only the more noble traits of character which are unfolded and developed in the lodge room. Here the ministers of the various sects meet, and exchange fraternal greetings. Here Democrat and Republican vie with each other to see who shall outdo in acts of courtesy and toleration. Here nationalities are lost sight of, and the peoples of all nations and languages forget their clanishness, and, for once, recognize the noble truth that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth."

It is strange that any member of the noble Order should ever grow remiss in lodge attendance,—that he should ever permit business or pleasure to interfere with the duty of such attendance. We do not say that all of Masonry, that is worth the having, is in the lodge room, but here is where its principles are taught, and its spirit diffused. Here is where he sees the Rough Ashlar polished, and the rough corners and superfluous appendages removed by the use of the Master's gavel. Here he beholds the power of principle to perfect our humanity. Here is where he learns to *un*-learn much which he had learned amiss. In a word, here he learns the ritual and sentiments of Freemasonry, without effort, seemingly, on his own part, but as easily and as readily as he learned the language of his vernacular, in the home of his childhood.

Then, dear reader, as you are a Mason, do not be remiss in lodge attendance. Be there to aid by your presence, and where you can, work and help the officers and members to bring out all the wisdom and beauty of the Order.

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THE LITERATURE OF THE ORDER.

As a Fraternity, there is no class of men who take more pride in their literature, or, as a rule, will do more to sustain it, than the Masonic. There are more publications devoted to the interests of Masonry, than to any kindred institution, and our books of various kinds, when collected, make a respectable library of themselves. And a great many of our brethren purchase Masonic books and read them. They subscribe to Masonic journals, pay for them, and read them, also. In this way they become educated Masons. The can talk with intelligence about the Craft, its principles, its history, its influence in the world. They know more of Masonry than its mere ritual; they know it as a science. They are familiar with its strong bonds of brotherhood, and can see in it something worth adopting, and living. We are constantly meeting such Masons, and are as proud of them as they are of the literature of the Order to which they are so much devoted.

But all general rules have their exceptions. There are Masons, and many of them, who are not reading, thinking men. They do little to develope the intellect, and never think with much intensity or earnestness. You find no library in their houses, and such a thing as a Masonic book they never looked into. They take one paper, perhaps, the seven-by-nine county one, and read but little even of that. They have been told that none but a heathen would refuse to subscribe to a home paper, and they subscribed to save their credit, and have become really attached to that home paper. Some, perhaps, have gone one step further, and take a family, religious paper. Thus equipped with their political and religious papers, they think they have got all that is worth having. The many new publications that are coming fresh from the press of the present auspicious times, they are quite as ignorant of, as the babe unborn. And speak to them in commendation of a Masonic book or journal, and they will immediately tell you that they "*think nothing of book Masonry.*" That is too true, alas. *They* think too little about *anything.* They have learned to repeat somewhat of the ritual of the Order, just as a parrot has been taught to articulate certain words, and that is about the sum of the matter. Such people may be well enough in a certain way. They are industrious, and are good, honest citizens, minding their own business and letting their neighbors' alone. But they come far short of what they might be. They enjoy little of life save that which the dumb animal enjoys. They do not cultivate their higher manhood. They should read more,—think more. And in this way they would soon behold in Masonry that which the unthinking, uneducated, never could see; beauties and excellencies without number. Reader, buy Masonic books and read Masonic journals. Make yourself familiar with the literature of the Order.

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BROTHERHOOD.

We clip the following from an Address by the G. M. of New Jersey:

What, then, is the true, fundamental, and essential idea of our Institution?

I hold that the central idea of Masonry, the foundation stone upon which the superstructue rests, is the recognition and practical application of the great principle of the universal Brotherhood of man. Whether he drew his first breath amid polar snows or under the burning sun of the tropics; whether he owe political allegiance to an Empire, a Kingdom, or a Republic; whether he be clad in the purple of Dives or the rags of Lazarus whether his skin be bleached with the hue of the Caucasian. or be clouded with the "shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun"; whether he worship his God in a Methodist meeting-house, an Episcopal church, a Catholic cathedral, a Jewish synagogue, or a Mohammedan mosque; the great lesson which Masonry teaches to its votaries is, that "a man's a man for a' that." Creeds and forms of faith are good things in their places. I have but little faith in the professor of religion without a creed. Love of country is a glorious and beautiful thing in its place, and one of noblest the passions that can animate the human breast. "If I forget thee, oh Jerusalem! let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee in the time of my trouble, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth." Political preferences and affiliations are good things in their places. He is unworthy of his birthright as a citizen of this great Republic, who has not fixed views upon the great questions of public policy, which agitate the state and country. But the great heart of humanity, weary of the unceasing and harrassing strife of this busy and selfish world, where

"The natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire."

longs for some common platform, where rumors of contentions on these, and kindred subjects, can never reach it more. And this eager longing of the human heart, the Masonic Institution, alone, can satisfy. Here, we are all citizens of one country, which is the entire human race; children of one Father, which is God. And this, as I conceive, is the true idea of the Institution of Masonry.

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SECRETS OF MASONRY.

Old Zach Wheeler was quite a character in his time, being a clever, easy-going, confiding man, who managed to let everybody cheat him out of inherited estates. Just as his last farm was about to slip out of his hands, he succeeded in raising the money to lift the mortgage. Aaron Remer, a prominent Mason, accompanied him to town. As they were along on horseback, Zach says to Aaron, in a confiding tone:

"Now, Aaron, we are here, all alone, and I want you to tell me the secrets of Masonry."

"I can't, Zach; they would kill me."

"Why, no they won't; they'll never find it out."

"Yes, they will; you'll speak of it."

"No, I swear I won't."

"Well, if you'll ride close alongside of me, and put your hand under my thigh, and take the oath I'll administer, I'll tell you the secrets of Masonry."

Zach was not slow to comply; and a most powerful "iron-clad oath" was administered and taken.

"Now for the secrets," exclaimed the impatient and unsuspecting victim.

"Well," said Aaron, with mock solemnity and secresy, "in the first place, we Masons combine together to cheat everybody as much as we can. This is the first grand secret."

"The second is like unto it. When we can't find anybody else to cheat, we cheat each other, but as little as we can."

"Well," exclaimed Zach, with evident surprise, "I swear I'll join. I wish I had done it twenty years ago—I might have been a rich man afore now."

◆

THE MEANEST MAN YET.

A story of close management is told about a Yankee who lately settled down in the West. He was the picture of a mean man, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors lent him a hand. After he had everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerfully fond of eggs. He was too honest too steal them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor and thus accosted him:

"Wal, I rekon you hain't got no old hen nor nothing you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbor?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied the gentleman, picking up the very finest in the coop.

The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen eggs. He then set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched a dozen chickens.

The Yankee was again puzzled ; he could return the hen but how was he to return the eggs ? Another idea—and whoever saw a live Yankee without one ?—he would keep the hen until she had laid a dozen eggs.

This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking as he did so :

"Wal, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they don't cost me a cent nuther.'

◆

CHIPS.

TABLE TALK, intended for this number, is crowded out. It will appear in our next issue.

WE have another prose article from Mrs. Ada Power, which will appear soon. Mrs. Power is niece of Grace Greenwood, and writes with a ready pen. Her communications are always welcome.

WE are in receipt of the printed Proceedings of Grand Masonic bodies east, west and south. Many thanks to Grand Secretaries. We send THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON in exchange, to every Grand Jurisdiction in the United States. Will those who have not forwarded the Proceedings of their Jurisdictions please remember us?

THE so-called Grand Lodge of Quebec is occupying considerable of the attention of many of our Masonic editors and Grand Lodges in the United States. The policy of this country indicates nuetrality till new Governments show, by their prowess, or the recognition of the parent Governments, that they have a right to independent existence. At present, a large majority of our Grand Lodges and editors look upon the would be Grand Lodge of Quebec as clandestine.

The ladies of Paw Paw recently gave a supper in behalf of the Fraternity, at which a hundred dollars were raised to purchase a carpet for the new Masonic Hall in Paw Paw.

In spectacles! well, we have come to them at last; and are proud of a fine pair presented us by our good friend and brother, Professor Brunning. We hear his praise everywhere in this region. All agree that he is the best optician we ever had in this part of the State. He is gentlemanly, and thoroughly posted in his business. His test of genuine pebbles is worth the attention of all who wear spectacles. We commend Brother B. to our readers.

Rev. Dr. Taft, late of Pawtucket, R. I., whose decease has caused great mourning to thousands of his admirers, was a devoted Mason, and was buried, at his own request, with Masonic honors by his brothes of the Order. During the great anti-Masonic crusade he was one of the firmest "adhering Masons,' and never hesitated to avow his opinions when necessary, nor to appear before the public "clothed," when occasion required. He was the author of the sentiment, "Masonry and Religion: what God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

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Masonic Trials and Michigan Digest: A Treatise upon the Law and Practice of Masonic Trials, with forms and precedents. Containing, also, a Digest of the Decisions of the Grand Masters of Michigan. Approved by the Grand Lodge. The Resolutions, Orders and Edicts, Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Lodge; A history of the Grand Lodge of Michigan; A complete Roll of the G. Lodge Officers, from the Organization of the Grand Lodge to the present time; The Ancient Land Marks, Ancient Constitutions, Charges and Regulations, and an Appendix of general forms. By Henry M. Look, Past Master, G. V. and L. of Michigan, K. T.

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THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

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THE DUTIES OF CRAFTSMEN.

BY BROTHER L. V. BIERCE, P. G. M.

In a long voyage, the mariner often consults his chart to see that he is on the right course; so should it be with us. On all occasions we should consult our chart, to see that we have not deviated from the Ancient Landmarks of Masonry.

Substance, from long usage, often becomes common-place, and finally dwindles into mere ceremony; thus, too, many of us who acknowledge the Bible to be the first great light in Masonry, given as the rule and guide of our faith and practice—and without the presence of which no Lodge can be opened—seldom pursue its precepts, and still more seldom practice its teachings. Its presence in the Lodge is looked upon as a necessity, and its high Masonic character and teachings should not be forgotten.

The first thing that meets the eye of every candidate, as the light of Masonry bursts upon him, is the Bible. Too often, I fear, it is the last thing he thinks of afterward. Did not its high Masonic character and moral teachings commend it to our notice, its wisdom and philosophy should call for onr attention and for its perusal. If we admire poetry, none can be found more sublime than in the Bible; modern moral philosophy has not improved on the ethics of the Gospel, and eloquence, most moving and convincing adorn its pages. Its teachings are ever in consonance with the true principles of Masonry. The Bible says, "swear not at all." Every candidate is taught, on his initiation, "to never mention the name of God but with that reverential awe which is due from a creature to his Creator." The Bible says, "woe unto him that putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips to make him drunk." Every candidate for Masonry is charged to "avoid all intemperance which may impair his faculties and debase the dignity of his profession.

How unlike the practice of many Masons who have taken these charges, and on their bended knees at the altar promised to take the Bible as "the rule and guide of their faith and practice," are these precepts.

Every Mason ought to know and *feel* that every profane oath he takes, every time he indulges in intemperance, he is guilty of violating his Masonic vows—is guilty of moral perjury!

Brethren, I speak in plain language, for this is no time to "daub with untempered mortar." While we, as Masons, acknoweledge the Bible as the first great light in Masonry, as the rule and guide of our faith and practice, as the inestimable gift of God to man, and promise, "that as the operative mason erects his temporal building according to the designs of the master builder on the trestle board, so will we, as speculative Masons, erect our spiritual and Masonic building according to the design laid down by God himself, in the great Book of Revelation." Let us heed its teachings—not pass from our bended knees at the altar of the Lodge and say by our actions that our professions are false—our vows a ceremony only; that Masonry is a farce and a perjury on our souls! Let us, my brethren, so regulate our lives by the plumb line of jus, tice, and so square our actions by the square of virtue, that the Grand Master of Heaven may pronounce us just and upright Masons. Let us practice out of the Lodge those duties we are taught in it, and by the regularity and sobriety of our lives and our moral deportment, convince mankind of the goodness of our institution. When profanity is heard in your streets, let it not be said, "that is the fruit of Masonry." When the bloated inebriate reels into the gutter, let it not be one who has pledged himself with the vows of Heaven on his conscience, "to avoid all intemperance that may impair his faculties, or debase the dignity of his Masonic profession."

Let each one reflect that the honor and reputation of the Order is in his keeping, and that he can not debase his own character without injury to the Order. Let his own conduct be such as he would wish the whole Order to possess. If he wishes to see the Order a Bacchanalian association, whose glory is intemperance, whose morals are profanity, and whose object is ruin, temporal and spiritual—let him be intemperate and profane, and by his example, lead others less informed, in the paths he has chosen.

If he wishes the Order to be one whose tendency is upward, approaching the Throne of Light and Perfection, let him follow the teachings of our first great light in Masonry, which inculcates temperance and morality.—*Baltimore Masonic Review.*

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GRAND BODIES.

We are in receipt of the printed proceedings of several Grand Lodges, Chapters and Commanderies, and from time to time, as opportunity may offer, we shall read them thoroughly, and give the result to our patrons through the pages of our magazine.

And to begin, we are under great obligations to Bro. Geo. Frank Gouley for copies of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, Chapter and Commandery of Missouri. They are most beautifully printed on fine, tinted paper, and are most attractive, especially to eyes dimmed by age.

The Grand Lodge proceedings, together with the accompanying Appendix, make a volume of more than five hundred pages.

The last session of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Missouri held its Forty-Ninth Annual Communication in the city of Saint Louis, commencing Oct. 11th, and was opened in AMPLE FORM by Bro. John D. Vincil, M. W. Grand Master. Prayer was offered by R. W. Rev. T. E. Shepperd, Grand Chaplain, when the Committee on Credentials reported 160 Lodges Represented. The Grand Master's Address makes twenty-four pages, and is a very able one. We will give a few extracts.

THE EXORDIUM.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN :—I congratulate you all on the auspicious return of this happy occasion, and offer you my sincere fraternal greetings to-day, as we reassemble in grand communication. Twelve months ago this week, as a Grand Body, we were launched on the uncertain sea of life, for another official cruise, to battle with storms, combat with angry waves, or sail beneath sunny skies, as a wise Providence might order. Thanks be unto a merciful God, we have completed our voyage—having safely rode the billowy sea, weathered the storm, and rounded to. With sails furled and anchor cast we are again in port.

How varied and eventful the circumstances and histories of the world since last we convened in annual communication. Change has been abroad and earthly mutation has been rife, doing its long accustomed work. Earth has trembled beneath the foot-fall of earthquakes unchained. Navies have been stranded and rich argosies have been swallowed in the angry deep. Revolution and war have scarred the earth, disturbed empires, rocked dynasties, and shaken thrones to their fall. Commotion and apprehension have disquieted the nations; but amidst a thousand vicissitudes, making the histories and fortunes of nationalities and of men, our noble "CRAFT" has serenely rode the waves, breasted the storms, and to-day, with all her timbers sound, points her vast crew to the inviting shores of exalted and glorious destiny.

We are reminded that the present flies, and the HEREAFTER is at hand. Time, ever active, has hurried us all along the stadium of life. The flight of another *annual* period indicates with unerring certainty the near approach of the sundown of mortal life to us all. We stand amid the gathering shadows, where flit the ghosts of departed hours, and perhaps wasted years. To-day the hand of time gives another turn to his dial, which tells that one more year of privilege and probation to us has been numbered amid the periods registered in the chronicles of God. Who of us will lay it to heart that we are thus nearer than e'er before that destiny whose name is ETERNITY.

As we have been graciously preserved through another year of toil, and having shaken off the dust of travel,

"With glad hearts and free,"

we now repair to this sacred retreat, to banish care, to cement more closely the bonds of alliance and friendship; to increase the great moral forces of brotherhood, and to advance the grand principles of morality. I feel assured from my knowledge of the spirit and purpose of the Masonic fraternity of Missouri, and from the liberal attendance upon our annual gatherings, that whatever duties may challenge our thought and labor, will be met and discharged with a zeal and energy worthy of yourselves and the occasion. We have abundant reason to circle our altar with devotions deep, and offer here incense pure, to God the "father of mercies," for the benefactions of the past year. Health and happiness, peace and prosperity, have filled the land and crowned our people. Improvements, developing and building up the country at large, and our own great commonwealth in particular, have advanced most encouragingly. The fruitful soil has largely rewarded the noble husbandman with plentiful crops. Success has remunerated our business men, and the citizen in general has cause for devout gratitude to a gracious heaven. Our State has been exempted, mercifully, from blasting pestilence, wasting disease, and frightful calamities. To the thoughtful and serious these are causes for most sincere acknowledgments to that universal Parent, whose ever open and bounteous hand supplies alike the wants of all His creatures. Amid the flowing bounties and munificent benefits of a kind Providence, we, as a brotherhood, have been participants with others. As such our ranks have not been broken and thinned by the destroyer, as in other years. Then let us, to-day, in remembrance of the favors received and enjoyed from God, sing to that

"Eternal source of every joy,
Whose praises now our lips employ,
While in His temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.'"

The Grand Master reported a large amount of business done during the previous year, and says that to have *done* all he "desired to do, would have been to do *nothing* else—and then one-half of *needed* good would not have been accomplished." He places upon record "the sober and even sad conviction, that there never has been a period in the history of Masonry, when there was such an imperious *demand* for herculean, moral, reformatory effort." We may add that what is true of Missouri in this regard, is true of all jurisdictions. The chief need is to bring the morals of Masons up to the moral standard of Masonry. Under this head we quote the following:

"From my official lookout, gazing with ever deepening solicitude upon the spreading influence and widening power of the institution, I am free to utter the apprehension, that our moral tone and power does not keep pace with our numerical increase and strength. No mind versed in the philosophy of things, but must admit that proportioned to the *disparity* between the forces of numbers and the moral tone, is the relative power for good or evil in *any* organization. As the aggregation of numerical force dominates and controls the moral element in any association, so its danger appears and its usefulness declines. While not deprecating numerical increase, as such, in the ranks of the fraternity, the greatest necessity and demand of the hour is, that moral soundness and health shall keep up with and mark the growth of Masonry. To contribute to this absolutely necessary result, efforts of untiring and extraordinary energy are imperiously *required*. From whom can so much be expected as from those who govern ? Those whose *official* position and influence give them weight of character and moral power among the workmen, should throw the full force of precept and example in the direction of the very highest standard of Masonic excellence, purity and rectitude. He that assumes the official ermine and functions, as a leader in Masonry, uninfluenced by these principles, had better 'tarry in Jericho,' till he be indued from on high with a proper spirit. I leave upon record my last official admonition : 'Trust none but *good*, *pure*, and *true* men with the helm of affairs.' "

The following in reference to the Ritual and Principles of Masonry is worthy to be lettered in gold :

WORK.

"There are many who demur to our present Ritual, as expounded by Grand Lodge authority and endorsement. Very numerous have been the expressions of dissent coming to me from different parts of the jurisdiction. District Lecturers, District Deputies and Masters declare " the *work* is *changed*." I hope dissatisfied parties may all be present and demand, very peremptorily, that this question be ventilated and settled. In view of the *transcendent importance* (?) that many attach to the ritual, requiring every 'i' to be dotted and every 't' to be crossed, I would offer a suggestion : 'Let *this* Grand Lodge devote a good deal less time to speech making and to legislation, that will be changed next year, and give the subject of work a very thorough examination and analysis. Making no pretensions to Ritualism, I can thus advise. Because I venture the thought that if we would all pay more attention to PRINCIPLES and say less about *work*, there would be more good Masons among us. It is not very refreshing or edifying to a man of moral feelings to hear our Masonic teachers belching out their profanity, or puff in our faces the fumes of drunkenness, and then listen to them prate about 'THE WORK,' or see them exemplify the Ritual. RITUALISM IS NOT MASONRY. Masonry embodies a proper Ritual. But proportioned to the clamor for the Ritual alone, is there a departure from the higher excellencies and moral bearings of Masonry."

On the subject of *unconfirmed decisions* of Grand Masters we have the following:

"I firmly and uniformly maintained that the *decisions* of Bro. Dunscomb could not be accepted as *law*, for two reasons: First, they never received the sanction, indorsement, or confirmation of the Grand Lodge. They were of no force or binding obligation, unless so ratified by the Grand Lodge, which is the *only* law *making* power.

Second: A Grand Master *cannot make law.* If so, then we have *two* law making powers, the Grand Lodge and the Grand Master. Which is supreme? I assume the suprmacy and sovereignty of the Grand Lodge, which *makes Grand Masters.* The functions of the Grand Master are EXECUTIVE and JUDICIAL, not LEGISLATIVE. When the Grand Master judges and decides on any case, it must be in the light of *existing* law, or of the great principles of RIGHT and common sense. If his judgment and decisions are *approved* by the law making power, the Grand Lodge, they become *law*, otherwise they are no more than OPINIONS. A Grand Master cannot make law. If he can, it must be by virtue of some mighty prerogative that inheres in the *office*, for it is not found in the *written* CONSTITUTION. Our Grand Lodge forbids Grand Master from *suspending* any one of its by-laws. Surely if he cannot do this, he cannot do what is greater—make law.

If a Grand Master can make a law that holds without Grand Lodge endorsement, the *right* to do so must exist independent of the Grand Lodge; and the *law* so made, also, will be necessarily independent of the Grand Lodge. And if the right to make law, and the law itself, both exist *independently*, then whatever a Grand Master does the Grand Lodge cannot *undo*. He can make laws the Grand Lodge cannot unmake. He is at once thrown up to the position and assumes the huge proportions of an AUTOCRAT. He and his rulings rise above and sweep beyond the control of that power which gave him official being.

The Grand Master thus becomes what has been claimed for him by one of the Grand Lodges of this country: 'He is absolutely supreme, being amenable to no man or set of men.'

For one, I protest against the doctrine, or any tendency in that direction. I no more believe in "*absolute supremacy*" of Grand Masters than I do in the "Divine Right of Kings." And yet such is the power with which that officer is invested if his rulings become law without Grand Lodge confirmation. This Grand Lodge gave finality to the question in issue more than sixteen years ago, in the adoption of an able report presented by P. G. M. Joseph Foster."

There is much more equally interesting, which we would be pleased to give but for want of room. According to the report before us, the strength of Masonry in Missouri at present is as follows:

Number of Lodges on the roll,	324
Number of Lodges returned,	320
Number of members returned,	16,000
Members estimated and not returned,	300
Total membership,	16,300
Initiated during previous year,	1,972
Passed " " "	1,161
Raised " " "	1,635
Admitted " " "	1,244
Dimitted " " "	861
Died " " "	158
Suspended " " "	112
Expelled " " "	49
Reinstated " " "	42
Rejected " " "	936
Lodges represented in Grand Lodge,	160

WISCONSIN.

After several letters forwarded to the Grand Secretary of Wisconsin, desiring a copy of the printed Proceedings of the

Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction, we have at length been favored with one, and return our thanks for the favor.

The Twenty-Sixth Annual Communication was held in the city of Milwaukee, commencing June 9th, 1869, and was opened in Ample Form, Brother Harlow Pease, Most Worshipful Grand Master. The committee on credentials reported representatives from 155 Lodges. After appointing the usual Committees, the Grand Master proceeded to deliver his Annual Address, which, though quite brief, was practical and replete with practical suggestions, and is written in a clear, concise style. We are sorry that one so capable of presenting the principles of our noble Order in a clear and attractive style and manner, should say so little about those principles to the representatives of the subordinate Lodges, who had come up to the Grand Lodge, not only to aid in the performance of business, but, also, to receive more light in reference to Masonry. Toward the close of the Report, we find these timely remarks.

"Before closing, I beg leave to give expression to a single thought. As we come up to these annual gatherings year after year, engrossed, as we of necesity must be, with the immediate cares and business of the session, are we not sometimes, for the moment, liable to lose sight of the fact that the eyes of the world are upon us more than at any other time—scrutinizing our acts, not only as a body, but as individuals representing an Institution which lays claim to a high standard of morality? Do we always keep in view the foundation principles of our ancient and honorable Order, and those cardinal virtues, relative to which every initiate is instructed on his first admission into a Lodge—*Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice?*

Are we at all times temperate in the indulgence of our natural appetites and in our language? Do we posses that fortitude which a great man defines as the grand support of all other virtues? Are we prudent in our deportment, and are we just to ourselves, to our brethren, and to our beloved Order?

These reflections are not suggested for unkind criticism, but for our mutual benefit, and for our protection from those errors to which every one is in some degree liable. We are not all equally strong to resist temptation. We can and should help each other very much. Let us then strive to do so and to maintain such an equilibrium of conduct as will give no cause for censure or reproach.

Brethren, I am about to return to you the gavel, which, by your partiality, I have held during the past two years.

Allow me to express my appreciation of the high honor you have bestowed upon me, and to say that if I am assured that I have discharged the responsible duties of Grand Master with reasonable satisfaction to you, I have in that assurance my highest reward. For the many acts of fraternal kindness which you have been pleased to show towards me, I now thank you with a sincere and grateful heart."

The whole number of Master Masons reported at the last session of the Grand Lodge was 8,551; Fellow Crafts, 396; Initiated during the year past, 1,079; Passed, 988; Raised, 956; Admitted, 306; Dimited, 510; Suspended, 80; Expelled, 6; Died, 84; Rejected, 586; Increase of Master Masons for the year, 1,048; Amount of dues, $5,308.00, an income of $172.00, all of which shows the Order to be in a very flouishing condition in our sister jurisdiction of Wisconsin. The Proceeding are got out in good shape, and are well printed. We are very much obliged for the copy sent us.

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

CHAPTER X.

On the night of the thirtieth of June, while Mr. Wilson, the banker, was engaged in the entertainment of his clerks at his mansion, Richard Hartie sat in a low, filthy, and illy-furnished room. It was in the rear part of a dilapidated tenement, on a narrow and dirty street in the outskirts of the city, the front room of which was used as a dram shop. His only companion was a man of middle age, and of a remarkable appearance. He was a large, square-shouldered man, with a short, thick neck, sandy hair, heavy red eye-brows and whiskers, a large mouth small eyes and broad face. His naturally florid complexion was enhanced from continuous dissipation, which was manifested not only in the high-toned roseate of his general complexion, but, also, a pimply irruption across the bridge of his nose and high cheek-bones.

The name of this worthy was Bildad Swedge. From his fiery complexion he had acquired the soubriquet of Rosy Swedge among his companions.

The expression of the remarkable features of Rosy Swedge was rendered more revolting by a front tooth, that appeared to be one of the incisors, which projected from between his chapped lips like the tusk of a wild animal, reaching entirely over his nether lip and resting on the upper part of his chin.

Hartie's appearance had changed since he had been dismissed from the service of the banker. His face was red and bloated, his clothing was rusty and shabby, his appearance indicated habits of idleness, dissipation and debauchery.

On the small, dirty table, where Hartie sat with his companion, was a whisky bottle and two glasses. The bottle was nearly empty, from which it would appear that the sitting had already been of considerable duration, and, as the conversation which follows would show, it being but a continuation of some dark subject discussed between them.

"I have two objects in view, Rosy, in this enterprise," said Hartie.

"What are they ?" inquired Swedge.

"The first is to get the money I need and must have, and the second is to have my revenge on the infernal scoundrel that was the cause of my dismissal from the bank," returned Hartie.

"The first will do, but revenge isn't of much account when a feller's in need of the shiners. Revenge don't go far in a family where the wife's a-scoldin' and the children's a-cryin' for hunger. So, I think, Corkscrew, it's well enough to go after the glitter, but let the revenge go."

"I have sworn revenge and I'll have it," said Hartie.

"Yes, and you've got a wife and children, too ; what good will your revenge do them ? Can they live on it ? You'd better go in for the *glim* and let the revenge go," replied Swedge.

"My wife and children are used to being hungry,—they can stand it. But there's Caroline ; she thinks all is right yet, and I'm afraid she'll come to hunger ; and I kind of like her although she is a kind of a sentimental thing, and religious as a saint."

"Look'ee here, Dicky Corkscrew," interrupted Swedge, "couldn't you get that chap—what do ye call him?—Twinkley or some sich a name—couldn't you get him to take a hand in and help a little for a share of the booty?"

"No," replied Hartie, "I've tried Twinkle on, and he wont take." After a short pause he continued, "It is neck or nothing with me. The money I must have or go to jail; so you must help me, and share the spoils of the enterprise. I can wait a little while for my revenge, but I can't wait for something to eat and wear, and the means of getting rid of that sheriff's deputy with his infernal execution. It's too cussed tough for a gentleman like me to be hunted down by bailiffs and creditors."

"Well," said Swedge, "I'll never desert a friend, Dicky Corkscrew. I'll go in on cahoots. So, let's us go at it tonight. It's a capital night for sich business. Strike while the iron is hot, has always been my motto. I think we'd best get —"

The conversation was interrupted, or rather brought to a close, as the door leading to the front room was opened sufficiently to admit the bloated face of the shop-keeper, who said in an undertone, "Look out, pals; Brutus is in the bar room," and again closed the door.

Hartie and Swedge hurriedly left the apartment by a back door and, entering a dark alley in the rear of the house, were soon out of sight.

The night was dark. A warm, misty rain, in fine particles, slowly descended, which enhanced the dreary and cheerless aspect of the dimly lighted streets and alleys.

"Let us stop and breathe," said Hartie to his companion, as they emerged from the alley upon the open street; and then continued, "Rosy, can you not perceive some object moving in the darkness of the alley yonder, through which we have just passed?"

"I see nothing," returned Swedge.

"It seems to me there is some dark object at the entrance of the alley," said Richard. "There certainly is a moving object there in the shadow. It may be a cow-beast, or a large dog."

"Corkscrew, you are chicken-hearted," said Swedge. "It often happens with new beginners to see bug-bears where thar a'nt nothing at all. You'll git over this faint-heartedness of feelin' after you've been into it as long as I have. So don't make a fool of yourself, as Betts Selvedge says, and see a skeer crow in every dog or cow that happens to be mosyen round in the mist and drizzle."

"If I did not know," said Hartie, "that old Gimlett was with the rest of the bank clerks at the governor's party to-night, I should say that the infernal old dwarf was dogging our footsteps."

"Are you sure he is there ?" enquired Bildad Swedge.

"Yes, I am sure, for the party was given by the old miser in compliment to Gimlett, who retires from his position as head-clerk, and, of course, they could not get along without him ; besides, I saw him on his way there. He passed us on the street, and cocked his eye at us inquisitively, but went on directly towards the banker's residence ; so I know he is there."

"I don't like dwarfs ; you don't know where to find them. I'd rather have a dozen catch-poles in the shape of human men after me, than one of these hunch-backed, split-up dwarfs. They are cunning and have snake's eyes, and I guess their tongues are forked. I hate a dwarf. They are so crumpled up, and have so many ins and outs, that I don't believe they've got any souls, or if they have, their souls is as crooked and out a-shape as their bodies."

"Well, old Gimlett is crooked and cunning enough ; and still he has good streaks ; though he grumbles and growls like a bear, he'll do a fellow a kindness at the drop of a hat. He would loan me money to-morrow if I'd ask him for it, but I've borrowed so often that I'm ashamed to see the old thing again. Besides, it is enough worse than stealing to work upon a man's sympathy and take advantage of his benevolence to get his money."

"Yes, Corkscrew, that is cussed mean, and I hate a mean man. A feller that would talk the tears into a man's eyes and get his money through his tender feelin's, is mean and cowardly. He'd better knock him down and rob him, for that's legitimate business, and gives a feller a fair chance, but the other isn't."

With these remarks the night walkers turned their steps into a street which led to the one in which the bank building of Mr. Wilson was situated.

"Now," said Hartie, "we have gone far enough; the bank is in the next block. Let us lay our plans. I've got a key that will open the street door. Have you the tools to break open the vault?"

"Whist!" said Swedge, "walls have ears, and it seems to me that I saw that dog, or cow, acrossed the street in the other side of yan—yander lamp post."

"The burglars again disappeared in an alley. Just as the city clock struck twelve two figures stole slowly and softly, from opposite directions, to the street entrance of the bank.

"All right, Dicky," said Swedge to Hartie, as they met at the bank door, "now for your key."

Hartie produced a key, and, in a moment more, the door was opened and the two villains entered the building. They groped their way in the darkness, through the cashier's office, to the door which led into the office occupied by Preston during business hours.

"Now," said Hartie, after they had entered this room, "here is the door that leads to the money vault. Inside of that door lies the treasure. This door we must break open. The lock is strong and complicated; so get out your billy and other tools."

"Well open your lantern," said Bildad. "How do you suppose I can work without light?"

"Hav'nt walls got eyes as well as ears, Rosy?" said Hartie.

"What a faint-hearted fool you are, Corkscrew!" rejoined Swedge, impatiently. "I say open your blinker and give us light, or I'll let the light into your brain-pan with this billy. I'm not in for foolin' when I'm on business; especially sich a job as this. I tell you this is no child's play; you must let the blinker shine."

Richard produced a small lantern from his coat pocket. He touched a spring, a small door flew open, when the room was suddenly illuminated by the light within the lantern.

Hartie started in horror as his eyes rested on the features of Bildad Swedge, which were hideous with an expression of savage ferocity. His light gray eyes flashed as if lit by lightning, which imparted to them a pale green color. His face was as pale as pipe clay, except the pimply band across his nose and cheek-bones, which was brightened into deep purple, as seen in the dim light, and, contrasted with the palor of his neck, forehead and lower part of his face. His upper lip was curled upwards with a fiendish smile, exposing his broad, white front teeth and solitary tusk, which were firmly set, through which he breathed spasmodically and thickly.

"Hark! what noise was that!" said Hartie.

"I hear no noise," said Swedge, applying a small crow of iron to the strong lock of the door which separated them from the money vault.

By inserting the iron bar between the lock and the door, Swedge was enabled to bring the whole might of his powerful frame upon the bar, acting as a leaver in the effort to pry off the lock. Every muscle, sinew and nerve of his whole body writhed and trembled with the effort, yet the lock did not yield.

"Hark!" again ejaculated Richard, "certainly I heard a noise as if some one was moving in the room."

"Coward!" said Bildad, "can't you see that there is no one in the room but ourselves? It may be that a mouse or a rat may have passed along behind the ceiling."

"Well, Rosy," said Richard, "there can be no harm in reconnoitering. Let us look around a little, and see if the way is clear."

Swedge took the light, and after having cautiously looked under and behind the furniture, he paused in front of the pannel under the painted glass, which led into the secret apartment.

"What's in that room, Corkscrew," said he, pointing in the direction of the secret room.

"There is no room there, Bildad," replied Hartie.

"Are you sure?" enquired Swedge.

"Yes, I am sure," replied Richard.

"Do you know it? It seems to me very much as if there was a room there," continued Swedge.

"Yes," replied Hartie, "I know there is no room there. That painted window looks out into the open air in the rear court-yard of the premises."

"Well, if you know it, that's enough, and we are safe," said Swedge, and returned to his work at the vault door.

"Come," said he to Richard, after another effort at the iron crow, "come, lend a hand here; this lock's put on infernal strong."

"There," said Bildad, as the lock at last yielded to their united efforts, and burst from the door with a crash that shook the whole building. "There," said he, throwing open the heavy vault door, "there, our fortun's made."

At this instant two or three foot-steps upon some floor within the building were plainly heard.

The burglars dropped their tools and the latern, which was extinguished in the fall to the floor, and, flying, escaped from the house by the front door into the street.

From the window of a small apartment on a narrow street in the city of Baltimore, on that last night of June, a tallow candle sent its dim rays into the misty darkness that hung like a black curtain over the street. There was but little furniture in the room. Such articles of furniture as were to be seen in the small room, although old and dilapidated, from their style and finish indicated that the occupants had seen better days, and had maintained an effort at fashionable life. A few old pieces of once costly furniture only seemed to make the grim aspect of want that pervaded the apartment the more chilly and hideous.

Alas! how the empty poverty of such an apartment, with its melancholy vestages of better days, strikes the heart with a sickening chill, like the vacant stare of the bloated debauchee in the tattered remnants of his once fashionable and costly apparel. The hollow aspect of the one is a mockery of the tomb; the rheumy surfeit of the other is a mockery of the loathsome coffin worm.

In this apartment were remains of what had once been an elegant mahogany chest of drawers; but, one of the richly carved feet was gone, and its place supplied by a brick-bat. Along the wall sat a mahogany sofa; but the damask covering was in tatters; the black curled hair of the cushion found its way through several large rents in the canvass lining. Upon the floor, in front of this sofa, was spread a square of soiled and thread-bare carpet. The once brilliant colors of this bit of carpet, now faded and stained, were in keeping with the dilapidated sofa. Three old chairs, one lacking a leg, another the back, and the third frayed and fretted in the flag seat, formed an important part of the furniture. A small table stood by the window; upon this stood the iron candlestick, from which the tallow candle sent its feeble light through the window into the darkness without. Near this table sat a female in a low rocking chair. There was no other furniture in the room, but a miserable bed and a small cupboard. With all this show of indigence, an air of cleanliness and neatness pervaded the apartment.

The female was not old. Her appearance would indicate the age of thirty years. She had once been fair; but now she was pale, and her cheeks were hollow. Her large, dark eyes were unnaturally brilliant. A hectic spot marked either hollow cheek. Her dark hair, plated on the forehead and falling over her neck and shoulders in natural ringlets, glistened in the dim candle-light like threads of silver.

Ever and anon this female would lay her pale and attenuated hand on her left side, and then sigh audibly. Then would follow that ominous cough, announcing that her days were numbered.

A small boy, covered with a faded shawl, slept on one end of the sofa. The pale face of a little girl could be seen on the pillow of the bed, with the sheet just sufficiently turned down to show her thin white neck that resembled pearl, as it lay shaded with the masses of her dark hair, that clung in rich wreathes and ringlets around it. The thick and rapid breathing of this poor child announced that her hours were numbered.

A low moan, from the little boy on the sofa, startled the mother. She slowly arose and, with difficulty, tottered across the room, seated herself upon the sofa, and gently patting the child with her thin, bloodless hand, hummed a cradle song in a husky voice. But it did not avail. The boy awoke, and said in a weak, complaining voice,

"Ma, why don't Pa come?"

"Lie still, Freddie, and go to sleep; that's a good child," said the mother.

"Oh! Ma, I'm so hungry, I can't sleep!" said the boy.

The mother arose and approached the small cupboard. She raised her hand to open it, but staggered to one side, and, for a moment leaned against it for support. At length she opened the cupboard, and took from it a pan and a case-knife. She slowly returned to the sofa, where she seated herself with the pan in her lap. There was nothing in the pan but a few oyster shells. From these, with the knife, she scraped a few shreds and particle of oyster that still adhered to the sides of the shells, and with her long, white fingers placed them to the lips of her child. This was the repast of poverty.

She suddenly sprung to her feet, letting the pan and its contents fall to the floor, as a protracted and feeble shriek issued from the white lips of the little girl in the bed. She crossed the room, knelt at the bedside, and, with an effort, gently raised the head of the child. A moment, only, she held it. Oh, that sweet and innocent face! She gazed a moment fondly upon the still features; the head of her child fell heavily back upon the pillow. Her child was dead! A feeble cry, accompanied by a gush of blood, issued from the lips of the mother. Her head slowly drooped upon the pillow of her dead child. Without a struggle or a sigh, her spirit forsook its frail house of clay. The mother, too, was dead.

On the same night, a front room on the second floor of a brick building, in a remote but respectable street in the city of Baltimore, was occupied by a young female. The apartment was lighted by a large oil lamp, which sat on a round centre-table. The apartment was plainly, yet comfortably, furnished. A side door led into an adjoining bed-chamber.

The female that occupied this apartment was not above the age of eighteen. She was beautiful. Her face was classical and perfect in its chaste outlines and pure style. Her eyes were dark, soft, and innocent in their expression. Her hair was nut brown, and hung in natural ringlets around her neck and shoulders. Her form was tall and symmetrical. Instead of the extreme delicacy which is apt to accompany the tall female figure, hers was full, round and graceful. She was attired in a green silk dress, and a close bodice of blue silk plush studded with small gold buttons, which displayed advantageously her full bust.

This beautiful young woman sat at the open window, regardless of the damp mist which stole through the open window, and saturated her hair until it stood in large drops upon the ringlets. There was an expression of innocence and sorrow upon her countenance. Deep anguish marked her features. Her eyes were red with weeping. A guitar leaned against her knee, upon the carved head of which rested her small white hand.

She sprung, nervously, as one of the strings of the instruments snapped, suddenly, with a startling sound.

"Aye, snap poor string, and break poor heart!" said she, in a low, melancholy voice, which was full of music, and delicately sweet, though sad. "Yes," continued she, "you have both been attuned to sorrow too long!"

She buried her face between her hands and wept aloud. At length her sobs and tears had ceased. She again raised her head, and placing her elbow on the window-sill, she sat a long time with her head resting upon her hand.

A low tap was heard at the door. She arose and opened it. Richard Hartie entered. He was pale and haggard. His clothes were besmattered with mud. He was without a hat, and his curly hair was dripping with moisture.

"Richard, you frighten me!" said the young woman, starting back in astonishment as Hartie entered. "Tell me, Richard; what has happened?" she enquired, still standing in her surprise, as Hartie threw himself into a chair.

"It matters not, Caroline," returned he. "Ask me no questions. Nothing has happened that concerns you."

"Richard Robertson, you have deceived me," rejoined the young lady. "You have deliberately and cruelly devised my ruin. You won my affections, and through falsehoods and misrepresentations induced me to leave my honored father's roof, and his protecting care, to lead a life of shame. Where is the affluance you boasted—the distinguised society into which you were to introduce me—the high social position into which you were to place me—your boasted bank of a million dollars? And, more than all, where is the pure affection of the faithful husband I took you for when I gave myself to you as a devoted wife?"

"Am I not you husband? Did I not marry you, Caroline? asked Hartie.

"Richard! Richard! Are you my husband?" asked Caroline.

"Yes, Carrie, you know I am. Why do you ask that foolish question again?"

"Richard Robertson, on a former occasion, when I heard it rumored that you had another wife and two children, you quieted my anxieties by falsehood and deception. I can be deceived no longer. I know all. Your name is not Robertson, it is Hartie. The Reverend Simeon Stevenson, who solemnized our nuptials, and whose signature is attached to our marriage certificate, was an imposter; his real name is Bildad Swedge. You have a wife and two children. I know it."

"It is false. You have been deceived again, like a fool, as you are. You may always find mischevious people enough to poison an already jealous mind, if you seek them."

"It is not false," rejoined Caroline. "It is true. I know it. I have not hunted out these facts; they have been forced upon my knowledge when I least suspected them. You have a wife and two children, and I am not your wife."

"Fool! it is false, I tell you," said Hartie.

"Richard, do you know this signature?" said Caroline placing in his hand a note which ran thus:

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY—Fly from the man who calls you wife. He has deceived you. I am his wife and the mother of his children, Freddie and Adelia. I blame you not. I have no longer any claim upon the wretch who can desert his own offspring, and deceive an innocent young creature. But, for your sake, fly. Amen. AMELIA HARTIE."

You see," said Richard, "she signs herself 'Hartie,' how is that to affect me, Richard Robertson? Some one taking advantage of your jealousy, has sent that note just to arouse your anxieties."

"No," replied Caroline, "when I received that note this morning, I started at once in pursuit of your wife. After a long search, I found this poor creature, your wife, in poverty, wretchedness and sickness. She, your wife, is dying of consumption, your boy dying of hunger, and your little girl dying of a slow fever, evidently brought on through want and hunger."

"It is a falsehood. It was not my—they are not my children. Some low creature has deceived you," shouted Hartie through his clenched teeth.

"No sir," returned Caroline. Your wife showed me your family register, in which the date of your marriage and the birth of your children were recorded in your own hand writing. She, also, showed me your marriage certificate endorsed with your own signature. I am not deceived."

"Fiend! D——l! you lie!" shouted Richard, and rushed from the apartment.

On the morning of the first day of July, the corpse of Caroline Leighton was found upon her bed, in the small chamber adjoining the apartment in which she held her last interview with Richard Hartie, her deceiver. In her right hand, when the body was found, was still clasped an empty phial. On the stand near her bed was found the following note:

"I am innocent of crime. I have been deceived by a villain. I forgive him as I hope to be forgiven by our Heavenly Father. It is my duty, for the sake of his faithful wife, the mother of his children, to give my life a sacrifice for her. Earth is no longer a place for one deceived, defiled and destroyed. Adieu, Earth! Farewell, Sun! thou light of the earth! I will never see your bright beams again.

When the hand that now traces these lines is cold in death, and the heart that new bleeds is still in the the grave, oh! let one sigh of pity go up for the lost one.

Farewell! O God! O God!

CAROLINE."

Life is an enigma, which can only be solved with the last breath we breathe. The whole philosophy of being is summed up in two words, beyond which we cannot calculate or know—matter, essence—clay, spirit—form, mind. Here we pause. We can learn no further: we may aspire to know no more. In attempting to solve this great enigma of being, the hightest knowledge to which we can attain, is that we *are*, and, that we cannot cease to be; for, while the matter, the clay, the form, is evanescent, the essence, the spirit, the mind, is imperishable, eternal, a portion of the Infinite. So, also, in the practical theory of life, as well as in its more subtle moral philosophy, the whole is summed up in two words, be good, be happy. These embrace duty, aim and compensation. To learn how to be good is to learn how to be happy, and enables us to pluck the ears from life golden sheaf at the ripe harvest home. Still, with this philos ophy and practical theory of life inscribed upon our banners, we must meet the conflictions of time, which are sunshine one day and cloud the next,—wheat and chaff—flowers and withered husks. The joys and sorrows of life come and go like the frost pictures on the window pane. They are never repeated. The same picture never comes a second time, but a new and a strange one comes in its place. The joys of to-day are not the joys of to-morrow. The sorrows of to-day, like the frost on the pane, melt away to give place to a new form of sorrow to-morrow. Being goes on rejoicing and weeping. When we look forward into the future, we aspire to the unknown. We see nothing, for the dark curtain only meets the vision, and we cannot look beyond it. When we look back into the past, we see only the pillar of salt. In what has been, we see only congealed forms, lifeless and inanimate fossils. Analytically, life is separate particles of light and shade. Synthetically, life is an incomprehensible mystery, and so must it ever remain until the light of eternity shall dawn upon it.

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MASONIC FUNERAL ODE.

The following touching Ode was written by Bro. Otis Cole, 32d, and read by him at the grave of Ill. Geo. W. Stebbins, 32d, Feb. 21st, 1870, at Mt. Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N. Y.

Hark! 'Tis a solemn sound
  Breaks on the ear;
Listen! its tones are found
  Coming more near.
    Ah! 'tis Death's sentinel,
    The mournful, muffled bell,
    Ringing the funeral knell
  Of one lately here.

Cease from your labors, then,
  Craftsmen, to-day;
Stilled be the quarries
  When life turns to clay.
    For him "The Master's" call,
    For him the sable pall,—
    Drape emblems, lights and hall,
  For him — passed away.

His love for Masonry
None could excel;
Truly he did his work,
Nobly and well.
Here with us, year by year,
Came he. to help and cheer,
How much we'll miss him here
Words cannot tell.

"God of all Tenderness,"
Hear us, we pray;
Bless thou his fatherless
Children, to-day;
"Protect his widow," who
Stricken and lonely, too,
All life's long journey through
Takes her lone way.

Great "God of Sabbaoth,"
Humbly we bow;
Meekly we kiss the rod
Chastening us now.
Help us to do the right,
Shine down "Thy holy light,"
And "Hope's green chaplet, bright,"
Place on each brow.

Mysterious Providence,
Wondrous Thy way;
When called to recompense
Who can delay.
Swift o'er the "shoals and sand,"
We, too, must shortly stand,
Led by "Thy mighty hand,"
To endless day.

So be "companions, whose
Toils we have shared."
Pronounced by "th' Grand Overseer,"
"Ashlar's prepared."
Then shall the plaudit be
"Well done and faithful;"—See,
"Pearly Gates" welcome thee;
Thy work is squared.

IS POPE PIUS IX A FREEMASON?

The New York *World*, of the present month, contains the following statement. We have not seen the *Era Paoli Sarpi* of Venice, which is given as authority in the *World*, but we expect to receive it in a few days:

"Freemasons will be interested to know that Mastai Ferretti, better known as Pope Pius IX, once belonged to their Order joined it in Philadelphia when he was a Papal Nuncio to this country, and that he continued to be a Mason two years after he became Pope. These assertions are made on the authority of the *Era Paoli Sarpi* of Venice, a Catholic journal devoted to ecclesiastical reform, and, if true, they are certainly very peculiar, especially when taken in connection with the well-known devotional character of the Pope in his earlier years."

This is a very interesting question. The last syllabus of the Pope, in which the Freemasons and "Carbonari," are classed as evil societies, and against which the terrors of the Papal bull are alike threatened, rather proves, that if the Pope was a Mason, he has backslidden. If he ever was, he has permitted the "light" he then received to become "darkness," and "great is that darkness." Were it not so, he never could have committed so great an error, as to describe the fratenity of Freemasons with the same pen he drew the character of the "Carbonari," or to have united them in one general condemnation.

In 1868, the Grand Master of Pennsylvania, (R. W. Richard Vaux,) received from the editor of the *Masonic World*, (Le Monde Maconnique,) published in Paris, the August copy of that periodical. In that number was an article, entitled *Initiation de Pie IX*. We translated the following statement which it contains. The editor of the *World* (Paris) introduces it as follows: According to the promise we lay before our readers the first document, which we reprint from the *l' Umanitaris*, intended to prove the initiation of Pope Pius IX. into the mysteries of Freemasonry.

This document is a letter that the Masons of Messina addressed, in 1865, to the Very Rev. M. Aglotti, capitulary Vicar of that diocese. It asserts that Mastai Ferretti, while Gregory XVI was Pope, was sent on a mission to America, North and South. After this mission was finished, M. Ferretti went to Philadelphia, and there remained some time. He was then made a Mason. The letter proceeds to give his speeches on Masonic occasions, in which he extols Masonry, and thus expresses himself: "I am fully convinced that Masonry is one of the best, (*plus belles*,) associations that is known in the world."' Again this letter gives on another occasion the following addresses spoken by M. Ferretti: "I shall ever be a warm defender of this sublime Order, whose mission is to moralize the universe, and to relieve and protect suffering, (abandonnee.) humanity." These extracts will suffice for the present purpose.

Accompanying the *Masonic World*, a letter was also received by the Grand Master from its editor, calling his attention to the article, and asking him to forward to the *World* a certified copy of the facts and proceedings of the Lodge initiating M. Ferretti. To this letter the Grand Master replied November 23, 1868.

In the reply it is stated, that from time to time he had heard a report that the Pope was made a Mason in the United States, but that he had always regarded it as an idle story. Since, however, so respectable Masonic authority had published what purported to be the letter of the Freemasons of Messina, and vouched to be authentic, in which such statements were publicly made, an examination would be instituted by the R. W Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, Bro. John Thomson."

The investigation was accordingly made, when the records presented these facts:

There was a Lodge, *L' Temple des Vertus Thelogales*, No. 103, held in the city of Havana, under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Pennsylvania, dated the 17th of December, 1804. By a copy of the list of members of that Lodge, it appears that January 15, 1815, Juan Aug Ferretti was made a Mason, and that March 21, 1817, he withdrew from said membership.

There was also a Lodge, "Las Delicias de la Havana, No. 157," held in Havana under a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania; on March 27, 1818, J. A. Ferretti joined that Lodge. That on November 17, 1819, Martin Ferretti was made a Mason in No. 157.

The names are copied from the report of the Secretaries of these Lodges, into a Register kept for that purpose in the Grand Secretary's office, Masanic Hall, in this city. These names are, therefore, not copies of the original signatures, but probably written as pronounced in English.

These facts were sent to the editor of the *Masonic World*, in Paris. We leave the question to be decided by further proof, if Martin Ferretti was the English version of Mastai Ferretti, which the Messina Masons state was the name of the present Pope. before he was raised to Pontiffcate as Pius IX.

We expect yet to hear more of the question, "Is Pope Pius IX a Mason?"—*Masonic Tidings.*

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THOROUGH MASONS.

I fear our young initiates are not made thorough Masons—are not impressed with the necessity of understanding thoroughly what Masonry is, which can only be accomplished by diligent and patient investigation. They never read anything on the subject of Masonry, not they! they can give time and money for almost any other kind of books, but Masonic literature—why there is nothing in that, and no *great* mind would stop to patronize it! Some "have no time to read," but plenty of time to smoke, drink beer, and attend the theatre, and political clubs. Others, again, have a queer kind of an idea that there is nothing to learn in Masonry, save rightangles, etc. While this state of things continues, we may not hope for improvement, and such additions to our membership are but additional weights to break down the Order. It was not so in former years. A letter recently received from a prominent Mason in the East is very suggestive on this point. It is a private letter, but I will venture to make an extract from it, as corroborative of what I have said above.

"It is too bad, in these days, for Masons to be so fearfully ignorant as they are. I would give more for one old Mason, so far as true Masonic spirit is concerned, than a dozen of modern ones; yet the young brethren now have ten times the opportunities for improvement, if they would only use them. I am a young Mason myself, having first seen light in 1852; but

I am an "old fogy," and every year induces me to think more highly of old landmarks and usages. Not one in a hundred there, knows or cares anything about those old musty "Charges," which are dear to all good Masons. All that is cared for is to get the degrees; and then some of the same stamp solicits them to join the Chapter; and from that to the Commandery and then the Consistory, and then—they look down on the lower world with as much complacency as a monkey would who had climbed to the top a steeple, and with about as much knowledge. Out on such Masons, and their name is legion. I have not a word to say to the higher degrees; if a Brother will only perfect himself in a knowledge of the first three, he can take as many degrees as he pleases."

What is needed just now is a greater pride in Masonry, more of the *esprit de corps*, without which we shall never be able to place Masonry in the position it ought to occupy. In all the general improvements and progress of society, intellectual, social and charitable, Masonry should occupy an advanced position; and this it can only do by the aid and influence of its members. If the Craft could only get rid of the idea that the Order is a mere amusement, there would be more hope for the future. Masonry possesses within itself the elements for improvement—the power to make its members better, wiser, happier, and more useful; why cannot brethren avail themselves of those latent powers? If we could only awaken such a desire—ambition if you please—the Order would soon feel in all its departments the vigor of a new and better life. This might be, and ought to be, and *must* be, if Masonry ever accomplishes its mission.—*Review.*

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Masonry in Mexico—Up to April 23d, 1868, there existed two Supreme Councils of the Scottish Rite in Mexico. The first was established December 21st, 1860, at the city of Vera Cruz. The second was organized in the City of Mexico, December 27th, 1865. Harmony being the strength of our institution, it is pleasant to record that these two Supreme Councils have been consolidated, and are no longer twain.

ADVANTAGE OF BEING A MASON'S WIFE.

One of those pleasant affairs which happen now and then, making manifest that kind feeling, though so often latent, is still one of the principal springs of human nature in action, occurred in this city yesterday.

Mrs. Gage, a residest of Boston, arrived in Omaha yesterday morning, being on her way to San Francisco, where her husband, lately engaged in mining pursuits, is suffering from mental derangement. Upon the information reaching her in Boston of the condition of the man whom she had sworn to, and does love, honor and obey, Mrs. Gage immediately, without taking time to make the necessary preparations, or reflecting upon the expense incident to so long a journey, started alone, and with little baggage, to render all the succor in her power to her unfortunate partner. On her arrival at this point. she found herself completely destitute of funds, and her passage to California only half completed. No words can paint the agony of mind suffered by her upon the realization of the sad situation, and the thought that her poor husband was in the utmost need of all the consolation she could administer. But she is not one to weep and pine. Like every true heroine, she is a woman of action and she quickly determined upon the proper course to pursue in her extremity. Recollecting that her husband belonged to the Masonic fraternity. and was in good standing, she procured the address of the W. M. of Covert Lodge, No. 11, and calling upon him, laid all the circumstances of her case before him. From the proof furnished the officer by the woman, he was convinced that her representations were correct. He displayed no hesitancy in offering the relief in his power, and gave her sixty dollars with which to purchase a ticket by the Pacific Railroad, on the emigrant train to San Francisco; also furnishing her with sufficient money to defray her expenses on the journey. It is highly creditable to the kind-heartedness of Col. Hammond and other officials of the Union Pacific Railroad, that when the facts were made known to them by Grand Master Harry Duel, they generously donated the lady a seat in one of the passenger coaches of the regular train, so that she will reach, in this way, her destination much more quietly and agreeably than by the emigrant train.—*Omaha Rep.*

A FREE AND ACCEPTED MASON.

It is more, and requires more, to be truly a Free and Accepted Mason, sincerely honest and faithful to the profession, than most men think. There is much in this freedom. The man must have waged war with, and must have vanquished those vicious appetites, lusts, and passions, that so often control man, so that his soul shall reign supreme over his body, rendered obedient to all its decrees. He walks with his conscience in one hand, truth in the other, and his God before him. No mean thing, no impure thing, no trickery, must soil his character. His mind must be so firmly fixed and grounded that he can stand in the smiles and sunshine of prosperity unelated; in the clouds and rugged path of adversity undepressed; on the bed of sickness he will be unrepining and resigned; so all that are commonly called the arrows of outrageous fortune shall fall powerless at his feet. One must be such a man to be a Free Mason. To the wounded spirit he administers, by his counsel, the heavenly balm of healing; his wealth, if he has it, he scatters like the dew on the tender herb, to refresh the poor and needy. To the reputation or good name of his neighbor he acts like a shield against the malicious efforts of detraction; he delights to add to human joy, to sympathize with human sorrow, to minister to human weakness and infirmity. Bowing his heart with humility and gratitude, Heaven accepts his devotion and service, and so he has peace with men, peace with God: every pulse of his heart vibrates in unison with ransomed souls, and

> Serene he views both worlds, and here
> Sees nothing but with hope, and nothing there to fear.

This harmony of life and frame of soul beams on his countenance and glistens in his eye, a strong reflection of God, and purity, and heaven. His faith removes the sting of death, so that when he goes down to that gate men have made so dark and cheerless by their doubts and sins, his serene spirit illumines it, and his experience teaches him that so God would always introduce men to more light, and that the silence brooding over him would soon be broken by the cheering words, "Come, thou blessed, enter into the joy of the Lord!" One must be such a man to be an Accepted Mason.—*Flag of Our Union.*

JURISPRUDENCE.

The following items of Masonic law cover the points more commonly raised in the Lodge, and will be some help to Brothers who have not Mackey's Jurisprudence, nor the time to spare for the critical examination of Grand Lodge decisions. We clip them from *The Weekly Mirror*, of Pittsburgh, Pa.

No Lodge working under charter has a right to receive the petition of a brother for membership until it has due evidences of his being regularly withdrawn (demitted) from a former Lodge.

The family of a person suspended or expelled from Masonry has no claim upon the Lodge for Masonic benefactions.

A certificate of demit, filled with a petition for membership, is to be returned to the applicant if he is rejected.

No Lodge may elect a member to be Master unless he has been a Warden. Exception to this rule are subjects of dispensation only.

None can be elected an officer in a Lodge save an affiliated member thereof.

Solicitiations to become a Mason, are, in a high degree, unmasonic.

Suspension for non-payment of dues works the same disabilities to its subjects as for any other offenses. He is for the time being strictly excluded from Masonry as much as though he were expelled.

A brother who has not discretion enough to conceal his vote has too little discretion to be a Mason

A Lodge cannot rescind a demit once regularly granted.

Every Mason is a brother in good standing and to be treated as such until his Lodge or Grand Lodge pronounces him otherwise.

No person can be lawfully initiated passed or raised, who is so maimed or multilated that he cannot perform *every portion* of the Masonic ceremonial in a Masonic manner.

A diploma proves the holder at its date a member of the Lodge; a demit a non-member.

The first duty of Masons in their relationship to the lodge is obedience. It is the first lesson taught.

No Lodge can temporarily suspend its by-laws on any account.

A person while suspended is released from payment of dues, etc.

MASONIC ITEMS.

Illustrious Brother Albert G. Pike recently visited New York city, and is reported as looking "hale and hearty." He has returned to the South.

A Just Decision by the Grand Master of Missouri.—A case was presented to the M. W. Grand Master of Missouri, in which a member of a Lodge stated that he had joined a church (Baptist) which prohibited him from exercising his Masonic functions, such as paying dues, &c.; and the Lodge did not know exactly what to do with him. The Grand Master decided it to be "the duty of every Mason (having the ability) to pay his lodge dues. If he refuse to do so, he must be regularly tried and suspended. No pretext or excuse can be excepted in lieu of the money."—[*St. Louis Freemason.*

Anson Burlingame as a Mason.—At a recent meeting of Amicable Lodge of Freemasons at Cambridgeport, Mass., of which Lodge the late Hon. Anson Burlingame was a member, Grand Master Samuel P. Adams drew the attention of the members to the decease of their Brother, when a series of resolutions was drawn up by a committee and presented by Bro. C. C. Nichols, who delivered a beautiful eulogy on the deceased, showing his great sympathy at all times for the poor and distressed, his regard for the welfare and interest of others, his charity and his veneration for goodness and truth in practice, and the nobility and geniality of his nature. The resolutions were appropriate, and a copy was ordered to be transmitted to Mr. Burlingame's family.

More Humbug—Brother W. C. Chafee, the W. M, of Roanoke Lodge No. 195, of Indiana, writes the editor of *The Masonic Home Advocate* that a "*Professor W. E. Moore*," aged about 75 years, is traveling and lecturing to Masonic Lodges upon Masonry in South America. He is said to be *grossly intemperate* and an *opium eater*, and yet is reported to obtain "a good support" from gullable Masons. It is said that a majority of people enjoy being humbugged, and it would seem that our Brethren share in the delusion. If they dance to such folly let them pay the fiddler."

FOUR THINGS ENTIRELY UN-MASONIC.—*Envy.*—If all the hidden works of envy could be brought to light, and their authors known, the greatness of their littleness would cover them in the thick darkness of the contempt of all honorable minds. *Hatred.*—This element in human nature exists in the brute creation. Hatred will stop at no labor to satisfy its purposes, when once it stimulates human efforts. Love, affection and friendship tire in their acts of devotion, but hatred grows strong in its own vileness. *Malice.*—This wicked intention and desire to injure, covers itself too often in the garb of indifference and innocence, to hide its aims. It uses deceit. To accomplish its designs it counterfeits some of the virtues. To detect it is difficult, because it accepts falsehood as a means for its effectiveness. Unimpassioned, it rarely betrays its insiduous efforts. Such a vice is detestable, and its punishment is the condemnation of the honorable and the courageous. *Uncharitableness.*—"I am holier than thou," is the spirit of the censorious. To censure and condemn are the least difficult of all human judgments to arrive at or express. The generous impulses are all poisoned by the venom of this vice. Self is the infallible arbiter which determines or decides, and hence that which is opposed or not in harmony with such a judge is "condemned already." From the weakness of our naturet, comes this weakness of our character.

PENNED.—The Rondout *Courier* get the following story from a telegraph operator in that village: A member of the Masonic Order telegraphed to a companion down the river somewhere, "Make room for ten Royal Arch Masons. Coming to-day." When the companions arrived they found a pen had been built for their accommodation, the telegram at its destination reading, "Make room for ten R A M's coming to day."

A BROTHER in Reading, Pa., asks why he cannot place the figures 33 after his name, he having taken the third or M. M. degree. He signs himself "John Montgomery, 123, meaning as he says the first, second and third.

THE Eastern Star degrees are being introduced and perpetuated in England, the rituals having been sent by the Secretary of the Order, R. W. Robert Macoy, from New York.

THE work on the Masonic Temple in Philadelphia is to be again resumed as soon as Bro. J. Bolt, the superintendent, has recovered from his sickness.

TABLE TALK.

BY GOTTFRIED.

No. VIII.

"Barney Hagerman," said I, "you have several times mentioned that you were reared a Quaker; how does it happen that you do not adhere to the Friends Society?"

"I will tell you," replied Barney, drawing a broom spilt through his pipe-stem, and, after replacing the stem, filling and lighting his pipe, as the wreathes of white smoke rolled from his lips and circled around his head:

"Moral truth triumphed over narrow and selfish bigotry, in my cool and deliberate judgment. This was the result of a protracted confliction in my mind. This self-conflict involved moral theories, religious systems and established creeds, as compared with, and measued by facts, and weighed in the balance of human reason. The deductions from these premises, as submitted to the various processes of earnest investigation and mutual sacrifices, are as applicable to all other societies as to that of the Society of Friends. While these various systems and religious organizations embrace, fundamentally, many moral truths, and enjoin theoretically and proverbially all the human virtues, still, they all enjoin, as acts of piety and religious duty, many practices which are, in themselves, frivolous and ridiculous. Out of these ridiculous follies grow those manifold discords and antagonisms which split the religious world into a thousand belligerant sects and societies.

"Were the Friend's Society content to recommend, or even to enjoin the practice of virtue and morality, and stop there, it would be well. But there it does not stop, but assumes to point out and define virtue and morality. What constitutes virtue and morality no two sects agree. The honest Quaker will tell you that the true test of moral worth is to be found in a broad-brimmed, felt hat, a plain drab coat, without collar or ornament; in saying *thee* and *thou*; in ignoring all titles of distinction, and in refusing to call any man by the polite title of Mr. He will tell you that the fiend incarnate dwells in a Masonic Lodge; that music and cheerfulness are moved and instigated through the cunning seduction of the Evil One; and that the common Adversary is to be found, bodily in a 'vile fiddler.' Therefor, the great effort of the Quakers is directed against these immaginary evils. They preach against music, dancing, fashionable apparel and polite social conventionalities as sinful. This I call, in *parlance militaire*, wasted powder.

"The Menonist, the Omish and the Lunkard agree with the Quaker in some of these points of faith, and with him denounce these practices as most sinful, and, at the same time, condemn the Quaker and all the rest of mankind who differ from them, because he, and they do not wear full beards; for they add to the list of the sins recognized by the Quakers that of shaving off the beard and wearing buttons on their coats; they prescribe hooks and eyes, and strings as only tolerable a in good man, and have solemnly ordained that any other method of fastening on articles of clothing is flagrant sin.

"The more numerous and the prouder protestant sects, the Methodists, the Baptists, and the several scismatics of the Presbyterian school, laugh at some of these frilolous points of faith of their more humble and less pretentious brethren of the plain coat and hook and eye pursuasion, and at the same time endorse other points of their faith, and heartily join with them in preaching against the harmless violin and the innocent dance.

"Thus we find that while each of these several associations are theoretically based upon moral truth, they disagree upon the fundamental axioms of moral science, and consequently fail to teach the world what constitutes the acts of virtue, and in what true morality consists. To a certain extent, in attempting to enforce their peculiar dogmas, they loose sight of the beautiful harmony which is, or ought to be, the high primary object of each, and digress into such sectarian antagonism and social discords as must, in the nature of things, keep them at a perpetual distance from each other. Each respective society, or organization, becomes more interested and united in maintaining its peculiar antagonistic dogmas than in disseminating the doctrine of universal peace, the practice of morality, and the elevation of the human family.

"While vice and sin, corruption, licentiousness and debauchery are crying from the streets and alleys, and challenging these religious sects from the highways and the byways, the leaders of these sects—the professors of 'Peace on earth'—instead of making war upon sin and vice, turn a deaf ear to their banterings, and 'pass by on the other side,' to give battle to the phantoms of their own morbid bigotry. Some of them make war upon Freemasonry, others add to this sin that of elegant manners and fashionable apparel, and nearly all of them unite in clerical anathemas against the innocent amusement of dancing, as a most damning sin. In this, religion omits a real duty, to make war upon fancied evils,—evils which are only made so through the prejudices of their own particular creeds,—mere shadows, touching which no two dogmatists agree in common. This shows, with great certainty, that it is human judgment only, and not Divine wisdom, that has pointed these things out as crime and sin.

"Now, all agree in denouncing drunkenness, as well as many other evil practices of the day, as heinous sins. Why not, then, make a common cause against these vices, and root them out of society? Why preach against buttons, ribbons, ruffles, rings, jewelry, secret orders, music and dancing, chess and whist, while the stench of vice and moral corruption comes up into the nostrals of the minister to humanity from the social purlieus, mingled with the smell of dead men's bones? What is the disinfectant of this moral putridity? Will a sermon against dancing reach the evil? Will a lecture against Freemasory or Odd Fellowship countervail and purify the moral atmosphere? Bosh! Why is this? Is it because the leaders of the several sects are more the partizan and less the philanthropist? Is it because the propogandists of these several systems of dogmas are more the sectarian and less the humanitarian? Is it because they owe higher and more binding obligations to their particular religious associations than to the universal family of man? May we hope that these things will be different? *Les montugues ne se rencontraut point. C'est un affaire mal entendee—un casse tete; il n'y pas de remede. Cela me tient an couer.*

"But let me give you a bit of my experience as a Quaker *comme un petit eschantillon*, and, with it, how I awoke as from an oppressive dream, and, awaking, how I moved from under the impending shadow it had cast upon my existance."

"I was fourteen years old. Dear me!" continued Barney refilling his pipe and relighting it, "that was a long time ago! Time! Time!

> 'O, for the days of innocence and youth!
> O for the days of milk and water!'

as Byron hath written. I cannot but smile as I look back and see my unsophisticated self at that period of my life, a new lain egg with an uncracked shell. Perhaps, could I, fifty years hence, look back to the present period, I might smile as well at the unfledged chick that new lain egg has brought forth.

"Can it be that we will ever attain a point of knoweledge where we may truly say, we know ourselves? when we reach that point, thought, perfect in itself, will leap forth when we touch our brow, as did the fabled goddess from the brow of Jupiter, armed and panoplied for the field of battle. But, can we soar to such a pre-eminent summit of selt-knowledge? I think not; for, it appears to me, that each higher step we take in the scale of a knowledge of our own individuality and self-sovereignty only seems to present for one's consideration some new unsolved mystery of being. Alas! I fear this wonderful problem of life, this balancing of mind and matter, this mysterious net work of sense and sympathy, of impulse and principle, of emotion and judgment, of selfhood and affection—this alchemy of clay and essence—this combination of light and shadow, of milk and gall, of wormwood and honey, is beyond the reach of human comprehension. But let it pass.

"I was fourteen years old. My clothing was fitted to me in the Quaker style. I was satisfied that any other style was wicked. In my conversation I employed only the 'plain talk' of the Friend's Society. I had never heard instrumental music, except the fife and drum, and, of the few times I had heard it, I knew not one tune from another. Our meeting had ordained that whistling was a vile and an evil practice, and that none but thoughtless, and reckless, and worldly evil doers would indulge in the vainglorious habit; unless it became a necessity to call the dog to chase the swine, or other vicious cattle, from the field; therefore, I never whistled. I seduously abstained from a hundred and one innocent amusements which were ordained to be of a mischievous tendency, by the savans of the Society of Friends. The Society had established a school in the small village near our neighborhood. Ezra Cracraft, the preacher in our meeting, taught in the school. I was placed in this school when I was fourteen years old. Reuben Mitton and I entered the first day it was opened. Our walk every morning and evening to and from school was two miles, being the distance from the village to the farms of our respective parents.

"It was while we were at school that Reuben Mitton first became acquainted with Annie Cyphers, old Judge Cyphers' daughter. She was a gem of humanity, and as beautiful as a May morning. I do not wonder that poor Reuben Mitton was attracted to her; many afterwards were. Nor, do I wonder that even yet, after a period of nearly half a century, he awakes me in the still night, exclaiming in his sleep, 'O, Annie! Annie!' Poor Reuben Mitton! this has been a pathway of sadness, without the light of hope to guide its meandrings.

"Annie's father, the wealthy and aristocratic judge of the court, placed his only child, the fashionable young Annie, then a year younger than Reuben, (who was just of my own age,) to study grammar. Ezra Cracraft taught the first class in English grammar in that village. Village?—that village is now a city with a population of fifty thousand.

I had been about four months in this school when, one day, a stange man came along the street and, on a board fence immediately opposite the window at which I sat, posted a large handbill, by which the public was informed that an exhibition of magnificent WAX FIGURES, embracing life-like representations of some of the most celebrated and distingushed characters of modern times would be opened at the sign of the 'Green Tree,' that evenining, and be continued, from day to day, so long as the public patronage would warrant. 'Doors open from 8 A. M. till 10 P. M. Admittance, 25 cts.; Children under 12, half-price.'

"On dismissing his school that evening, Ezra Cracraft addressed the following harrangue to his pupils:

"'Boys and girls, I embrace this occasion to say unto ye, collectively, that which, as your guide and monitor, I am moved as a duty to impress upon your minds, severally and individually. Therefore, take ye heed, even each and every one, ye, my pupils, that ye depart not from my counsels, and abide by my injunctions. Some vain and wicked men, who are too vile and indolent to earn an honest livelihood by labor, or some other useful calling, have intruded their vanities upon the peace and quietude of our village, and design to open, this evening, at the public inn or tavern house of Friend John Uiler, commonly called and designated 'The Green Tree,' a vain and presumptious show o waxen figures, commonly denominated puppets, by the worldly, who run astray after vain things. These wicked and designing individuals, contrary to the word of God, which commandeth, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in the heavens above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth;' have presumptously, contumaciously and audaciously, by cunning and ingenious handicraft, formed images in the likeness and similitude of man, out of bees-wax.

"'These wicked men, designing and intending to seduce innocent children, and the well-meaning youth, from the path of rectitude, into the highway of sin and wickedness, as an inducement, thereunto, do offer to admit such children and youth into this den of wickedness for twelve and a half cents *per capitum*.

"'Now, therefore, I say unto you, go not unto this vile place. Verily, all that ye can see for your eleven penny bit, is a few little dolls, or puppets, shaped and fashioned from the wax of the common honey bee, which, unlike the vile men who pervert the fruits of its labor to such base uses, is an example of industry.

"'I repeat unto ye, my pupils, and strictly enjoin it upon each of you, that each of ye abide at your respective places of abode, excepting during the hours of school, and that ye turn not aside to look upon the vanities of this impious exhibition, with the assurance that if ye heed not my injunctions, and obey not my cammandment, I will chastise you with a rod, yea, verily, with great wrath and indignation, will I punish you with the rod of chastisement.'

"The school was closed, and the scholars departed. Reuben Mitton was not in school that day, nor for several days thereafter. He had stubbed the great toe of his right foot, so that the nail came off, and was also suffering with a most painful stone-bruise on the heel of his left foot; and consequently, was unable to attend school.

"Reuben's mother, on the morning of that day, had commissioned me to go to the store and purchase for her an ounce of indigo to add to her blue-dye. As I walked down street to execute this little commission, I was joined by Annie Cyphers on her return from the school house.

"'Barney,' said she, 'I am going to the show to-night.'

"'Oh! Annie, Annie!' said I, 'what will the school master say?'

"'He has had his say,' replied Annie, 'and I shall not heed it. I care very little for his quaint Quaker notions, and shall do just as my father says, and he said this morning that there was to be a show to-night; he said he was going, and told me I might go with him, and I am going, that's so.'

"I was deeply mortified at the disobedience of the young girl. I had sympathized with and endorsed all the remarks of Friend Ezra on closing his school. You may well judge that I pitied, deeply pitied the poor, young Annie, as sweet and innocent as a young, spring flower, with the solemn and impressive warning of the teacher, still ringing in her ears, as I fancied her as plunging, with all the spotless purity of beautiful girlhood into this infamous den of vice and wickedness.

"As I went to the store I necessarily passed the 'Green Tree.' The sign board bearing the significant emblem of a green oak tree, softly creeked and sighed on its iron fastnings between the two posts that supported it, as it quietly swung and wavered back and forth in the slight summer evening zephyr, that kissed my brown cheek as softly as floating ether down. Ah! thought I, while a few sparkling drops of the morning due fell upon the unfolded petals of the thirsting flowers, showers of its sparkling pearls are wasted in the fithly horse pond, and, while the breath of the evening zephyr cools the glowing cheek of innocence, its force is wasted on the feverish and burning brow of debauchery and vice; nevertheless, the same zephyr that moved the town sign-board too utter a low wail, fanned my cheek with its gentle wing and brought a joyous inspiration to my heart with its refreshing escence.

"A crowd of boys and idle men had already gathered around the door of the inn, awaiting the opening of the show. I passed hastily along, secretly encouraging an impulse of pride and superiority as my contempt for these vanities increased with my proximity to them.

"I bought my ounce of indigo and hastened on my return up the street. As I approached the 'Green Tree,' I observed that the crowd of idlers had disappeared, and concluded that they had paid their money and had witnessed the exhibition. Just as I passed the room which contained the show, a volume of rich, soft music burst from the window just above my head. I was transfixed. I was fascinated. I moved not a muscle. I scarcely breathed. Soft, piping tones were mingled in a sweet swelling harmony that penetrated my inmost being with a sense of dissolving, melting—flowing. The burden of harmony then swelled, floated and fluttered, like a bird in the ether; then in a warbling *decresendo* it sunk and died away into almost inaudible, indistinct and undefined wailings; anon more cheerful and louder tones piped in, fugitively.

"What was all this? Where was I? Could it be that this world contained all this beauty—this melting harmony, and I, poor, simple Barney Hagerman, with my naked feet, my brown cheek and my Quaker hat, a dweller in this same world? Was this a reality, or was it a dream? It was a reality. And must I be debarred, and live apart from it. Were these soft and touching tones that wrapped my soul sinful? Was the deep pathos that they breathed into my being wickedness. No, no, that could not be.

"A new world had suddenly opened upon me, in which I did not realize myself; for, in it I felt myself divine while I was in fact only mortal.—I felt myself a god, while, in fact, I was only an ignorant, shabby Quaker boy.

"Thus suddenly baptized into this new world—this community of sanctified ideals, I leaned against the building absolutely enfeebled with this stroke of new thoughts, and blinded with the gush of dazzling light that ushured them in and sped them across my soul. I leaned a long time against the building, bathed in the inspiration of music.

"It grew dark, very dark; large drops of rain dashed down upon the pavement, and lightning flashed fiercely around me. I heeded neither rain nor lightning, nor the deep mouthed thunder that they heralded. All that I saw was the shadowy forms that peopled the new world that my fancies had created around me—all that I heard was the sweet voices of these phantom forms mingling with the deep diapason, the thrilling alto, and the thrilling counterpoint of the heavy organ harmony in the room against which I leaned, as, in mysterious magic they enveloped and overwhelmed me.

"The full moon like a shell of pearl beneath the ocean waves now broke through the wreathes and masses of silver edged clouds. The thunder storm had passed over, and in deep and distant low mutterings, bade good night. I softly stole into the hall of the inn. At the door that opened into the show room stood a tall, well dressed and amiable looking man.

"'You have come too late, my young man;' said he in a kind manner and a pleasant voice, it is now ten o'clock, and we are just about to close the show for the night. Save your quarter 'till to-morrow night, and then come early and get the worth of your money.

"As he said this the door opened and the spectators began to pass out. As they passed through the open door I caught a momentary view of one of the wax-figures. It represented a tall female, life size, draped in elegant apparel. A pearly tear-drop glistened on either cheek. An expression of deep anguish upon the beautiful features touched my inmost soul.

"After all the visitors had passed out, and the door of the room was locked by the keeper, I turned and made my way home. If I thought of the injunction of Friend Ezra, I cared not, and gave the subject of it not a second thought. I went home, but, not to rest. The sad, the touching beauty of that face, so life-like,—the expression of grief so deeply marked upon it, so real, haunted me. When I closed my eyes I saw it. Wherever I cast my eyes on the broad sheets of silvery moon light I saw that face. In the deep, dim shadows of the objects around me, I saw that graceful form. In the silvery light and purple shadows of the fleecy clouds that curled around the moon, or lying like silky down suspended against the blue beyond, I could see the graceful folds of the soft drapery of that weeping figure. That figure was the embodiment of womanly beauty, draped in sorrow by the hand of genius. The conception of the artist was sublime, and its manifestation was true to nature; not only true in fact and spirit, but true poetically and touchingly—painfully true.

"Back and forth, the live long night, I paced the long lane in front of my father's house. Then and there commenced the ordeal—the self-conflict which continued for years, and which ultimately delivered my mind from that bondage which. up to this period, had enthralled it.

"Was this figure that touched me so deeply a manifestation of wickedness? why then did it awaken in my spirit these, the noblest and the highest attributes of humanity, and the purest aspirations of the spirit which, for the first time I felt throbbing in my bosom? Attributes and aspirations which I did not know until thus aroused, pertained to man's nature. "Was it just and right, for the Friend's society to keep me ignorant of this most beautiful aspect of the world around me! Did it hope or expect that I would pass through life, relying on their statement of facts in relation to them—their vision of vice and sinfulness? Did it expect I was to see nothing for myself? Did it expect that they could so mislead my judgment and common sense that, seeing, I could not judge for myself, and draw my own deductions? Vice, evil, wickedness—what were these? Did they exist in a fearful vortex that we dare not approach, lest we fall in? I felt that I had been deceived, and that trusting, my mind had been abused and cramped, clogged and burdened by those whose duty it was to enlighten, elevate, expand and develope it.

"Was I a groveling creature, without any moral force or character? Had I no self-sovereignty, no self-respect? or, leaving these had I no self-reliance, no moral courage? Could I not be trusted with gold lest I might steal? or, being trusted, must I be watched? Dare I not look upon vice lest I sin? Is this the estimate that the Freinds' meeting set upon the moral faith and the moral force of its disciples? Then, indeed must the authors, who devised such a system, have know but little of the higher and nobler side of human nature, and must have been guided by corrupt hearts, which judged their fellow creatures from their own standpoint of humanity—their experience in yielding to the seductions of vice, and temptations of sin. To the true casuist, the purely virtuous, the noble and well balanced spirit, governed by an enlarged system of ethics, vice and sin can present no temptation Does not the pure and self-reliant moralist know that he can pass uncontaminated through the most infamous dens of vice? Many churchmen think otherwise. Are the disgusting revels of vice and the obscene orgies of sin so pleasent and inviting to the churchman that he dare not trust himself in their heated atmosphere? It would appear so, inasmuch as he will not trust others in like circumstances. Does he judge mankind by his own weakness? If he does, then he does humanity great injustice, for mankind are powerful, and well guarded in their purity, by moral strength, and not, like him, begging the aid of his neighbors to keep his footsteps in the path of virtue. In the great masses of the human family there are few so weak as he. He who will not trust his brother in the presence of vice, ought not to be trusted himself under any circumstances of temptation, by others. The weapon of morality against vice is self-reliance, its strength is confidence in its own perfection and moral elevation, and its crown of reward is self-approval.

"At last morning came. Then came the breakfast. I ate nothing. Then came my father's reprehension for keeping late hours and sleeping on the hay of damp nights. Then came my good mother's propitiation in these gentle yet significant words.

"'Hezakiah, thee very well knowest that youths at the age of our Barnabas, especially, when they take to learning as Barnabas, to all appearance, incline, are oftentimes visited with nights of restlessness, and necessarily seek the open air'

"Little did they know how late I returned from the village, nor of the night of agonizing vigil I had passed.

"My mother prepared my dinner-basket, and bade me depart for school.

"Rapidly and impatiently I performed my morning walk of two miles to the village. I did not go to the school house. I hastened to the Green Tree Inn and took my position under the window. There I stood until noon, delighted and yet saddened by the music within. At noon I seated myself upon the door-step of the hall. Here I sat until evening. My dinner remained untouched in my basket.

"Evening again came on. The villagers again began to gather to the show. The door-keeper came to me, and, handing me a half-dollar, in an under tone said,

"'Run, my man, to the store and bring me four pounds of candles, and I will let you into the show.'

"I grasped the money, bounded to the store and returned with the candles, almost breathless. The door-keeper took the candles, opened the door and bade me go in. I went in.

"I stood in utter amazement. I shrunk back into insignificance, and, to an extent, lost my own individuality, as I gazed upon the wax forms arranged along the walls of the large room. Here stood Washington, commanding in his princely figure, and grand in his dignified expression and features. There stood General Harrison confronting the swathy Tecumseh, offering the little son of the prophet, his brother, as a hostage for his own return to captivity as prisoner of war. There stood the boy still clinging to the chieftain, his dark, upturned features marked with an expression of terror, as he gazed into the face of the white man, who was to take him into custody. It was General Harrison, veritably, for I had often seen that distinguished man, and knew his features well. And this was General Harrison, only it did not breath, move and speak. On this side lay the corpse of Captain Lawrance on a lowly bier. At the head of the bier stood his weeping widow. This was the form I had seen for a moment the evening before. How sorrowful it was! Grouped around this figure were three children. The smallest of these beautiful children was gazing into the mother's face of sorrow and grief, with an expression of wonder impressed upon its innocent countenance. On the other side stood Columbus in antique costume. His eye appeared to be looking beyond, and to penetrate space in search of a new world. I could describe many other figures, nay, all that were there, as if it were but yesterday I saw them, with the impressions they naturally made upon my young mind. But it is useless.

"A good organ, such as is now used in small churches, occupied one corner of the room, upon which an excellent musician performed, admirably.

"There and then I caught my first inspirations of art. From that show of wax figures I carried away with me the key which opened to me the mysteries of art, and which afterwards, led me to success as a sculptor.

"These figures were extraordinary. They were the initial utterances of genius. They were the early efforts of a man who has marked the age with his name, and has marked America among the nations by his genius, Hiram Powers. Through these efforts I caught the fire of his inspiration. I waited long for its deveopement. But at last it glowed, boiled in my veins, and burnt its way into my brain. It impressed itself upon my spirit, and became a part of my being.

"I bought a flute. I recalled the melodies the organist had performed, and repeated them on my flute in the still mid-night, and in the deep forest in the rear of my father's farm. On it I imitated the organ tones, and fancied their full harmonies in the low whisperings of the calm forest. I grew melancholy. I longed for solitude. I found it in the stillness of night, and the quiet of the forest where no voices interrupted me save the echoes of my own flute. I confronted my own spirit, and wrestled with my own genius. I met those complex moral problems in the moral philosophy of life, which have baffled many of the most learned and earnest casuists, and solved them to my own satisfaction. In my self-ordeal, and the abnegation such an ordeal involves, if I did not pray, I wept. If I did not sue for light, I commanded it. The light came at length, like a long pent up fountain at last freed, leaping—gushing—sparkling and pure. If I was not happy, I was triumphant. I knew my own purposes and felt my own strength. I was free. I was a metaphysical conqueror.

"I dug blue clay from the bank of the brook. Of this I modeled hands and heads, and fancied their resemblance to the Washington, the Columbus, the Bonaparte, and other figures of the wax exhibition.

"Ah! no one can know the triumphs of genius, as form and features gradually grow out of the plastic clay, but those, only, who have suffered the burning sacrifices of its consuming inspirations.

"I played the flute in the silent night, and modeled forms in the depth of the forest, of the native clay, until I was twenty-one years old. The autumn rains and the winter frosts demolished my forms in their hiding places in the woods. My father found and destroyed my best models, at one time, and whipped me most severely for making 'vain and wicked images.' I cared not for the whipping, for with his religious views, it was his duty to whip, but I wept for my 'images,' for they were creatures of my own spirit—'flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone.' They were born of my utility, shaped by my inspiration and baptized with my genius.

"At twenty-one I went to Europe, where, under the instruction of the noble Thorwalsden, I soon became eminent as a sculptor. You know the rest of my history as an artist."

Barney Hagerman refilled his pipe, and lighting it, resumed the perusal of the Detroit *Free Press*, when I interrupted him with the following inquiry:

"But how did Friend Ezra Cracraft treat your disobedience of his injunction?"

"O yes," replied Barney, "we had a fair breeze of it. When I returned to school, Ezra ordered me to stand up, which order I obeyed. I stood up. Ezra addressed me as follows:

"'Barnabas, thou hast most perversely and flagitiously disobeyed my solemn injunction, and, contrary thereunto, hast wantonly visited the vile show of wicked and vain things. What hast thou to say, if anything, why I should not inflict the penalty which thy contumacy demands?'

"'I have this to say,' I replied, 'that thee has uttered a vile falsehood. The show was not a vain show of dolls and pupits formed of beeswax, as thee represented to thy pupils most falsely. What has thee to say, Friend Ezra, to this most wicked and reprehensible falsehood?'

"'Impudent boy! does thee dare to call me a liar?' returned he.

"'I dare to speak the truth at all times,' said I 'thou art a liar, and the truth is not in thee.'

"'Verily, Barnabas, I will thrash thee,' returned Ezra, his cheek burning with anger, notwithstanding his effort to supress it, and to command a coolness that his agitation contradicted.

"'I do defy thee to lay a finger on me,' continued I, 'I may hurt thee a little while thee hurts me much Remember, the battle is not always unto the strong, nor the race unto the swift. So now I warn thee, Ezra, not to touch a hair of my head.'

"I stood by a window. Below the window was a deep excavation, originally designed for a celar, which was at this time filled with mud and water from the recent rain. Ezra advanced, and, as he made a stroke towards me with the long rod he held in his hand, I leaped forward, and seizing him around the middle, he being a small, thin man, with an effort, I tossed him through the window, headforemost into the mud hole below."

"'Well done, Barney,' said Annie Cyphers, as, within the next minute, I gathered up my books, took my hat and left the school-room.

"Since then I have never been a day at school; nor have I ever been a day at Quaker meeting but once; and that was at a monthly meeting when Rueben Mitton had his trial, and lost his birth-right in the Society.

"But, there, I have talked till my pipe has gone out. Please hand me a match."

Barney re-lighted his pipe, and resumed the *Free Press*, while I gazed at his handsome and noble features, marked by calm and placid benignity, and simple, yet dignified humanity. Benevolent, pure, lofty Barney Hagerman!

CHIPS.

We are in receipt of a copy of the *Traverse Bay Eagle*, containing a "*protest against the recent attack of the Grand Traverse Congregational Conference upon Freemasonry*," signed by something less than two hundred of the members of the fraternity. We do not give the resolutions a place in our journal, from the fact that we do not regard the *game* as worth the ammunition it would require to kill it. The five hundred thousand Masons of the United States, including the leading citizens of the country—Presidents, clergymen, physicians, tradesmen, farmers and mechanics, this fact alone is a continual refutation, and a standing protest against the attacks made upon our institution. The reply of the Paddy, when kicked by the mule,—"the dirthy baste didn't know any bether"—is all we should advise in such cases. Masonry needs no defense. She lives in a pure atmosphere far above the reach of her revilers.

A NEW Masonic hall, beautifully furnished, has recently been completed at Elk Rapids, Mich. The order is in a flourishing condition in that place.

BROTHER A. T. METCALF, of this city, our M. W. Grand Master, who has proved himself an efficient and deserving officer, and industrious to a proverb, has recently been much out of health, but is now so far recovered as to be able to discharge his customary labor. We hope to give an article from him in our next issue. His official decisions will appear from time to time in in this magazine.

We have another prose article from Mrs. Ada Power, which will appear soon. Mrs. Power is a niece of Grace Greenwood, and writes with a ready pen. Her communications are always welcome.

We are in receipt of the Proceedings of Grand Masonic Bodies East, West and South. Many thanks to Grand Secretaries. We send The Michigan Freemason, in exchange to every Grand Jurisdiction in the United States. Will those who have not forwarded the published proceedings of their Jurisdictions please remember us?

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LETTER FROM BRO. JAMES FENTON, R. W. GRAND SECRETARY.

We have received the following very complimentary letter from the Grand Secretary, Bro. James Fenton. We thank him much for his words of encouragement, and shall be the better qualified to discharge the duties before us, when assured that our work has the approbation of such zealous and intelligent Masons.

Grand Lodge of F. & A. Masons of Michigan.
Office of the Grand Secretary.
Detroit, March 26th, A. L. 5870.

Messers. Chaplin, Ihling & Rix.—*Bretheren*:—I beg to acknowledge the regular receipt of "The Michigan Freemason." I have read the numbers with interest, and must congratulate you on your success, in preparing for the intelligent craftsmen of the jurisdiction, a Magazine every way worthy of their attention, and which, I doubt not, will become a very household word among the membership of our numerous Lodges.

"That your career may be more and more prosperous is the sincere wish of

Yours very truly and fraternally,
Jas. Fenton, Grand Secreary.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. I.—MAY, A. L. 5870.—NO. XI.

MASONS AND ANTI-MASONS.

The loftiest oaks are most exposed to the storm; the proudest positions in life are most pervious to the assaults of envy and malice. And if this be true, as a rule, in the material operations of nature, and in the existence of individuals, it may be readily traced in the history of religions philosophies, and political systems.

Every form of belief has been assailed with the sharpest weapons of criticism—every metaphysical dogma has been questioned and opposed—every theory of civil policy has met with deadly foes.

It need. not surprise us, under these circumstances, to find that an institution like Freemasonry should be received with dislike and antagonism by a section of the community. Some fancy that it interferes with their cherished religious opinions—others that it circumscribes their ideas and actions within the limited sphere of the Fraternity—while others imagine that it is a frivolous amusement in which sensible men can take no pleasure. Of late years considerable attention appears to have been diverted to the subject of the real antiquity of the Craft, and recently our interesting contemporary *Notes and Queries* has had several communications from contributors upon this head. Indeed one personage—whose name it is unnecessary to introduce here—has become quite rabid in his attacks upon Freemasonry. He denies its claims to veneration on the score of age, and asserts that the Gormogons were more ancient, and quite as respectable as the Freemasons, although he holds that both indulged in silly and absurd ceremonies. We confess that our knowledge of the Gormogons is extremely limited—we believe that they practiced some absurd rites as a preliminary to conviviality, and possibly excess, but the extraordinary part of the foolish writer's comparison is that he likens an Order which has spread over the four quarters of the globe to a society which never emerged from the city of its birth, and whose very name is now merely a peg upon which so-called antiquarians would fain hang their speculations. Surely such reasoning is most inconsequent and illogical. No greater compliment can be paid to the Masonic Institution, than to show that it has survived all the Gormogons, the Gregorians, the Jerusalem Sols, and other spurious imitations of our Order which flourished for a brief space during the past century. These associations had, we will grant, the same chance of success as Freemasonry—where are they now? Buried for ever in the dust of oblivion—and why? Because their principles were ephemeral, and their practices merely festive and social. Freemasonry, whether it be really of Jewish origin, or a development of the operative sodalities of the middle ages, possesses in its laws, its precepts, and its results, an infinite capacity for good; it is in harmony with all the nobler impulses of being—it is, so to speak, a similitude of that more perfect state of humanity for which all earnest thinkers yearn and strive. Such an institution needs no defenders in a free country, and we must therefore condemn those well-meaning brethren who enter the lists to do battle with its profane opponents, especially in the columns of a secular newspaper.

Our ancient regulations teach us that we are not to engage in controversy with the uninitiated world upon the merits or demerits of the Craft, and experience shows that little advantage is to be derived from pursuing an opposite course.

It is, besides, a proof of great presumption on the part of these self-appointed advocates, who in all probability lack in essential particulars the qualifications for a victorious encounter with the foe. The Craft will not have any more of this *dilletante* championship, and we therefore advise our friends to withdraw at once from the controversy which has arisen in the pages of our contemporary. Freemasonry has outlived more serious menaces, and a body which can defy the once omnipotent power of Rome need not fear the paper pellets of an obscure scribbler

Let it be remembered that in America our brethren have had to pass through the fiery ordeal of persecution; that men are still alive who can recollect the anti-Masonic excitement caused by the disappearance of the infamous Morgan, and that for years the anti-Masons assumed a distinctive name, and fought bitterly against the very existence of the Craft in the United States.—Can a better commentary upon their mad and miserable efforts be made, than to point to the unparalleled position which the Masonic Order now holds in America! For one temple of Freemasonry that existed in the great Republic in 1825, there are now twenty, for every Mason there are now a hundred, and persecution and obloquy have not only signally failed to destroy the immortal fabric of the Craft, but have tended to consolidate and strengthen the power of the Order in the hearts of mankind.

Let the heathen rage; our trust is not in our ceremonies—beautiful, sublime as they are—it is the *principles* of Freemasonry in which we glory, and they are pinnacled high above the clouds and storms of time. Let us ever march onward in this spirit, regarding neither the slaves of superstition on the one hand, nor the children of foolish envy on the other. Our mission is to do good upon earth, and every son of Adam will be welcomed into our fraternal circle, if he obeys the divine behest, "Ask, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." But we have no desire to drag reluctant votaries to our altars; they must come of their own free will and accord, and if any man chooses another path, it is no part of our creed to revile or persecute him.

We can therefore, safely leave the insufferable folly, not to say insolence, of those who ignorantly deride our institution, to the calm and impartial verdict of public opinion, premising that it is but a shallow evidence of learning and research in any individual, to confound Freemasonry—under whose canopy men of every nation work and teach—with those mushroom societies of tavern wits, the Gregorians or Gormogons of the eighteenth century.—*The Freemason, London.*

TRUE WEALTH.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY.

CHAPTER XI.

On the fifteenth day of September, Mrs. Preston sat alone under the walnut tree, in front of her cottage. The lamb, having out-lived the friskings and gambols of the spring time, gazed sedately, in the shadow of the old tree. There was a dreary stillness, a hushed quiet in the air, that was only broken by the low monotonous hum of the bee as it gathered sweets from a few straggling white clover blossoms among the lawn grass. The stillness was enhanced, rather than interrupted by the distant stroke ofthe carpenter's hammer,in the village below, as it came floating up the mountain side, mellowed and softened into a gentle music tone.

The wiered silence was at last broken by a shrill whistle from the deep revine, into which, the path that led across the stile, descended The whistle was repeated by a dozen echoes, sent back from the high mountain ledges on the thither side of the deep gorge. Mrs. Preston, turned her head and listened, until the last echo had died away in the distance, still higher up the mountain. The whistle was several times repeated, with the like effect. This was followed, by a strong male voice, in a high key. This voice sung, or rather chanted, a couplet from a wild chorus, peculiar to the native music of the colored mountaineers of that district. It ran thus:

Hio. hio, jibeny jibeny jay;
Jibeny jibeny kio.

This strange chant, was echoed from the cliffs, along the mountain, until the last distant sound died away as softly, and as gently as the expiring whispering of the Eolean harp. The voice continued to repeat this chorus, as it advanced up the narrow foot-path towards the stile. At last, an old colored man appeared. He crossed the stile, and approached the lady, as she sat in the shade of the walnut tree. He removed his hat and made a low obeisance as he presented a letter, and said:

"It is from Massa Charles. Miss Ella giv'd it to me down at de school house. She told me to tell you dat she opened de letta, an read it all over, for fear Missus might tink ole Dangy opened it."

"That is kind of you Dangy;" said Mrs Preston. "Here, take this to buy a trifle for Aunt Rachael;" at the same time presenting a piece of money.

"No tanke, Missus. Ole Dangy wo'nt take nuffin from ole Missus. Ole Dangy ha'int got so low as dat, yet;" replied the old man, and, again bowing, he put on his hat, re-crossed the stile, and disappeared down the path that led into the deep ravine.

Mrs. Preston opened the letter and read as follows:

Baltimore, September 9th, 17—

"*My Dear Mother:*

Until recently, I had always supposed that the older we grew, the wiser we became. As I grow older, I become the more deeply impressed with the mortifying truth, that I know very little, indeed;—in fact, that I know nothing. When I first came to this great city, I felt deeply impressed with my own importance, and could plainly perceive that the world could not move along very well without me. I knew enough, then, to walk into the banking house of a millionnaire and demand employment, with a measure of assurance which savored very strongly of the compulsory enforcement of a right I do not know enough to do the same thing now, were it necessary. By some most singular fortune, perhaps accident, or caprice, I was successful in obtaining what I demanded. My success I attributed to the natural course of events, and was not, in the least, surprised that it should be so. I felt a confidence. and a degree of consequence, that I have not since experienced. My mind soon reacted. I lost my assurance, and my self-importance. I became timid and distrustful of myself, and of all my associations and surroundings. When at the very acme of doubt, distrust, and want of confidence in humanity—when just ready to draw the conclusion that all human action was prompted by venile selfishness—when on the very verge of misanthropy, a new light shone before me. A new fountain opened in my pathway, gushing with the pure waters of truth. I saw at once, that man was man, and I became proud of my relation to the human family. In this new light, how grand and how sublime humanity appeared. In how humble, almost insignificant relation did I appear to myself, in contemplating my own individuality, in the great moral aggregate!

I wrote to you, that I sent my petition for initiation into the Lodge of Freemasons, through Mr. McLean. It was accepted. Judge of my surprise, and of the importance the institution of Freemasonry assumed in my estimation, where, upon being introduced into the Lodge, I found my employer, Mr. Wilson, the millionnaire, presiding in the chief office of the Lodge, assisted by Mr. McLean, who filled the second official position.

My Dear Mother, I can now understand how it was, when you became a widow, and I an orphan, that, in the night time, when we were asleep upon our pillows, the *fairies* brought us our daily bread. I can also understand, why it was that you enjoined it upon me, when I left home to seek my fortune, to join the fraternity of Freemasons.

I will commence now, in this great city where there is so much suffering, (as I have the means,) to repay to the *fairies* the debt you and I owe them, by doing unto others, as others have done unto us. I have already commenced the work. The effect that the practice of charity has upon the mind, is beautiful. It soothes a feverish brow, and makes a soft pillow when one retires to rest. These acts of humanity, I have found, while they draw the tear of gratitude to the eye of the suffer, also draw angels around our nightly couch. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

When I was a little boy, you showed me an apron with a compass and square upon it. If you still have it, please, Mother, save it for me. I did not understand it then; now I do. I would now regard it as a sacred treasure.

I have changed my boarding house. I now ocupy far more respectable lodgings than I could afford before my promotion in the bank. There are several of the exiled French noblemen with their families, boarding at the same place. This gives me the benefit of exercises in conversations, and French literature.

These ladies and gentlemen are very polite to me, and treat me with a courtesy and consideration which, I am quite sure, I do not merit.

These ladies and gentlemen are very elegant and accomplished in their manners and personal deportment. Two of the young ladies are very handsome; but, in this respect, they do not compare, I think, with Miss Ella Wilson, my employer's daughter. She is very beautiful. I have not become much acquainted with her. I spent an evening at her father's. She was very polite. Her father gave his clerks a dinner at which she presided as hostess. I presume she would not reognize me, when released from the obligations of hospitality. I never forget that she is an heiress, and I, a poor, ignorant country boy.

I do not know how it is, but, as I grow older, my diffidence, and bashfulness among ladies, increases. These young French ladies, are very polite to me, but my diffidence is a great barrier to a free and unrestrained intercourse. I have promised to accompany them to the theatre some of these evenings. They do not understand a word of the English language. I will be their gallant to the theatre. I will do the best I can at playing the gentleman. I cannot say how I will succeed.

I am accused of being proud and exclusive, by my fellow boarders, because I do not engage with greater freedom, in our domestic evening entertainments. These entertainments are, conversations, music, cards and chess, and rarely close until one o'clock at night. I do not wish to be so considered by them, for there is much truth in the remark of Massilon, "*C'est etre faible et timide que d' etre inaccessible et fier,*" and therefore, I would be considered barely ignorant and awkward, rather than weak. I dislike weakness in a man, and respect a certain kind of strenght in a woman. I mean a force or power, which manifests itself through a gentle, yet independent will, rather from accident or necessity, than choice or predetermination. Yet, I am but a boy and know very little of the world. I fear I never will know much of it. When I contemplate the sealed books, containing the wonderful mysteries of natural science, that challenge our solution, it seems to me, that we have so little time to learn, that, with Faust's student I exclaim;

"*Ach Gott! die kunst ist lang*
Und kurtz ist anser Leben."

How strange it seems to me, to be separated from you and little Ella so long. But my position in the bank is now of such a nature, that even one day's absence would quite derange, if not entirely suspend its interior operations. You see, by this, I cannot make you a visit yet.

Keep Ella at her French studies. You say she is fond of these studies, and that you tire of her jargon of mixed French and English. I suppose it is trying, still, I pray you, tolerate it, and encourage her in her studies.

My Dear Mother, as I can now command the means to make you comfortable, and to give my dear little sister a finished education, I do beg you to spare no expense to effect either object, fully and completely.

If Ella is a little wild and hoidenish, do not restrain her too much; nay, indulge her in this disposition, until it approaches rudeness. The indulgence of this peculiarity is necessary to her proper mental and physical developement. This disposition in the child, bespeaks the high spirit of the woman. As she advances into womanhood, this spirit will tone down and modify into a modest, yet brilliant propriety. I have no fear for dear Ella. Her wildness is evidence of a happy temperament, innocent thoughts, and a pure gem of a cheerful woman. Madame Estephena Countess De Mont Martre, one of the French fugetives, a widow only twenty years old, whose husband, Count De Mont Martre, was guillotined a year ago, in Paris, sits opposite me at the dinner table, every day. She laughs, almost incessantly. Her laugh is so easy, so natural, and so cheerful, that it enhances every charm of her personal beauty, (for she is very handsome, and very elegant,) and gives a brilliant piquancy to her character as a woman. Her cheerful, easy laugh, often provokes me into sympathetic rissbility, which she considers quite a triumph, for she styles me her "*garcon de humor triste*," without suspecting that it is bashfulness instead of sadness, that keeps my true disposition under constant subjection, and my conduct under constant restraint. How much better it would be, for me, had I a dash of Ella's vivacity and freedom.

Farewell, my mother and Ella dear, till I hear from you again. Your affectionate son and brother,

CHARLES.

On the same day that this letter was received and read by Mrs. Preston, under the old walnut tree in front of her cottage door, in the rural quiet of the mountain home, a more exciting scene transpired in the city of Baltimore, in which the writer of the touching letter performed a conspicuous part.

About ten o'clock, the sheriff of the county walked into the banking house of Mr Wilson, and summoned Charles Preston to appear forthwith in court, as a witness on the part of the commonwealth, against Richard Hartie, who stood indicted for the crime of burglary. Charles proceeded without delay, to the court house, in company with the sheriff.

The scene in the court room was a novel one to the young clerk, for it was the first time he had ever crossed the threshold of a court house. The black robe and curled wig of the judge, struck his mind as very imposing. The constables, with long poles, if not necessary to enforce respect for the constituted legal tribunal, served at least to give an important character, and an impression of dignity to it, as an embodiment of legal authority.

Richard Hartie was placed by the sheriff, in the prisoner's dock. He was caused to stand up, while the attorney for the commonwealth read the indictment, which charged Richard Hartie with having, with force and arms, felonously and burglarously, in the night time, broke and entered the banking house of Edward Wilson, contrary to the statute in such case, made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of the State of Maryland. To this indictment Richard returned the plea "*not guilty.*"

The appearance of Hartie was greatly changed since he was last seen in the apartment of Caroline Leighton, the night of the burglary. The remains of Caroline Leighton, the suicide, the faded flower, withered and crushed in the full glory of innocent beauty, had been denied an honorable burial within the consecrated precincts of the Chapel Cemetery. The cold clay, although still beautiful in the hushed and silent form, was but a mockery of the lowliness it had tabernacled before the gentle spirit had taken leave of its earthly house. A few colored field hands, under the direction of the coronor, had deposited the body of poor Caroline Leighton, without coffin or winding sheet, with the face downwards and the head towards the East, in a thicket of brambles by the road side, outside of the city limits. Alas, poor Caroline! Child of misfortune, victim of villainy and crime, may thy rest be as peaceful, and thy sleep as quiet, as if thy earthly remains lay beneath the sculptured marble, and the monumental stone, in holy ground. The superstition which denies thee these, cannot disturb thy calm repose.

The remains of the wife and child of Hartie, had received proper funeral rites within the public burying grounds of the city, by and at the expense of the proper municipal authorities. The Sisters of Mercy had provided for the comfort of little Freddie, at the Orphan's Home.

As Hartie sat in the court room, he appeared the mere shadow of a human being. His fine, curlly hair was neglected and tangled. His round, red face had shrunk away. His cheeks had fallen in, and hung in placid folds and wrinkles. A cold palor, peculiar to the prison atmosphere, enhanced the haggard meloncholy of his countenance. His skinny eye lids, hung heavily over his sunken and almost rayless eyes. A chill prison-damp clung to his forehead, which was bleached and bloodless, from exclusion from light and fresh air. His whole expression was dejected.

The jurors were empanelled and sworn. Charles Preston, started nervously, as his name was loudly called by an officer of the court. He sprang quickly to his feet, and was ordered by an officer into the witness stand. He was sworn, and delivered his evidence calmly and clearly.

His evidence was, in substance, that on the evening of the thirtieth of June, he left the bank at the usual hour;—that he locked the money vault and outside door, and carried the keys away with him; that he did not return to the bank until next morning at six o'clock, when he found the street door open. In the street door was a key which he produced in court. He found the vault door open, the lock of which was broken off. He found also, in the room, a small dark lantern, an iron crow, and a leathern sack containing several curious implements. These were produced and identified by him. He closed his evidence, and arose to descend from the stand. He turned towards the prisoner. Hartie raised his eyes towards Preston, timidly. Their eyes met. A tremor passed over the form of Hartie. A momentary red glow like the flash of lightning, darted from the eyes of Hartie, which indicated deep hatred and revenge. A blue ring encircled either eye. His lips turned deathly pale, quivered a moment, slowly parted, and curling outwards, showed his white teeth in a sardonic smile which was followed by a defiant grin. But this was momentary. His head fell to its former position, as he slowly turned away, and wiped a small bunch of white foam from the corners of his mouth.

Preston noticed this action of the prisoner, and felt a thrill of pity for him as he descended the steps and seated himself among the spectators in the gallery.

Mr. Gimlett was called to the stand and sworn as a witness. He said that on the evening of the thirtieth of June, as he was on his way to Mr. Wilson's private residence, upon an invitation to participate in an entertainment given that evening, by that gentleman to his clerks, he saw the prisoner on the street, in company with another villainous looking fellow, and suspected that they designed some mischief. He determined to follow their foot-steps. He traced them to a low drinking place in the city. From this place he traced them through a dark alley up to one of the more public streets; here he over-heard a conversation between these villains, from which he gathered the intention of the parties, and that they were planning a burglary upon the banking house of Mr. Wilson.

As the witness spoke of having traced them through the alley, Hartie exchanged insignificant looks with a large man with a black wig, large black whiskers, and a pair of green spectacles on his nose; who sat among the spectators.

Mr. Gimlett continued his evidence, and said, having become satisfied that the burglars intended to make an attempt upon the bank, that, by a private door he entered a secret room which commanded a view, through a painted window, of the room into which the vault door opened when properly lighted. Mr. Gimlett. then proceeded as follows:

"I had not been long in the secret room, when I heard parties enter the street door. Then they came into the vault room and soon afterwards made a light. I then saw the prisoner and his comrade plainly. The other man I do not know. They broke the lock and threw open the vault door. I then left the private room, by a back way, intending to get around to the street door, shut it, and turn the key upon the burglars, call assistance and capture them both. They must have heard me leave the room, for as I came out of the alley upon the street, they both escaped at the front door, and ran down the street. I pursued them until they seperated at the first corner. I then followed one of them, until he ascended a flight of outside stairs, and disappeared in a room at the rear of the stairs."

"Do you know which of the burglars it was? enquired the prosecuting attorney.

"Yes sir. It was Richard Hartie, the prisoner."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him through the key-hole."

"Was he alone in the room?"

"He was not."

"Who was with him?"

"A young woman that I did not know at that time."

"Have you since heard her name?"

"I have, I believe."

"What was the name?"

"Caroline Leighton."

"Was that the room in which a young woman was found dead, on the morning afterwards?"

"It was."

"Was the young woman the same?"

"She was."

"Did you see the body after the suicide?"

"I did. It was the same woman I saw in the room with the prisoner."

"What took place between her and the prisoner?"

"Nothing that would throw any light upon the burglary."

"You are not to be judge of that, Mr. Gimlett. You will please state what took place, and the jurors will determine whether it throws any light on the subject or not."

"A conversation between the woman and the prisoner took place."

"Relate the conversation."

A counsel for the prisoner, arose and objected to a relation of the conversation unless the witness first stated that it related to the burglary, or, unless he first indicated the nature of the conversation. Mr. Gimlett replied:

"The conversation satisfied me, that the unfortunate young woman was ignorant of the burglary, and also ignorant, until that day, that she was not the lawful wife of the prisoner. I discovered from the conversation, that she had first learned, that day, that the prisoner had another wife, and two children. There was not a word spoken between them in relation to the burglary."

"You say that you did not know the other burglar; can you describe him?"

"He was a bad lookieg man. He was a man of a large physical frame, he had broad, square shoulders, a short neck, sandy hair and whiskers, a pimply face, aud a thick hissing voice."

"Do you see him in the court room?"

Mr. Gimlett cast his eyes over the mass of faces turned towards him, inquiringly. As his eyes slowly passed from side to side, in searching scrutiny, they at last rested on the face of the individual of the green spectacles and black wig. Upon the face of this man he gazed steadily for nearly a minute, when he was interrupted by this question, from the prosecuting attorney:

"Do you recognize any one that resembles him?"

"I cannot say that I do."

After a long and anxious cross-examination, the evidence of Mr. Gimlett was closed, and the prosecution rested the case.

A slight commotion pervaded the audience, and many an indignant frown was bent upon Hartie, as in his evidence, Mr. Gimlett detailed the parts which showed that Hartie had been the deciever of the unfortunate Caroline Leighton.

The prisoner raised his haggard face, and slowly turning his head, gazed with a vacant stare upon the many faces fixed in disgust upon him. He appeared to arouse a moment, as from a dream, and then, drooping his head again, he fixed his eyes upon the floor.

The counsel for the prisoner now opened his defense to the jury. He claimed that the two witnesses for the prosecution, Preston and Gimlett, had conspired to ruin the prisoner. He said the prisoner had formerly some employment in the same house with the witnesses. That, through jealousy, or some other improper influence, they had so prejudiced the mind of Mr. Wilson, their employer, against the prisoner, that through cunning machinations, and by taking advantages of Mr. Wilson's prejudicies, they had caused the discharge of the prisoner from the employment of the banker. Not content with this injustice, and having driven the prisoner out of employment, they had devised and preconcerted this pretended burglary, as a master-piece of villainy against his client;—that both witnesses being still employed in the bank, they could command the whole field of operations. They could break open the vault door, leave doors unlocked, and make such other arrangements in and about the building, as would favor the idea that a burglary had been committed, and false testimony, through their own perjury, would crown and consummate their own villainy, and the ruin of the prisoner. He said there was a wise and a just providence manifested in all things, and that through this divine provision, he would be enabled to cantradict the evidence of the witness, Gimlett, by showing that his client was not in the city of Baltimore on the night of the pretended burglary, but, that he spent that night at a town several miles from the city, and that, therefore, the evidence of the witness Gimlett, must be false.

The counsel for the prisoner, resumed his seat, and called Henry S. Grew. The man of the green spectacles arose, ascended the witness stand, and was sworn; then came the examination by the following questions put by the previous counsel, and their respective answers by the witness:

"Where do you reside?"

"In the city of Philadelphia."

"Do you know the respondent?"

"Who do you mean?"

"The prisoner at the bar, there."

"O, yes, Dicky Corkscrew;—yes, I know him."

"Did you see him on the night of the thirtieth of June last?"

"Yes, he staid all night at the red tavern on the turnpike. I know he staid all night, for, you see I slept in the same bed with him all night; so, you see I know he staid all night at the tavern, and we ate breakfast together the next morning."

"What is your business?"

"I am a hog drovyer."

"You say that you and the prisoner at the bar, slept together all night at the red tavern, on the turnpike. How far is it from the city to the red tavern?"

"About four miles."

The witness was examined by the attorney for the commonwealth, who asked the following questions, and received the following answers:

"You say you slept with the prisoner on the night of the thirtieth of June?"

"Yes sir."

"May not the prisoner have arisen in the night, while you were asleep, have come to the city, and have returned before morning?"

"No sir, I know he did'nt."

"How do you know he did not, while you were asleep?"

"Because I did'nt go to sleep; we both kept awake all night."

"What were you doing?"

"O, a talken."

"What were you talking about?"

"Well, we were talking about hogs."

The cross examination closed, and the witness resumed his seat.

At the first word spoken by this witness after he had taken the stand, Mr. Gimlett smiled, and, approaching the prosecuting attorney, whispered with him a momeat. Upon the close of the examination, the attorney for the prisoner rested the defense.

Mr. Gimlett was recalled to the witness stand, by the prosecutor, and his examination resumed as follows:

"Since you left the stand, have you recognized the person you saw in the bank on the night of the thirtieth of June, in company with the prisoner?"

"I think I have."

"Is he present in the court room?"

"I think he is."

"Can you point him out?"

"I think, if you will remove the wig, spectacles and false whiskers of the witness last upon the stand, you will find that that individual answers the description I gave of the comrade of the prisoner."

The judge directed the sheriff to take the witness into his custody, remove his wig and spectacles, and ascertain whether he was under a disguise or not.

The sheriff arose and approached the man of the wig and spectacles. The man arose to his feet, drew a large knife, and bade the sheriff not to approach him. The sheriff seized him. The man resisted. A brisk tussle ensued. The sheriff, with the aid of his under officers, who came to his assistance, overcame, disarmed and hand-cuffed his opponent. In the scuffle, the man lost his wig and spectacles.

The sheriff removed the large black whiskers of the man, when the villain was immediately recognized by all the officers of the court, and nearly every one in the house. It was Bildad Swedge, an old offender, who had already been convicted of two felonies in that court, and had suffered the penalty of perjury and burglary.

After the charge of the court, the jurors, without retiring from their box, returned the verdict of *guilty* against Richard Hartie.

There is a mystery in crime. In its action, there is an incomprehensible problem that requires much of wisdom to solve. It appears that crime possesses a charm or romance, to minds of a certain particular constitution, which seduces and fascinates as if through an irresistable spell. It appears that this class of minds choose the path of crime, to attain the same objects which may be more easily reached by legitimate, and more laudable means.

The path of life lay fairly open before Richard Hartie. He was supported by a wife's affection, and ought to have found an incentive to integrity, and a stimulous to industry, in the dependency of his tender and innocent offspring. He had the advantage of social position, and a fair name.

Richard Hartie plunged into crime from choice. He placed the scorpion in his own bosom, to gnaw at his own heart-strings. He was not satisfied with life, until he applied the asp to the naked flesh, the fire-brand to the throbing brain, and the poisonous nepenthe to the coursing veins.

By deceit and falsehood, he robbed innocence of its charm, life of its rest, affection of its blessing, and hope of its brigh beam. He led purity into the pathway of shame. He prepared the poisonous cup for the lips of the suicided. By neglect he brought his wife and child to a pauper's grave.

Richard Hartie's experience in life was now complete. He had exhausted the romance of life, and could now appreciate the howlings of the fiend that goes hand in hand with crime--the bitter gnawings of his own conscience. He had shaken hands with the dark angel of remorse. Richard was baptised in guilt; he had nothing yet to learn. He had solved the phenomena of guilt, with its society of hissing serpents, and his experience of life was consummate.

Could this experience be bought at the expense of the one who seeks it, only, it would not be so great a matter; but alas! he is not the only sufferer. This knowledge is obtained through the sacrifice of affection and innocence, Into their bosoms, the poisonous drops fall, sickening and chilling as the cold iron. In this piteous sacrifice, dwells the charming, the exquisite romance of crime.

REPLY TO "ROCK OR WEATHERCOCK."

Superstition is promulgated either by a consciencious fanatic, — an unscrupulous fanatic,—or a hypocrite. The first believes that it is necessary to the salvation of every man's soul, to believe that John Smith saw a ghost, and that it is his duty to exhort every one to believe it. He is sincere in his belief, entertains no harsh feeling against the disbeliever, but endeavors by prayers, exhortations and arguments, to convince people of the truth of the miracle, by his own firm belief in the veracity of John Smith, and would glory in martyrdom in behalf of his doctrine. The second, believes equally firm in the truth of the miracle, and of its soul-saving quality, hates every disbeliever in it as an enemy to true religion, and when baffled by argument, he will quibble, misrepresent, and even resort to down-right lying. The third, does not believe in a ghost story but the story pays, for having once believed it, pride combined with love of power, or other self-interest, will induce him to defend it with all the arts peculiar to the hypocrite. To which of those three classes, the defenders of Masonic superstition belong, let the reader judge.

The difference between the *superstitious* and *rational*, is this: The former mistake useless ceremonies, observances, laws or practices, for necessary ones. The latter inquires whether those laws, practices, etc, are beneficial or injurious. With the former, laws and practices may be ever so absurd, and ever so injurious to society; if they are old, and supported by a long string of opinions or authorities, he will fight for their continuance. With the latter, if laws or usages are found to be unjust, he will expose the injustice, and urge their abrogation. Such being the case, I shall now proceed to show that the idea of irremovable Masonic landmarks, as understood by my opponent, is a *superstition*, and that his so called landmark of "sound limb," may prove both injurious to the fraternity, and unjust to individuals; and if so, that landmark, or so called landmark, ought to be abolished.

Bro. Rational rises in the Lodge, at the proper time, and proposes the Honorable so and so, or the Professor of such and such a college, as a Masonic candidate: The gentleman proposed is not only a man of the highest position and education, he not only knows more about geometry, civil engineering, architecture, history, etc, than all our lecturers and jurisprudence mongers, but he is also eminently virtuous, benevolent, and would be an ornament to our society. Up jumps Bro *Superstitious*, to announce that the said gentleman "has a glass eye," or what is worse, "he has a cork leg, which cannot be turned round so many degrees of a circle." The question now is, is that law which debars his admission, to be abolished?—Here is a case which not only deprives the Lodge the acquisition of a most useful and instructive member, but indirectly, the whole fraternity are losers thereby; and for that purpose I cited the case of Sir Walter Scott, whose association with the Masonic Brotherhood reflected more lustre on the institution, than all the landmark sticklers cited by H. M. L.

The sound limb law is not only injurious to our society, but is apt to be very unjust even to its own members. Here is a brother who paid a certain sum for the privileges of Masonry. After he received one or two degrees, he unfortunately lost a limb. That limb may have been sacrificed to save the lives of hundreds of human beings from a conflagration, a shipwreck, or in the service of his country. His bravery, selfsacrifice and disinterestedness, may have raised his reputation to the highest point, he may have been invested by universal exclamation with the highest office in the land. But in a Masonic Lodge, *superstition* sanctions, to stop his advancement, *to keep his money*, and to discard him as an unclean thing.

But that is not all, even where a Master Mason unfortunately looses a limb. According to the opinion of my unknown opponent, the Lodge that elected the brother with one arm, as W. M. outraged the laws of the Grand Lodge of Michigan.—Such may indeed be the laws of Michigan, but the man who undertakes to defend such laws, may well be ashamed to append his name to such absurd notions.

Having shown that the sound limb law was designed for operative, not speculative Masons, let us now trace the origin of the term "*landmark*." Moses very properly commanded not to remove a neighbor's landmark. Literally, it meant not to steal a neighbor's property. I may remove my own landmark, and sell or give part of my estate to my neighbor; but I must not stealthily remove my neighbor's landmark. Figuratively, it may mean any thing, and every thing. Solomon said, "remove not the landmarks which thy fathers set before thee;" and every *wiseacre*, and hankerer after every thing old for the want of better argument, will generally wind up with the quotation from proverbs. I, however, cannot infer from that proverb, that our ancestors must ever be regarded as infallible. For instance, Abraham's father worshipped idols; idol worship was then a landmark;—was Abraham wrong in departing from his father's landmark? The founder of Christianity departed from the landmarks of his fathers, will any Christian say that he was wrong in so doing? The usages or landmarks of Luther's ancestors were, to attend to mass, to go to confession, to abstain from meat on certain days, etc.; will any Protestant say that

Luther was wrong in departing from his father's landmarks? And so we may go on with all other sects that seceded from their father's landmarks. Or take the Constitution of the United States. Figuratively, it was often called a landmark, but when found necessary to alter some of its laws, have we not done so? Now, how absurd it would appear to sneer at the Constitution,and ask whether it is a "rock," or a "weather-cock?" The truth is, no society can exist for a long period without finding it necessary to alter or modify its laws. If that cannot be accomplished by legal and peaceful means, the society must either dissolve, or it must be changed by violence and revolution. Freemasonry is not an exception to this rule, and it would not have existed as long as it has, if it had not possessed and *exercised* the power of changing its laws from time to time; and I repeat, that there is no law, usage, or what is called landmark, that a Grand Lodge dare not abolish, when it finds that the said law has outlived its utility, and become a drag and hinderance to the progress and prosperity of the institution.[*] To show that I do not merely deal in assertions. permit me to quote from Bro. Findel's History of Masonry (second edition) some laws from the Strasburg Constitution, 1459. That document goes on to say: "Therefore to the praise and honor of almighty God, his worthy mother Mary, of all her blessed saints, and particularly the four holy crowned martyrs, and especially for the salvation of the souls of all persons who are of this fraternity, or who may hereafter belong to it, have we Craftsmen of Masonry, stipulated and ordained, for us and all our successors, to have a divine service yearly at the four holy festivals, and on the day of the four holy crowned martyrs, at Strasburg in the Minster of the high chapter in our dear lady's chapel, with vigils and soul masses after the manner to be instituted." Page 665.

Again. "No Craftsman or Master shall be received in the fraternity who goes not early to the communion, or who keeps not Christian disipline," * * * "but should any one be inadvertently accepted into the fraternity who does these things as aforesaid, then shall no master nor fellow keep fellowship with him." Etc.

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[*] H. M. L, after citing from real and *imaginary* old constitutions, that sound limb was formerly a law, concludes with, "yet Bro. Norton says the sound limb doctrine was unknown in England and Scotland." I never denied that it was an old law, but maintain, that it is not a landmark, and that there is not a word in the present English Constitution, or ritu s about either sound or maimed limb, or physical deformity.

Now, Brothers Editors of the Michigan Freemason, are there any American Masonic jurisprudence mongers,—even in Michigan, who care a button for what was "*stipulated and ordained for us, and all our successors,*" *etc.?* and are Masons now required to go early to the holy communion, etc? I know you will answer, even for the great Michigan authorities, that those ordinances and stipulations have no weight with them. Why then should the stipulations and ordinations of the 926 Constitution be regarded as more sacred than that of 1459? But the best of the joke is, that while the authenticity of the Strasburg document was never disputed, that of 926, is proved to be a mere *moonshine.* The fiction of the so-called Athelstan Charter, and of the Grand Lodge held in York in 926, was demonstrated by Brother Findel, and his demonstration is confirmed by Brother W. J. Hughan, Brother Buchan, Brother Murray Lyons, and other English brethren of distinction.

The fact is, my opponent mistook the nature of the question under discussion. Instead of bringing argument, he brought authorities, and authorities in this case can settle nothing. The question raised was not whether the doctrine of sound limb *was* a law, or *is* a law; but whether it is a useful, or injurious law; and if injurious, why not abolish it? Mackay, Hubbard, and a hundred quotations from Brother Look's book, could not make his case stronger. Who in Massachusetts cares for their mere opinions? If so many pages filled with opinions of self-constituted authorities amounted to anything, I could have swamped him with opinions and authorities of all the past Grand Masters and Grand Officers of Massachusetts, even that of the great Brother C. W. Moore. But, as already remarked, the question is not about a matter of fact, but of opinion, viz, is there such a thing as an irrepealable law? And mere authorities, (unless we have reason to believe they were inspired from above,) can settle nothing. For instance, the council of the most learned Christian ecclesiastics assembled in Rome, will decide that all past, present, and future Popes, were, are and will be, infallible. The most eminent Christian saints and Doctors, from time immemorial, no doubt, believed and taught that dogma. If H. M. L. is not a Roman Catholic, and believes not in the inspirations of church councils, will those authorities convince him that Popes are infallible? Now, as I do not believe that Grand Lodges ever were inspired by the Holy Ghost, all the Mackays, Hubbards, and Looks, cannot convince me that any law ever passed in G. L, must forever remain irrepealable.

Now let me come to matters of fact. H. M. L. disputes the fact of Scott's lameness, and asserts that Brother Brodie must have seen Scott when he (Scott) was old, etc. This is mere assertion. Brother Brodie knew Scott, "before Scott became famous;" he knew him about 1810 or 12, when Scott and Hogg, (the Elrick shepherd,) used to hold discussions on market days, in a public house in Selkirk. Scott was then sheriff of Selkirkshire, and Brother Brodie told me that he "had given many a pence to Scott and Hogg, to hear their discussions." This must have been when Scott was about 40 years of age, and in describing the "limping gait," Brother Brodie took a stick, put it into the hollow of his right foot and when so supported he raised the left. And to prove that Sir Walter Scott lost the use of his right leg before he became two years old, and that he remained lame for life, I refer the reader to the article "Scott," in the Encyclopedia Britannica, the English Encyclodedia, the new American Encyclopedia, or to Scott's autobiography in Lockhart's Life of Scott. I cannot indeed inform H. M. L. how many inches Scott's right leg was shorter than the left, nor do I know about the precise difference in the measurement of legs that would disable one to perform *every portion* of the Masonic work according to the Michigan jurisprudence standard. There can be no doubt, however, that most of the landmark sticklers quoted by my oppnent, would have rejected him.

And before finishing the subject, I must protest against the assertion of the Michigan Committee on the *maimed limb* question. They reported that "there was no discrepancy or disagreement among Masonic writers," with their own learned decission. Why, even H. M. L. himself, could have informed them, that besides C. W. Moore of Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts Constitution, there are other jurisdictions, both abroad and in this country, who differ with Michigan; and I am further informed that the Grand Lodge of Oregon recently sanctioned the decission of its Grand Master, that sound limb was not essential to speculative Masonry.

In conclusion, let me sum up my ideas on Masonic landmarks, and Masonic jurisprudence. Whatever conflicts with common sense, with truth, with justice, or any of those moral principles by which we aim, or should aim to unite the good and true, regardless of the difference of creed, nationality, politics or race, is not, and cannot be an irrepealable law. It may be the *law*, but it is not an irremovable landmark. And "Masonic jurisprudence" I understand to mean, Laws based on the principle, Do unto others, as you wish others, under similar circumstances, should do unto you.

Fraternally yours,
JACOB NORTON.

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AN ADROIT SWINDLER.

The Toledo *Blade* says that on Monday, 11th inst., the Masonic Board of Relief of that city developed another of those precious scoundrels who gain a livelihood by robbing the charitably inclined. The fellow gave his name as Augustus Lotterbeck, a Prussian by birth, and said he arrived in this country in February, 1867, landing at Baltimore. He gave the Board of Relief of Toledo a statement under oath, from which is condensed the following leading facts:

On his arrival at Baltimore he went to Washington, and thence to Cincinnati, and into Kentucky, and returned to Cincinnati on the 4th of July, 1867. At that city he made application to the Masonic Fraternity for relief, and obtained sufficient aid for his immediate necessities, Hanselman Lodge giving him $10, and the brethren contributing individually.

After a year's residence in Cincinnati he went to Columbus, where he obtained more money from the Masons, and in a few days left for Pittsburgh, where he arrived and was successful in raising money from the Fraternity, representing himself as in necessitous circumstances.

He then visited Philadelphia, New York, returned to Baltimore, and after a brief stay at each, and getting aid from Boards of Relief, he went to Washington, thence to Richmond, from which city he went to New Orleans, stopping at the principal cities on the way. and at each, he says, he obtained money from Masons. From the latter city he went to Texas, and during a few months' residence, applied for, and obtained admission into a Lodge, in Calvert, Texas.

Hitherto he had traveled on his nerve; subsequently, through great lack of caution on the part of the Lodge which received him, he had a Masonic reputation to work with. Almost immediately after his introduction into the Order he returned to New Orleans, and journeyed thence to Canton, Miss., Indianapolis, Lafayette, Michigan City, Chicago, Milwaukee, Grand Rapids, Detroit, and thence to Toledo, where he arrived Saturday evening, 9th. At each of these cities, and at less important places along the route, he applied for, and received aid, varying in sums from $2 to $10.

Early Sunday morning he called upon Messrs. R. E. Richards, C. M. Lang, M. O. Waggoner, J. L. Stratton, E. R. Finch, and L. H. Pike, to whom he stated that he wanted $10 to enable him to reach Buffalo, where he had friends. He represented to these gentlemen that he was in a destitute condition, but an examination into his resources showed that he possessed $29.65, which he had obtained at the places last visited by him.

From papers in the possession of Lotterbeck, it was ascertained that he commenced his travels with a letter issued to him as a member of the Evangelical Alliance, at Berlin; and that he had for some time imposed on other Orders than the Masons He had a large bundle of documents, among them, letters of recommendation to Masons, Odd Fellows, and members of other benevolent organizations; to Protestants and Catholics, from all of whom he doubtless recieved aid. That he has pursued his calling earnestly, and persistently, his memorandum book affords abundant proof. When Lotterbeck discovered that he was in the hands of Masons who were determined to know all the facts concerning his career, he voluntarily made a statement under oath, a synopsis of which we have given above.

After the Board of Relief had completed their investigation, they desired the swindler to permit them to secure his photo, a request with which he readily complied; and W. A Robinson, at 183 Summit street, was employed to take his shadow ere the substance departed to another field of labor.

Parties wanting pictures of this swindler, can obtain them by sending to either of the gentlemen named above. Lotterbeck is 34 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches high, sallow complexion, has dark hair, whiskers and moustache brown; his weight is 160 pounds.

* * *

STICK A PIN THERE.

It is undeniable that the greatest curse resting upon the printers and journalists of the country to day, is the acquired thirst for strong drink. From the highest to the lowest rank of the profession, glaring examples can be found of those who have been led away until they have so far lost their manhood, as to be unable longer to control their appetites, and who alternate between fits of bacchanalian revelry, and times of sobriety, when the recollection of their weakness produces a mental agony which drives them to the verge of insanity and suicide. Following in their footsteps, the young men—the mere boys, even—are coming forward to rehearse the fearful tragedy of disappointed hopes, blasted affections, and good names dishonored. At the present rate of progress in that direction, in a short time it will be true, as often asserted, that a sober printer is an exception to the general rule. Before us, as we write, lies an obituary notice of one of the most brilliant men connected with the American press, which reads thus:

" The closing years in the life of a man so gifted, were passed beneath an ever-deepening cloud of error and misfortune that all but obscured the good he had done, wrecking the body while paralyzing the once brilliant intellect, which else might now, in its full ripeness, have given the world in ample fruition the rich fruits of its early promise."

Only a few years ago, a young man, a Chicago printer, whom we have known from boyhood, stood before us, talking of his own weakness, (he was then recovering from the effects of a three days' debauch,) and pledging himself to a renewed effort to break loose from the toils which were fast gathering around him. Said he: "'Wine and women' is very pretty talk, and very poetical; but 'Wantons and Whiskey' tell a good sight more truth!" Our poor friend, when we last heard of him, was a hopeless inebriate in a Western city; and we expect to hear that he, one of the noblest and most generous of men in his impulses, has gone to a dishonored grave.

It can hardly be expected what we say here will save any of the older members of the craft, who have already gone so far as to be helpless; but we hope to impress upon the younger men, whose habits are now forming, and who are soon to assume control of the affairs of the country, the fact, that there is no danger so great as that attending them when they first begin dallying with the tempter. It is indisputable that the man who indulges, even moderately, in ardent spirits, cannot be trusted at all times and in all places, even to care for his own interests, let alone the interests of others committed to his charge. The habit of indulgence is one which steadily increases, and grows upon one, until at last the fetters are so strong that no human power can break them. Then, when "the prime of manhood" is reached, a time when one's powers should be developed for the fullest usefulness to himself and others, the habitual drinker finds himself stranded, broken down, and compelled, for the sake of mere subsistence, to submit to the drudgery of the profession, being a hewer of wood and a carrier of water to some one, his inferior in natural qualifications, but who, by keeping his head clear, and his nerves steady, has been enabled to seize the golden opportunities which, at one time or another, are presented to every man, and so has been borne on to wealth and power.

Young man, stick a pin right here: If you have any respect for yourself, any regard for the feelings of those who are bound to you by the ties of kindred or affection, any aspiration for the future in this world or the next, any pride in your craft, any love for your country, any hopes for that Humanity of which you are a part, *never, never taste of strong drink.*—*Chicago Specimen.*

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☞May it not be said truthfully that some of our Lodges make more members than Masons?

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

The art of being happy lies in the power of extracting happiness from common things! If we pitch our expectations high, if we are ignorant in our pretentions, if we will not be happy except when our self-love is gratified, our pride stimulated, our vanity fed, or a fierce excitement kindled, then we shall have but little satisfaction out of this life. The whole globe is a museum to those who have eyes to see. Rare plays are unfolded before every man who can read the drama of life intelligently. Not go to theatres? Wicked to see plays? Every street is a theatre. One cannot open his eyes without seeing unconscious players. There are Othellos, and Hamlets, and Lears, and Falstaffs, Ophelias, Rosalinds and Juliets all about us. Midsummer-night dreams are performing in our heavens. Happy? A walk up and down Fulton street in Brooklyn is as good as a play. The children, the nurse, the maidens, the mothers, the wealthy everybodies, the queer men, the unconscious buffoons, the drolls, the earnest nonsense and the whimsical earnestness of men, the shop windows, the cars, the horses, the carriages—bless us—there is not half time enough to enjoy all that is to be seen in these things! Or, if the mood takes you, go in and talk with the people—choosing, of course, fitting times and seasons. Be cheerful yourself, good natured and respectful, and every man has a secret for you, worth knowing. There is a school-master waiting for you behind every door. Every shopman has a look of life different from yours. Human nature puts on as many kinds of foliage as trees do, and is far better worth studying. Anger is not alike in any two men, nor pride, nor vanity, nor love. Every fool is a special fool, and there is no duplicate. What are trades and all kinds of business, but laboratories where the ethereal thought is transmitted into some visible shape of matter? What are workmen but translators of mind into matter? Men are cutting, sawing, filing, fitting, joining, polishing. But every article is so much mind condensed into matter. Work is incarnation. Nobody knows a city who only drives along its streets. There are vaults under streets, cellars under houses, attics above, shops behind. At every step men are found tucked away in some nook, doing unexpected things; themselves odd, and full of entertaining knowledge.

It is kindly sympathy with human life that enables one to secure happiness. Pride is like an unsilvered glass, through which all sights pass, leaving no impression. But sympathy, like a mirror, catches every thing that lives. The whole world, makes pictures for a mirror-heart. The best of all is, that a kind heart and a keen eye are never within the sheriff's reach. He may sequester your goods, but he cannot shut up the world, or confiscate human life. As long as these are left, one may defy poverty, neglect of friends, and even to a degree, misfortune and sickness, and still find hours brimful every day of innocent and nourishing enjoyment.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"LANDMARKS."

There is, perhaps, no word in Masonry more misused than that which we have put at the head of this article; for we find that almost every theory and every branch of a theory, if the theorist who advances them is met controversially, is sought to be sustained by the cry of "landmarks!" which is so often repeated that repetition and persistence of declaration in that direction, appear by sheer force of clamor, to take the place of argument, and usurp the facts of history and tradition.

Is an effort made to decrease representation in Grand Lodge, by cutting off the Past Masters, as in years gone by, was done? the cry of "landmarks" is raised and vociferously persisted in, as it was recently when a proposition was hinted at in this State, that Grand Lodge represehtation could be lessened, lawfully, by cutting off the Wardens, when the Grand Lodge record showed that more than two thousand brethren were entitled to seats in it as actual speaking and voting members. This cry of "landmarks" was raised in entire forgetfulness of history, which shows that Grand Lodges, as now constituted in England and America, came into being no longer ago than 1717, and the system became more clearly defined in 1721, and yet Grand Lodges, as such, are landmarks! The question is, "What are landmarks, and can Grand Lodges make them, as has been assumed by some, through legislation or constitutional tinkering?"

A new system of work, or a work that was new in many of the features, came into being in this State some years ago, and its main features were adopted, while others were modified by the Grand Lodge, and it was then declared to be the standard work of the jurisdiction; all of which may have been very proper, and we don't say that it was not; but whether a series of landmarks were created, is quite a different question; but yet, let an old Mason endeavor to impart instruction to a young one, and miss some of the modern verbiage of the work, and the striplings of the craft, who look upon the conferring of the degrees, as about all that there is of Masonry, and learn little else, cry out and protest the removal of a "landmark." The cry has become a senseless one, because raised on every petty occasion, and used as a shield to cover the unstable arguments and crudities of weak minds.—*Dispatch.*

THE DRUIDS.

Among the ancient Gauls, Britons and Germans, there existed a class of Priests denominated *Druids*, the word *druid*, as is supposed, coming from the Greek *drus*, *an oak*. (See Pickering's Unabridged Gr. Lex., p. 328.) For some reason unknown to us, these priests held the oak tree as sacred. They worshiped the Supreme Being in the shade of this tree, and never in temples made by human hands. They wore long, flowing robes, and when employed in their religious ceremonies, also wore the white surplice. They usually carried a sacred wand in their hands, and all who entered their sacred groves, (in which no tree was permitted to grow save the oak,) must carry chains in token of their entire and absolute dependence upon the Deity. They were chosen from the best families, and in those early times, when people were honored more on account of their birth than in our modern times, these priests were held in the highest veneration among the common people. As they dedicated their lives to learning, and the practice of religious ceremonies and labors, they were versed in the science and literature of their times, and especially in astrology, geometry, natural philosophy, geography, and the science of political economy. They instructed the people in all matters pertaining to religion, interpreted dreams, and acted as judges of matters both sacred and profane. Kings and potentates were wont to consult the Druids, especially in their seasons of danger or disaster. Hence the stanzas of Cowper:

> "When the British warrior queen,
> Bleeding from the Roman rods,
> Sought with an indignant mien
> Counsel of her country's gods:
>
> "Sage beneath the spreading oak
> Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
> Every burning word he spoke,
> Full of rage and full of grief—"

We know but little of the peculiar doctrines of the Druids, save their belief in the existence of the Supreme Being, in the immortality of the soul, and in rewards and punishments. It is said by a recent modern writer, that they rejected the Pythagorean doctrines of transmigration. Their moral and theological instructions were conveyed orally, or in verse, which required, in the novitiate, twenty years to commit to memory! The triads of the Welch are thought to be specimens of these verifications.

Their institution was divided into classes or degrees, as the *Bards*, the *Faids*, and the *Druids;* and the order was a secret one. Their grand periods of initiation were quarterly, taking place on the days when the sun reached his equinoctial and solstitial points. As above noted, no one was permitted to enter their sacred retreats *unless he wore a chain.* We know nothing scarcely of their ceremonies, as they were esoteric, and never committed to writing. It is known that much mental and physical preparation and purification were necessary even before initiation into the first degree. It is also known that the aspirant was clad in a sacred robe of three colors, white, blue and green; the white being a symbol of *light*, the blue of *truth*, and the green of *hope*. The ceremonies were numerous, and said to have been both physically painful, and mentally appalling. But when safely passed, the tri-colored robe gave place to one of green; and when the candidate had received the second degree, he was clad in blue, but when through all the dangers of passing on to perfection, he received a red tiara, and a mantle of the purest white. EDITOR.

MASON MARKS

They're traced into lines on the Parthenon,
Inscribed by the subtle Greek;
And Roman legions have carved them on
Walls, roads and arch antique;
Long ere the Goth, with vandal hand,
Gave scope to his envy dark,
The savior craft in many a land
Has graven its Mason Mark.

The obleisks old, and the Pyramids,
Around which mystery clings;
The hieroglyphs on the coffin lids
Of weird Egyptian kings;
Carthage, Syria, and Pompeii,
Buried, and strewn, and stark,
Have marble records that will not die—
Their primitive Mason Mark.

Upon column and frieze, and capital,
In the eye of the chaste volute,
On Scotia's curve, or an astragal,
Or in tryglyp's channel acute;
Cut somewhere on the entablature,
And oft like a sudden spark,
Flashing a light on a date obscure,
Shines many a Mason Mark.

These craftsmen old had a genial whim,
That nothing could e'er destroy,
With a love of their art that nought could dim,
They toiled with a chronic joy.
Nothing was too complex to essay,
In aught they dared to embark;
They triumphed on many an Appian Way,
Where they've left their Mason Mark.

Crossing the Alps, like Hannibal,
Or skirting the Pyrenees,
On peak and plain, in crypt and cell,
On foot or on bandaged knees;
From Tiber to Danube, from Rhine to Seine,
They need no "letters of marque;"
Their art was their passport in France and Spain,
And in Britain their Mason Mark.

The monolith gray and Druid chair,
The pillars and towers of Gael,
In Ogham occult their age they bear,
That time can on'y reveal.
Live on old monuments of the past,
Our beacons through ages dark;
In primal majesty still you'll last,
Endeared by each Mason Mark.

—*London Builder.*

MASONIC ITEMS.

The Grand Lodge of Indiana is about holding its session at Indianapolis. It will be a large gathering. The Craft is in a very healthful and growing condition in the Hosier State.

The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts recently celebrated its hundredth anniversary at Boston. Joseph Warren of Revolutionary renown was its first Grand Master.

A Grand Lodge was recently formed at Pesth, Hungary. There are now seven subordenate Lodges in that country, with a prospect of future growth.

If Freemasonry were unknown before the 17th century, how did Queen Elizabeth, in 1566, send an armed force to break up the Grand Lodge and arrest its members? How was it in 1429, that Lodges were holden under the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the names of W. Ms., Wardens, Fellow Crafts and E. E. A. A., given by name? The actual minutes of the Lodges, may be seen by consulting the MS., Register of the Prior of Canterbury for 1429.—*National Freemason.*

TRIBUTE TO PAST GRAND MASTER ROBERT D. HOLMES.

The subject of the following beautiful tribute of respect recently departed to that unseen world to which we all hasten. At the time of his death, he was the Editor of the Masonic Department in the New York Weekly Dispatch, which was conducted with great ability, and always loyal to the highest interest of the Craft. In a word, Brother Holmes was a true man and a model Mason; and as Masonry is universal, so the life-influence of such members are for all jurisdictions, and for all time. Being dead, he yet speaketh by a noble and untarnished life to those yet living, and who must take the place by him left vacant. May our lives be as true and earnest as his.

It has not unfrequently fallen to the lot of the writer during the years of the immediate past, to pay tribute to the memory of the honored fraternal dead, but never with a feeling of more poignant sorrow than that which wrings his heart as he reflects that the intimate associate, the warm friend, and earnest co-laborer in the cause, whose name stands at the head of these lines, has passed the veils of the Temple, never more on earth to respond to the grasp of friendship; or take part in the counsels of the brethren. For more than twenty years he has enjoyed the acquaintance of the deceased, and for many of the latter years his warm personal friendship, and, though it were idle to say of him that he had no faults, it is none the less true that his sterling nobility of character, the genial, upright honesty of the man, so far outshone them, that they served but as foils to highten and intensify the brighter tints of the picture. As a Mason, he was earnestly and sincerely devoted to the best interests of the craft, and a ready and a willing laborer in the cause. These colnmns for years past have exhibited the evidence of his ready and fertile pen, freely given to the craft, and ever ready to promote all its laudible undertakings. As Master of his Lodge, he devoted some of the best years of his life to furthering its interests, in drawing closer the bond of union between the brethren, and in conquering for it a place in the very foremost rank of well governed and correctly working Lodges. As District Deputy, as Deputy, and as Grand Master, his record is an open page, whereon will be forever recorded a history, the proudest might wish to own: the history of straight forward dealing with all questions, of sincere desire to elevate the standing and secure the stability of the craft in this jurisdiction. Strong in his own sense of right, he never refused the counsel of greater experience, and with a lofty contempt for that weakness which refuses to acknowledge an error, he cheerfully accepted the right path, even at the sacrifice of personal pride. His addresses to the Grand Lodge are models of forcible diction, clear, cogent argument, and the record of the indefatigable zeal in the discharge of the duties of his station. Future generations of craftsmen will read and feel proud to have them ennoble the annals of the fraternity.

But, however much we may admire his compositions, those who have been attendants for years past in the Grand Lodge, will not fail to yield the palm to the persuasive eloquence of his extemporaneous efforts. An orator by nature, he wielded his marvelous gift of speech without apparent effort, and held his audience in such sway, that every syllable was retained, and every intended effect produced and appreciated.

Socially, he was the most genial of companions, and with wondrous tact could place himself *en rapport* with those who surrounded him, and make even a stranger regard him as a friend. Generous to a fault, he would give his last dollar to relieve distress, as freely as though he never knew the value of money, or could obtain it without personal exertion.

Married late in life to a most estimable lady, his wife and little ones were the objects of an adoration of which only a mind trained like his to a vigorous exercise of manly thought could be capable, and from the very battlements of Heaven his yearning spirit will look down upon and endeavor to bless them.

During his long confinement under the disease which has at last proved fatal, he has never repined, but has borne his suffering as became a man; and though impressed with the fact, so evident to others, that no hope of restoration to health and strength could be entertained, his cheerfulness never deserted him, and his mother-wit scintillated through his writings and his speech as in the days of his rudiest health.

Unselfish in all things, and always ready to consider others before himself, Death found him with his harness on, and with its unrelenting grasp upon him, could extort from him no petition for release, but rather a manly aspiration for the venerable mother to whom he had ever been the most affectionate and devoted of sons.

And now, with bowed heads and heavy hearts, we recognize the fact that our long time friend and brother has gone to the life where sorrow and tears are not, and that we shall know him no more, until, like him, we have met the destroyer, and passed through the valley and shadow of darkness to the pure light and true life beyond. Others will take the places he has so well filled, and in the whirl of affairs, his name will gradually fade from the lips of men. But while in the hearts of the brethren remains an appreciation of honest zeal, of true devotion, of earnest, indefatigable labor in our mystic vineyard—while they feel it a duty to recognize the work even though the workman be called away, and the implements dropped from his nerveless hands—the name and fame of ROBERT D. HOLMES will be a sacred heritage, to be mentioned in kind remembrance and with grateful appreciation.

Personally, the memory of our long friendship, unclouded by a single harsh word, and impressed on the mind by joint efforts in the many episodes of Masonic life through which we have passed, will remain through whatever may be reserved for us in the path to the grave, nor shall his fame ever need a defender while we have speech or pen to wield.

To his afflicted family we offer our most tender sympathy in this their great bereavement. Mere words cannot now assuage their poignant grief; but the Father whose mercy is beyond our feeble comprehension, will, in His own good time heal the wound it has pleased Him now to inflict. Out of His infinite benevolence He will care for the widow and the fatherless, and finally reunite them with the loved one whose very soul went out to them in sincere affection.

With the brethren we unite in earnest regret for our great loss, and in sincere desire to keep the memory of our friend as a sweet savor of remembrance.

JOHN W. SIMONS.

THE AMERICAN FREEMASON.

In a former number of our Magazine we had occasion to allude to a publication emenating from Cincinnati, Ohio, bearing the above title It is a monthly paper, issued by J. Fletcher Brennan. It seems to be the object of the conductor of this misnamed publication to re-construct Freemasonry in America; to shape and regulate Grand Lodges, or entirely abolish them; to dictate to Grand Masters what they shall do, and what they shall desist from doing. No Pope, even in the most priest-ridden days of the Catholic Church, no political Dictator in the darkest reign of despotism, even assumed to speak with more authority than this same J. Fletcher Brennan. By no authority save his own *epse dixit* he pronounces against the prerogatives of Grand Lodges and Grand Masters, and would have the Masons of America look upon Grand Lodge jurisdiction as the veriest sham, and entitled to no respect whatever. With this would-be reformer the Grand Lodges are only the instruments in the hand of Grand Masters, who "engineer" them in such a manner as to procure their own personal aggrandizement This John Baptist comes to usher in a better state of things, by proclaiming liberty to all Masons whose necks have been galled by the oppressive yoke of the Grand Lodge Oligarchy. Every sore-head among us is counseled insubordination to authority; if not in plain language, by implication. And it is hard to interpret the language of this publication to mean anything but hostility to the authority of the Masonic powers that be, and under whose influence Masonry has grown so strong in our beloved country. Brennan contends that if any organized Masonic Lodge is not recognized by the Grand Lodge in whose jurisdiction it is located, it is perfectly right and competent to apply to any other Grand Lodge for recognition; and for the said Grand Lodge, so applied to, to invade the jurisdiction of the other Sister Grand Lodge! And worse still, if possible, it is maintained to be Masonically right for any three Lodges, who are not pleased with the operations of the Grand Lodge in whose jurisdiction they are situated, to secede from their present Grand Lodge, and organize a new one; and run that in a way to suit their own "convenience!" And if three are more disaffected Lodges may combine thus against the authority of their

Grand Lodge, so may the next three, and we may thus have anywhere from one to fifty Grand Lodges in every State of the American Union, all clashing among each other in the wildest confusion. Such is the harmony this J. Fetcher Brennan would bring to the support of our noble institution. Were such counsel heeded, we should have a Masonic rebellion that would fully equal the civil one which recently threatened our country with destruction.

According to the logic of this great Masonic reformer, any subordinate Lodge which should have its charter arrested by its Grand Lodge, for insubordination to its laws or edicts, would be at liberty to join any other Grand Lodge, and continue at work. And as any three "Operative Lodges in any of the United States" are free "to organize a Grand Lodge, mainly recognizing in such organization and constitution, the rights and *convenience* of the Brethren," it is plain that this reformation grants freedom to have two Grand Lodges. or fifty, in the same State, occupying the same territory.

These are a few of the *reforms* advocated by this Brennan. And because our American Freemasons do not accept them, because Grand Lodges go on the even tenor of their way, doing the business of the several jurisdictions in the usual way; because Grand Masters continue to discharge the functions of their offices as in years past; because the editors of our Masonic journals and papers continue to advocate the usages and regulations which have operated so well, and have made the noble Order so flourishing as it is; this man Brennan is waxing hot in his monthly attacks on Grand Lodges, Grand Masters, and Masonic Editors, generally. Since our brief notice of his *clandestine advocate*, he has grown as furious as a lion robbed of her whelps, and calls us "a malicious Chaplin," even after *he* has "brayed us in a mortar;" and suggests that we should return to our pulpit, *if we ever had one*! He admits that "he admires our ambition," but says he despises our genius as contemptible." He also admits, that "what is one man's meat is another's poison," and yet he seems to think that we are under obligations to so edit our journal as to give J. Fletcher Brennan *his* meat, even were it to poison unto the death every other Brother Mason in Michigan, or the West! He accuses us of making up our magazine by the use of "a pair of scissors, and a paste-pot;" and, therefore, our editing involves neither labor nor study; and yet the foolish man throws away *his* noble talents, and fills up his excellent paper with squibbs, intended to invalidate our feeble efforts! He spits spite at our Grand Master because he commended our Magazine to the Brotherhood of this Grand Jurisdiction as a publication worthy of their patronage. Poor Brennan! how terribly bad the world does go, despite all your labors to reform it!

We are free to confess that our Journal has been neglected, and being in its infancy, it could hardly be expected that it would exhibit the strength and vigor of manhood. But we are glad to know that our efforts, feeble as they may have been, have met with encouragement, and that our Masonic Editors and Grand Officers have spoken words of encouragement, yea even of praise They have always found us loyal to the Order, and counseling subordination to authority. We have admitted discussions into our pages, and that we might do equal justice to all, we have admitted articles and correspondence whose sentiments were more or less adverse to our own. But we are free to confess that we have come short of making our journal acceptable to Bro. Brennan, and we esteem it a matter of gratulation that we have done so! In our use of scissors and paste we have had no occasion to rob Bro. Brennan of his productions! We doubt if our journal would have been even as acceptable as it has thus far been, had we reprinted from him.

But as "misery loves company," we are a little pleased to find ourselves not alone, under the ban of the reformer's denunciation. Our Worthy Brother, H. G. Reynolds, Grand Master of the jurisdiction of Illinois, and Editor of *The Masonic Trowel*, is denominated a "Reel-dancer," acting "with all the agility of a dray horse." The Grand Master of Canada is regarded as a despot, because he resists the action of the Quebec faction. J. W. Simons, P. G. M. of New York, is severely denounced, and put in our "contemptible" company! Bros. "Macoy & Sickles and their *strikers*" are soundly berated also, in the number of the *Freemason* before us. Indeed, every article in this miserable sheet, except the first—a story of working a Farm—is full of gall. We do not get the publication in exchange, and rarely meet with it in our travels; but judging it by the few numbers which have chanced to come under our observation, we think it the most *unmasonic* publicacion ever published, in this or any other country. Did it meet with any considerable patronage, and wield any influence among our Brotherhood, it would, by its evil counsel of insubordination to legal authority, and its general tendency to Masonic heresy, greatly outdo the lying *Cynosure* of Chicago. But our hope is that it will be treated to a wide berth by all loyal Masons. It is the duty of all who love the fraternity, and would serve it, to treat this clandestine sheet with the contempt it so richly deserves.

Before closing, we should add that it is usual, for an honorable opponent, to send a marked copy of the paper of journal containing an attack, to the party attacked; but this is a courtesy unknown to J. Fletcher Brennan. It suits his methods better to strike in the dark; to stab his opponent in the back! He sends us no copy of the paper in which he attacks us. And he threatens us to fight it out, like Grant, on *that line.*

" He who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day."

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DECISIONS AND ANSWERS OF THE M. W. GRAND MASTER.

[By the courtesy of our worthy Grand Master, we extract the following decissions and enswers to questions from his Letter Book, which is kindly placed at our disposal. We shall endeavor hereafter to give monthly reports of his Decisions, which will add greatly to the interest of our Journal: Ed.]

1st. Can we make Masons of Ministers of the Gospel without fee?

Ans. See Sec. 10 of Art. 5, of the Constitution of our Grand Lodge, which reads thus:

"No Lodge under this jurisdiction shall confer the degree of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason, (*unless the candidate be a Clergyman,*) for any less sum than twenty-one dollars.

2d. Can a W. M. of a chartered Lodge be elected from the floor, or must he be a Warden at the time of the election?

Ans. To be elegible to the office of W. M. the Brother must have served one year as Warden of a Chartered Lodge. He need not be Warden at the time of his election.

3d. Can an elected candidate be iniated, when the iniation of said candidate is objected to by a member of the Lodge?

Ans. It is the duty of the Master of a Lodge to suspend the advancement of a candidate at any stage of his advancement, when it shall come to his knowledge that such candidate is unworthy to receive Masonic light, regardless of the source or channel of such knowledge. [See Trans. G. L. 1869.—Stad. Order No. 21.] The Resolution contemplates initiation as well as advancement.

4th. Has a Brother the right to inform a rejected candidate that he voted for him; or to inform him who we present at the meeting when he was rejected?

Ans. It is held to be unmasonic for one Brother to be allowed to know how another voted on the petition of a Candidate. The secrecy of the ballot must be kept sacred and inviolate. And if one brother is not allowed to reveal to another how he voted on a Petition, what possible excuse can be made for revealing Masonic secrets to a profane, which is not allow-to be revealed to a Brother, and a member of the Lodge?

All the business of the Lodge, and especially that connected with the *admission of candidates*, must be kept secret.

To inform a rejected applicant who were present when he was balloted for, is an offence which calls for discipline.

5th. Can a W. M. postpone the ballot for an indefinite period on a Petition that has been reported upon; or should he order the ballot to be spread the same evening?

Ans. The ballot is usually spread upon a motion of some member of the Lodge. There is no doubt that, on a vote of the Lodge to postpone the ballot upon a Petition of an applicant, it can be postponed, but the postponment should be till the next regular, or to any specified regular meeting. The W. M. has undoubtedly the right to postpone, but I think not *indefinitely.*

6th. Can a Candidate for advancement be balloted for at any other than a regular Communication?

Ans. Yes, at any meeting called for that purpose.

7th. Is a member of a neighboring Lodge, living within the jurisdiction of another Lodge, subject to charges by the Lodge within whose jurisdiction he resides?

Ans. Yes; but where charges are proven, it is better that the penalty should be inflicted by the Lodge of which he is a member.

8th. Is a Brother Entered Apprentice entitled to a Demit?

Ans. No Brother below the degree of Master Mason can receive a Demit.

A Brother Entered Apprentice or Fellow Craft removing into the jurisdiction of another Lodge than that in which he was elected, cannot be advanced in any other Lodge, except by permission of the Lodge in which he was so elected and initiated. In other words, a Brother Entered Apprentice, initiated in Lodge A., cannot be advanced by Lodge B. unless by permission of Lodge A.

9th. Can a ballot be recinded at a subsequent Communinication of the Lodge.

Ans. No! If reconsidered at all, it should be at the same communication at which the ballot was had, and before any Brother has left. To reconsider at a subsequent communication, emphatically *No!*

10th. Does it require a majority, or a two-thirds vote, to convict?

Ans. In the absence of any Grand Lodge regulation, I think that a majority vote would convict;—the same that is required to inflict the highest penalty, and that, I think, everywhere requires but a majority vote.

11th. Was the W. M. right in advising the council of an accused Brother to retire when the ballot was being had?

Ahs. No. Every member of the Lodge, except the accused, has the right of voting on the question of guilt or innocence.

12th. Has a Lodge working U. D. a right to receive members by Dimit?

Ans- I am not aware of any special edict of our Grand Lodge authorizing Lodges U. D. to receive members by Dimit; but as Brother Coffinbury has decided that they have such power, (by virtue of a special edict,) and as his decision has received the sanction of our Grand Lodge, it is law for the present, and Lodges U. D. can receive members in that way.

13th. The Ballot is passed to confer membership on Bro. A. when two black balls appear. A Brother thinks he made a mistake, and the ballot is spread again, when one black ball appears. Is the brother elected.

Ans. Yes. For membership it requires three black balls to reject. [See Const. G. L. Art. 6, Sec. 2.

14th. A ballot is taken for Bro. B. for membership, and two black balls appear. The ballot is spread again and four black appear. Does this reject the candidate?

Ans. The candidate was elected on the first ballot, and should have been so declared. But as the ballot was again spread on the same petition, and four black balls having ap-appeared the candidate is rejected. The W. M. was wrong in ordering the second ballot.

15th. When a Brother simply objects to the iniation of a candidate, and does not state his reason, what is the duty of the W. M. in the premises?

Ans. I would refer to page 142 paragraph 77 of Look's Digest, and in addition would say, if a Brother simply objects to the iniation of a candidate, and does not state his reasons, I think it the duty of the. W. M. to refuse to initiate. If the *reasons* for such objection are given to the W. M., he is then the judge whether the reasons are good or not. If they are given to the Lodge, then they become the property of the Lodge, and by a vote, they may decide whether the candidate shall be initiated.

16th. Can a Lodge exact dues from a non-affiliated Mason?

Ans. No. A Lodge has *penal* jurisdiction over non-affiliated Masons, and can try them for unmasonic conduct. But when a Mason voluntarily remains unaffiliated, a Lodge is under no obligations to him. Of his own accord (remaining unaffiliated) he virtually says, "*I ask no Masonic favors.*" He is still a Mason, however, and in one sense, in good standing; but while he contributes neither pecuniary nor personal support to our Institution, we are under no obligations to him.

Is it good policy for a Masonic Lodge to take part in the procession and ceremony of laying a corner stone, when the laying of the stone is to be done by some other society?

Ans. That is a matter for the W. M. and his Lodge to determine. See Const. G. L. Art. VI, Sec. 10.

The objection to Masons joining in such processions *as Masons*, is this: The laying of a corner stone is strictly and purely Masonic, and of *right* belongs to no other body or society.

17th. Has a Lodge, or a W. M., a right to refuse admission to a visiting Brother?

Ans. Yes. Either the Lodge or the W. M. can refuse to admit visitors.

18th. Can an officer of a Lodge resign his office?

Ans. No. It is the perogative of the W. M. to fill temporary vacancies that may occur.

19th. Is the W. M. justifiable in refusing to put a question which is regularly before the Lodge?

Ans. The W. M. would not be justified in refusing to put a motion regularly made and seconded, when such qaestion, if carried, would not conflict with any of the general regulations of the Craft, or the By-Laws of his Lodge.

20th. When a ballot is pronounced clear, and the candidate declared elected, but the W. M. refuses to initia, should the Secretary return the fee?

Ans. Yes; and inform the candidate that objection has been made to his being received. Contiguous Lodges should be informed the same as in case of rejection by ballot.

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THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

The first volume of our journal is drawing to a close. With the July issue we shall enter upon our second volume, and as our facilities improve, and our list of patrons is enlarged, we shall hope to greatly enhance the value of our publication.

The MICHIGAN FREEMASON was commenced after due reflection, and much consultation with distinguished members of the Craft in this Grand Jurisdiction. Our worthy Grand Master was freely consulted, and it was agreed on all hands that Michigan has a constituency abundantly able to liberally sustain a Home Organ which will serve the interest of the fraternity within this State as no outside journal could be expected to do. Thus believing, the work was commenced, and we are greatly encouraged with the manner in which it has been received both at home and abroad. That it is not up to our ideal of a Masonic Journal, not what we propose to make future volumes, we cheerfully admit. But it should be remembered that our enterprise is in its infancy, and having but limited means, we have been obliged to go slow. We have also encountered several unforeseen obstacles, which greatly retarded our operations. Chiefly among these we may mention a strike among the printers where our work was done, which ended in a change of pressman, and not only put us greatly behind time in our issue, but nearly spoiled several of our numbers.

But amidst the many obstacles we have encountered, it is a great satisfaction to us to be assured that we have succeeded in making our journal interesting to our readers, and acceptable to the Brotherhood in Michigan.

And now, as we are about to commence a new volume, is the time for the friends of our enterprise to put forth their best exertions, to aid us. We need a large accession to our subscription list, and by the immediate and earnest co-operation of the Masters and Secretaries of the Lodges throughout the State, our subscriptions may be run up to at least five thousand by the 10th of July; and with such a list of prompt-paying subscribers we pledge ourselves to give the fraternity in Michigan a Magazine which shall equal the best in the country, and surpass any of them in interest to the members of the order in this State, as it shall give our home news.

And now, Brethren, do not say that this thing cannot be done, for *it can be done*, and it is just what ought to be done. The best interest of our noble Order in Michigan demands that it shall be done. It will only require the earnest co-operation of the officers of our Lodges for a single evening. In any Lodge within the jurisdiction, a club of from twenty to thirty may be formed, at any regular meeting, and that would place our interprise on a solid basis, and give us the means necessary to make our Journal what it should be.

Those wishing to act as our Agents, will please write us and get private circulars.

Brothers, act earnestly and without delay, so that we may know by the 10th of July how large an edition to print.

Address CHAPLIN & IHLING, Publishers.

WOMAN'S TRUE PLACE.

Women must make more of their homes, and make them more to those who belong within them. In this day of outward excitement and many outer attractions, the old and sacred integrity of home is endangered. The homes of to-day are not as dear as those of a past generation. Great change has come over our people. Amusements multiply and press. Young people have taken out a license against their parents. Parents are getting rather afraid of their boys and girls. Home isn't the little nucleous, radiating joy to each, each shedding back joy on it. It is a convenient place to have, and the father is the banker, and the mother is the mistress of laundry women and cooks; but the home is gone. "It is only a part of the outer world which you have roofed over and lighted a fire in," which you may make dark with your frown or uncomfortable by your whim. Once it was what it must be again, the heart's holy of holies; once no man would desecrate it by deserting it; once all good impulse sprung hence, and all true character grew; once the hearth at which father and mother sat was holy and dear; and if the generations are to get back the old stablity of character and firmness of principle, and the old, undefiled religion, it must be through these homes, of which you, O women, are priestesses; it must be by your garnishing them again with forgotton graces—re-waking gone-out fires, and sanctifying anew the only place in which a human soul can be surely fitted for the work and warfare of life. Heaven help us, if this desecration of the home runs into another generation.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

◆

Brother J. Fletcher Brennan thinks our "Grand Master Metcalf goes out of his way to recommend" this Journal "to the 20,000 Freemasons of Michigan, as particularly worthy of their patronage." Our opinion is that Brother Brennan has gone much further out of his way to criticise the act of our Grand Master. Is there not some Grand Master who will say a good word in praise of the *American Freemason*, just to quiet the nerves of the publisher? Will no one utter a single word? What expressive silence!

OBITUARY.

The sudden death of James A. Walter, at his residence in Kalamazoo, on the 5th instant, has made many vacancies. In the family, among friends, in business and political circles, at the council board of numerous important enterprises, one is gone who filled a conspicuous position in each relation. Vacancies, not so conspicuous to the public or general eye, have also been made, by the same event, in the varous Masonic orders to which he belonged. In the Lodge, Chapter and Commandery, he has ceased to be Brother, Companion and Sir. Knight, except as memory fills the vacant niche with his shadowy presence.

His funeral occurred on the 8th ult., and was attended by a large concourse of friends from Kalamazoo and various parts of the State. A large representation of the Masonic orders to which he belonged was also present to assist in the solemn rites of Masonic burial.

◆

WRITE, BROTHERS.

Scattered throughout this jurisdiction we have a large percentage of intelligent Brethren, who are capable of wielding the pen with great effect in behalf of the Craft. They can and should write. We have a home Journal where their articles in behalf of Masonry will always be welcome, and where each can claim a share of the space for his use. As we are not ubiquous, we cannot be everywhere present, and of course will have to rely upon the brethren in the different parts of the State to report the condition and progress of the Craft. We hope they will devote a little time to this, and thus aid us in making the *Michigan Freemason*, what it purports to be, a home organ.

Articles should be short and pointed. Write in an easy, familiar style, that all can readily comprehend. Such articles are always read, and that with interest and profit.

Paw Paw, Michigan, May 30, 1870.

Editors Michigan Freemason:—At a regular communication of Paw Paw Lodge, No. 25, F. & A. M., duly convened, at Masonic Hall, Bro. Chas. W. Brown was expelled from all the rights and benefits of Masonry, for unmasonic conduct.

Fraternally, &c., A. J. Sortore, *Sec'y.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Man; in Genisis and in Geology; or, the Biblical Account of Man's Creation, tested by Scientific Theories of his Origin and Antiquity. By Joseph P. Thomas, D. D., L. L. D. One vol., 12 mo. Price $1.00. S. R. Wells, New York, Publisher.

We regard this as a very timely and able Publication. It is written in a clear and popular style, and its arguments, though cogent, are within the range of most readers. We commend it to all, and especially to such as are not able, or disposed to avail themselves of the more elaborate and profound works of Hugh Miller. True Masonry is the farthest removed from infidelity. It inculcates a belief in and reverence for the Diety, and regards the Holy Bible as its Great Light, and it will co-opperate with any effort which tends to strengthen an enlightened Faith. We commend this little Book to the Craft. It will aid in the adjusting of the facts of Science with the relations of the Bible.

◆

The Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of Michigan, Right Eminent Thomas A. Flower, Grand Commander, will convene in the city of Detroit, on Friday, June 7th.

Detroit Commandery, No. 1—Sir John Barns, E. Commander—have taken this occasion to invite several Commanderies from abroad, from whom they have received courtesies in the past, (and also subordinate Commanderies of the State,) to a grand Knights Templar entertainment. From what we know of the *personnel* of the Detroit Commandery, we feel sure that the entertainment will be such as any Sir Knight might be proud to attend.

◆

At the regular communication of Prince of Orange Lodge, No 16, F. & A. M., at their rooms in Booth's Theatre building, on Monday evening, three candidates were raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. A delegation of twenty members, including the Worshipful Master, Mr. Chas. Laing, of Corinthian Lodge No. 378, of Philadelphia, were present on a visit; and after the labors of the evening, the members of the Prince of Orange, of which W. Bro. Elwood E. Thorne is master, escorted their guests to the banquet room, where they all sat down to an elaborate supper.

EXCHANGES.

We are in receipt of an extensive list of exchanges which we must prune somewhat at the commencement of our next volume. We judge that the Craft is largely represented among the Editorial Fraternity, by the desire to exchange with us. We have room to mention only a few of our new exchanges, among which we name one which is said to be "better than ever before."

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND PACKARD'S MONTHLY consolidated, the April number of which is just received. From its rich table of contents we select the following: Thomas H. Selby, Mayor of San Francisco, with Portrait; Mental Requisites of the Artist; Philosophy of Faith; Henry Berg the Philanthropist, with portrait; The Double Adoption—a Domestic sketch; Life in China with illustrations, &c., &c. We esteem this as one of our most valuable exchanges. Address S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York. Terms $3 a year.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION, is one of the largest of our Religious weeklies, edited by Rev. H. W. Beecher. and published by J. B. Ford & Co., 39 Park Row, New York. Terms $3.00 per year in advance. It is an excellent newspaper aside from its high-toned religious articles.

THE WESTERN RURAL, of Detroit, weekly, and *The American Agriculturist*, monthly, are our best papers for farmers; and every farmer should take at least one such publication. Terms of the *Rural* $2.50 per year. *The Agriculturist* is published by Orange Judd, of New York City, at $1.50 per year.

THE ODD FELLOW'S COMPANION, is one of the leading Magazines devoted to the interests of Odd Fellows, and is very ably conducted. It is published by M. G. Lilley & Co., Columbus, Ohio; $2 50 per year.

◆

The Grand Lodge of Maine, it is said, gives recognition to the Grand Lodge of Quebec, Brother Joseph H. Drummond being Chairman of the Committee which commended the action. The Grand Lodge of Connecticut, which met on the 11th inst., refused recognition, as have the Grand Bodies generally.

THE MICHIGAN FREEMASON.

VOL. I.—JUNE, A. L. 5870.—NO. XII.

NON-AFFILIATION.

Among the questions now being dicussed in Grand Master's Addresses and Reports of Correspondence Committees, that of non-affiliation appears to occupy a prominent place, and it is, on all hands, admitted to be one of future danger.

Notwithstanding the importance of this subject, and in spite of all that has been written and printed during the past ten years, there does not appear to have been any general comprehension of the causes leading to the increasing evil of non-affiliation, and with one exception no common sense application of an adequate remedy. Writers generally seem to think that they must surround their propositions with a certain quantity of smoke to excite the admiration of the multitude, and this process seems to obfuscate their own ideas to such an extent that they fail to give us any adequate comprehension of what they would do if they had the power.

The diagnosis of the complaint is, however, a very simple matter, and the remedy, somewhat surgical in its nature, is very easily applied, once we are convinced of its necessity and propriety.

The prime cause of non-affiliation is one for which Lodges themselves are to blame, and is merely an effect which will concontinue until the cause is removed. This cause is the overcrowding of Lodges with a membership among whom there is no real bond of affection, because the business being transacted by wholesale, individuals are brought together without the slightest inquiry into their personal habits and tastes, and without any regard for that union which ought to distinguish the children of the mystic tie. This leading idea seems to be that a Lodge must have work, and a plenty of it; this carries with it a necessity for candidates, and a plenty of them; and hence, a looseness of inquiry fatal to the idea of making each stone fit with such exact nicety that wooden mauls may alone suffice to adjust it. Nevertheless the true aim of Masonic association is to aggregate men specially selected for their mental and moral qualities; and to afford a bond of union stronger than a threefold cord, and from the disintegrating influences of the outer world. This requirement cannot be complied with while the present standard of fitness exists and governs. We now seek to ascertain that a candidate has no bad qualities: and rarely, if ever, inquire whether he has any positively good ones. Instead of scrutinizing his tastes, habits, and propensities, as if he were about to marry into our family, we accept his personal appearance and the recommendation of a friend as sufficient guarantee for the most intimate fellowship and participation in our time-honored privileges. We hazzard nothing in saying that such was not the intention of the Fathers, and they never supposed that Lodges would ever be suffered to grow into such to each other, and when meeting abroad need the formality of unwieldy proportions that the members should be comparative strangers an introduction as a prelude to the ordinary civilities of intercourse between gentlemen.

It is, however, difficult to see how it should be otherwise, when, as is frequently the case, Lodges run up a membership of two, three, and four hundred members, or how it is to be expected that there should be unity or sacred feeling among the masses thus fortuitously thrown together. What follows? Why, naturally luke-warmness, then neglect, and then some other attraction provides for total forgetfulness of the Lodge and its duties, and one after another drops off without his absence being noted, until the Secretary, making up his accounts at the close of the term, finds that so many brethren are in arears for dues; another year, perhaps, rolls around, and their number is increased; and the Lodge, to save itself from carrying too much dead weight, strikes them off of its roll, and they go to swell the ranks of the non-affiliated. To the individuals, this, as a general thing, makes but little difference; they had seen as many degrees conferred as they cared for, and, the conferring of degrees being the staple of Lodge attraction, nothing is left to make them regret the privilege of membership.

More than this, they find little or no difficulty in visiting, whenever they happen to feel like it, because in the too liberal spirit of the day, no one cares to offer censure, or even want of respect to a brother, merely because he had not paid his dues; and so the earnest, zealous, industrious Mason, who pays his dues, attends his Lodge, and discharges the duties of Masonry according to his ability, finds himself on a par with those who neither work nor pay. Bad examples are notably contageous, and thus many a member is led to imitate those whom he observes to be sipping the honey without in any way aiding in its production.

We see, then, that to avoid the tendency to non-affiliation, we must, to a certain extent, restrict the luxurious growth of our Lodges, make them homes instead of mass meetings, and not allow their members to increase beyond the point where all may be well acquainted, and enjoy the meetings as reunions of friends and brothers, instead of mere ceremonies, tickling the ears and feasting the eyes, but leaving the heart untouched.

And then the final remedy can be applied with absolute certainty of success. Draw the line of demarkation between the workers and the drones, so that there can be no mistake about it; close your doors without fear or favor against every man who is not in affiliation with some regular Lodge. Let the Mason who voluntarily remains in a state of non-affiliation be regarded as never having been initiated—dead, in fact; and this evil now looming up, with portentous significance, will disappear; if not entirely, at least to such an extent that there will not be enough of unaffiliated Masons to keep each other in countenance.—*Masonic Tidings.*

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS.

ADA POWER.

It really seemed, that hot day, as if old Sol had let loose several extra degrees of heat. I am sure I wonder how the thermometers kept the quicksilver from running over, or bursting.

I belonged to "Wolverine Fire Company," of B——, and "our boys," gay in new uniforms, were in attendance at a "tournament" (July 4th, 186—) at —— well, at one of our western towns, with an unpronounceable name. I do not want to enter into infintesimal particulars.

We had been pumping away at the old "machine" for the glory of the "Wolverine boys," until we all began to feel as in a vapor-bath, and our only comfort was, that we were doing better than ever before. The chief incentive to our unusual efforts, (not forgetting the first prize, at all,) of course, was the myriads of bright glances we received from the windows of the surrounding houses and sidewalks, where the youth and beauty of C——, had congregated, to witness the trials of skill between the several competing companies.

Weren't we proud though, when we saw the flashing crystal column shooting upward into the sunlight, looking like liquid silver, and reaching the last possible inch of its aspirations, break into thousands of dazzling diamond-drops, scattering down to earth again? This effort proved the success of the day. Cheer upon cheer went up from the crowd. It was our last trial, and we had thrown some five feet higher than any other company that day.

The prize was ours,—a beautiful, frosted silve trumpet which was presented with due speech, and the usual response, (which I am sure our foreman had memorized for the occasion,—expecting the result.)

We formed into line, proudly, and at full run dragged our engine along to a common, where we were to leave it, while w partook of an entertainment for the inner man, prepared by the busy hands of the fair ladies of C——.

Tables were spread in a large wooden building, known as the "Wigwam," which had been erected for political purposes, during the first Lincoln campaign. I never shall forget how grateful the cool air felt, under the shelter of that rough roof. There was no flooring, but the ground beneath was hard, and very cool.

Graceful hands had festooned garlands of green leaves and evergreens, about the rough rafters and posts, hiding all that was unsightly, while the inevitable flag, multiplied by hundreds, peeped out from all corners. The tables, piled with delicacies, garlanded and ornamented, seemed to our hungry eyes a feast like unto Beltshazzar's,—only we din'nt expect to see any "new wine," &c., at least for "Wolverine boys," for we had not "been found wanting," when weighed in the balance, by the judges of the occasion.

Unusual forethought had provided seats for us, while white-aproned fairies flitted hither and yon, "waiting" on us, in this unaccustomed but highly graceful way.

And now comes the *pith* of my story. Not very sentimental, surely,—a huge chicken pie! "Only this, and nothing more." Can I ever forget the delicate, brown-tinted upper-crust, the tender, juicy charms of the inside, even if it were still in the tin pan in which it was baked, when it first met my eyes?

I went over the "apple pie" lingo, to my surrounding companions,— that lingo so dear and familiar to nurseryites, how B bit it, C cut it, &c., and called the boys, too remote from its vacinity to entertain the shadow of a hope of it, L and N who "longed for" and "nodded at" it. I, and my immediate neighbors, were H, who "had it," and he certainly had—but not in sight long. Like other sublunary matters, the dinner came to an end. The boys left the tables in rather a heterogeneous shape, but the white-aproned fairies soon did away with the worst features, by piling dishes and "scraps" into huge baskets, which were quickly taken away.

I was standing in a highly satisfied state of mind and body, leaning, with folded arms, against a post, still in the vacinity of the pan that held *that pie*, dreaming in my way, of various things. I am happy to say, *not* of the pie, in general; but starting *from* the pie I had wandered over a whole universe of thought, during which I had touched upon no particular point of interest—a regular after-dinner repletion train of ruminating. Suddenly I was aware of hearing some one speak.

Not that there had been anything like silence there before, but somehow I was *aware* of this voice, that made me say to myself:

"One voice sweeter than others are, breaking into silvery speech."

I instantly turned to see the speaker. One of the fairies, of course, and this was what she said:

Not, "give me my Romeo," or anything akin to such a speech, but,

"I wonder where my pan is. I brought a chicken pie; and pasted my name on the bottom of the pan, and I can't find it."

She passed on, and, quick as thought, I sprang forward and turned the pan over. No name was there. I was disappointed, for I thought I would have been enabled to do two nice things at once;—relieve the young lady from further search, and learn her name, at the same time. If she—that pink and white fairy, had made that pie, I should feel honored by her acquaintance, and most happy to be of service to her.

It was natural, being disappointed, I should look downward; and looking downward, I spied a dirty card lying at my feet. I picked it up and read, "Annie Banks," written in a regular pink and white fairy hand.

Looking around to see that no one noticed, I quickly stuck the card on the botton of the pan, where it had been pasted before, and taking my most graceful step, was soon beside the young girl who was still searching for her property.

"Miss Banks, I believe;" I said, touching my red cap politely. (I learned the touch of Bligh, the dancing master at B——, and considered it captivating.)

"Yes Sir," she answered, looking surprised, and coloring faintly.

"Is this the pan you are looking for?" I blurted out, instead of giving the fine speech I had decided upon, when I should hand her the unpoetical object of her search. In fact, her frank, blue eyes, astonishment and curiosity mingling in their glance, had dashed me completely, at first.

"Oh, my pan; thank you."

She laughed a little low laugh, but checked herself before it amounted to rudeness. Then there came an awkward silence, and I began to think it best to bow my regulation bow, and leave her. As I was putting myself in the preliminary attitude, she flanked my movement by saying: "How did you know it was mine?"

Quite a common-place question, but to me of vast importance just then, and I answered: "I saw your name on the bottom, and also saw you searching for something. In fact I heard you inquire for it,"

"Oh!" With a little incredulity in the inflection. This was all she said, and silence following again, I was on the point once more, of resorting to my bow, when she again interrupted:

"You stay to the ball to-night?"

"I really don't know, I am not acquainted much in C——."

"I mean your Company."

"Oh"—I did'nt like the turn, I thought she meant "you" individually. "If the Company stay, I suppose I shall."

"Oh, they *must* stay. They are the heroes of the day, and we could not get along without them."

So she being one of "we," would be there, and I mentally resolved to stay, if the companies *all* left. I was but nineteen, then, and impressable. In love first with the pie, then with the maker—though I will do her the honor (and myself) to say, by this time all thoughts of the pie had faded, and I stood spell-bound by her presence alone.

A group of noisy girls coming along just then, gave me an opportunity at last, to execute my bow, which was done in Bligh's pet manner. It had the desired effect, for as I moved off, the noisy girls ceased chatting, and I felt they were looking after me,—wondering who I was no doubt. I immagined how they beseiged Miss Banks then, to tell them, and I wondered how she would dispose of me, for she could by no means have known my name.

Well, the evening came, and the ball.

All the fairies appeared in white, which prettily contrasted with the red shirts of the boys, who appeared *en costume.*

I was not long in obtaining the neccessary introduction to the particular fairy of the evening,—the "Lady of the Pan," as I facetiously (to myself) dubbed her. Before the evening was over, we had become as well acquainted as a girl of seventeen, and boy of nineteen, could be, in so short a time; which means very well.

Sitting on the balcony in front of the hall, where the ball was held, we told little scraps of personal experience, becoming mutually charmed. What a hero was I, and had been;—according to my own record. What a mixture of worldly wisdom, and girlish innocence was she! I remember well, as she sat half in shadow, half in light which streamed through the open window upon her. Well, I was completely "taken," you understand.

When I bade her good-bye, as her "big brother" came to take her home, I was guilty of giving her soft, little hand a squeeze—just a little one—which made her take it away quickly, and suddenly become busy with the fastening of her cloak. I rendered the pet bow again, and retired in good order.

Do you wonder *business* called me to C——, so often after that?

The acquaintance, so happily began, grew apace, (like "Babes of Grace,") and reached a certain depth by fall, that depth marked by exchange of rings, and frequent *billetdoux*, underlined copiously, to convey an idea of pure sincerity and intenseness of feeling. Everything smiled on our progress, toward the happy culmination, when there came a call—to arms! The country was in danger. "We'll save her or die!" we shouted, and "Wolverine boys," to a man, rushed off in the first heat of the call. "Three months men," at first—then, "for the war."

We left the dear, old engine standing in the little red, brick house. We took it out for the last time, before we went, and many of that stalwart band never laid hold of its familiar brakes more, or heard the merry tinkle of the bell again, which had always seemed like joyous laughter; never watched the crystal column rising higher, higher, as the foreman shouted, "Down with the brakes, boys! all together! up she goes!"

The thunders of the battle-field drowned all other sounds from out our ears, for awhile. Our "foreman's" orders were far different; and we left him, at last, sleeping the soldier's sleep, with many of his brave boys beside him, far from where we had stood together on that merry tournament-day.

The end came at last, and home we went, older in years and experience, but unchanged toward the homes we had left, and those waiting for us. I found them all the same, and soon sought out the one—my Annie—to whom I had first paid a boy's addresses, afterwards given a soldier's plighted faith; and found her, as I knew I should, *my* Annie still. A deeper, more womanly look had come into her eyes, and she had lost that sauciness, that had marked her manner, in the first days of our acquaintance, and seemed more gentle and confiding. Oh, there were many gentle souls, who watched at home, while their best loved were fighting for the cause, whose eyes, through weeping and waking, had learned that look; and of them, many ones, whose sad faces the old smiles will never break—the widowed, fatherless and childless.

Soon after my return, I made Annie mine, "till death us do part." We had not been long married when my mother made her first visit to us. We had gone to housekeeping in a cheery, *little* way—it being Annie's choice—and had been fortunate in procuring that *rara avis*, "good help."

Annie was invisible a portion of the morning, superintending household matters, and, of course, helping to concoct those dainty dishes which graced our table each day. This was my solution of the matter, at least. I congratulated myself upon having a wife that was "useful as well as ornamental," which I had known previous to marriage, for the remembrance of *that pie* had never faded from my mind. In camp, when tired and hungry, often would I revert to its savory deliciousness, until the vividness of memory half satisfied my hunger.

I know a mother-in-law is often a terror to a young wife, but I flattered myself my Annie need have no fear. I saw mother glance around our little parlor, with its daintily-looped curtains, snowy white, and its cool, green covered furniture, with a satisfied, admiring gaze, while Annie's slender fingers untied her bonnet strings. As she seated herself in the rocker I brought her, she gave a look of, "so far, so good—but what next?"

It was morning and Annie soon excused herself, and departed to the domestic portion of the house, where I was seldom allowed to follow. Why? Then commenced a catechism for me which reminded me of the old song: "My son Billy," "Can she bake and can she brew, Billy boy, Billy boy?" to which I answered confidently; "she *can* bake, &c., though she's but a young thing."

Annie came in, in the midst; I drew her upon my knee, and said in my most winning tone:

"You remember, darling, when we first met?"

Annie's eyes twinkled, but seeing I was in an unusually sublime mood, and mother there, forbore to laugh.

"Yes, certainly, of course I do."

"Well, I never told you before, but I was one of the boys who ate your pie."

This was not sublime, surely—in fact, as awkward as my first attempt at addressing her, so long ago, in C. She looked as if trying to remember, then said, doubtfully:

"My pie?"

"Why, yes, you remember my bringing you the jars?"

"Well, I guess I do! How funny you looked! I suppose, like Oliver, you brought your dish for more."

"Oh no, not then, but I do now. I believe, Annie, *that pie* had something to do, indirectly of course, with our being man and wife. Perhaps if I had sat at some other part of the table I might not have had any of your pie, and should have paid no attention to you when you were looking for your pan. *Comprendez vous?*"

"Yes—well?"

Well, I want you to make another pie like that, for dinner, as mother is here, and we want her to fare well."

"Oh, yes—but *I* can't make such a pie."

"Can't? But I don't understand you. What you did once you can do again."

"Yes, but I didn't make that; I only took it down to the dinner."

"And who made it, pray? I fear I have married the wrong woman." I grew melo-dramatic.

"You certainly have if you intended to marry the woman who made that pie, who was none other than "our lady from Cork"—with an elegant brogue. And so you married me for a chicken pie! The days of chivalry are returning! Well, Dick, never mind, since you are so *pi*ously inclined, you can teach me, and I'll learn soon, I know, and perhaps you are as proficient as Molly O'Grady. Of course you know all about it?"

"I? certainly not!"

"You don't! Well, if I'd married you for a chicken pie, I'd been disappointed too. But as I married you for—*because*, I think we are pretty well matched in our acquirements."

"But if you can't make a pie you can do everythirg else?"

"Indeed I can't. I am very ignorant about anything pertaining to cookery."

"Here was a settler—and before mother, too! I had heard with dismay, a certain "hem," half-choked, from mother, during Annie's confession, and her silence now seemed ominous—like the lull that precedes a violent storm. I dared not look at her. I had done my best to shield my wife, but she had run her head into the noose, when a little management might have saved her. I felt sorry that once, that blunt frankness was one of Annie's virtues.

"No, indeed," Annie continued, taking herself from my knee, "but I learn easily; Ellen says I'm getting on 'famous,' and soon I shall be able to furnish a perfect 'Eureka' of pies. Perhaps mother will give me a few hints while here."

"Perhaps she will," I inwardly groaned.

Annie had seated herself by mother's side, in her confiding, childish way. I glanced askance at them, and saw mother had been laughing immoderately!

I felt cheered and relieved. And now I can say, if you will come home with me, you shall judge of Annie's handiwork, as we are to have just such a pie for dinner. Though I was deceived by that little craft's flag for a while, she no longer "sails under false colors."

Chicago, March 16th, 1870.

THE FINISHED STONE.

" The rough Ashlar, however compact its structure, needs not only the stroke of the Masonic hammer, but also the frequent application of plumb, level and square, to prepare it to take its place, as a finished stone in the mystic temple. The lessons taught by Masonry have in view the completion of human character. Preserved by tradition from remotest ages, both the historical allusions and the moral precepts taught in the lodge, run parallel with the teachings of Holy Writ, so that it is difficult to see how any Mason can be an unbeliever in the inspiration of the scriptures; and it is still even more difficult to see how any one can be a good Mason without being a good man. At the very entrance of the temple we are reminded of that humility and dependence which should ever characterize us as creatures, and the principle of faith in God is distinctly recognized. The first Masonic investiture reminds us of that covering which is necessary in order to appear before the Supreme Architect of the universe, while the open Bible appears as the great luminary of the mind and heart. We are taught that Faith, Hope and Charity are the three principal rounds of the theological ladder by which we hope to ascend from earth to heaven—"faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind." Brotherly love, relief and truth, and the great cardinal virtues, temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice, are not strange and unmeaning words to those assembled in a lodge of Masons. From these fundamental moral truths the teachings of Masonry lead us next to a contemplation of the universe around us and to a knowledge of those sciences which qualify us to understand the great principles by which it is framed and governed. Only then are we prepared to test the strength of our adherence to truth and virtue, and to unite in intelligent service with those whose assured hope looks beyond the present sphere of human life and duty, even to the world beyond the grave. If these lessons have their foundation in truth; if the symbols by which they are expressed are not meaningless, their tendency must be beneficial. Fairly and honestly acted upon, they will make us what we ought to be. Every rough ashlar will be transformed into a polished stone, ready for that building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Every true Mason, every one who lives according to the teachings of his art, will be careful to perform his duty to his God, his neighbor and himself. He will never mention the awful name of God but with that reverence which is due from a creature to his Creator; he will implore his aid in every laudable undertaking, and will ever esteem him as the chief good. He will act with his neighbor on the square, with reciprocity and benevolence, doing unto him as he would wish to be done unto. He will restrain himself from all irregularity and intemperance, whose tendency is to impair his faculties and debase the dignity of his profession. Thus he will live honored and useful in the world, and dying, leave a pleasant memory to his surviving friends and brethren.

The true Mason is a true man—one who answers the great end of his creation. The law of God is in the heart, and his life is a pattern of purity and peace. He is a free man, because he is a slave to no passion or vice. He has obtained that greatest of all victories—a triumph over himself. His feet go on errands of mercy, his hands are full of beneficence, and his heart responds to everything that is noble and good and true. Caution guards his ear against the tale of slander, circumspection governs his eyes and prudence his tongue. With humble, trustful faith in God, he meets all the unavoidable ills of life, and with a spirit of true brotherhood he lives among his fellow-men. If he is exalted to positions of honor and trust in society, he is not puffed up by a vain sense of self-importance, and if he toil in a lowlier sphere, he is dignified by the possession of a mind conscious of its rectitude. He has learned in Masonry the vanity of all adventitious distinctions and the necessity of inherent virtue. The all-seeing Eye is ever before him, and the blazing star disseminates its rays all over the checkered pavement beneath his feet. Thus he passes his days in peace, until the dread Leveler of all summons him to the presence of the Supreme Master above, to hear the approval, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

My brethren, I have drawn the outlines of the features of a good Mason. Is the picture overdrawn? Is it not such an one as our art contemplates? Let us, then, make it our ideal, and strive for its attainment. I know that if we compare ourselves with the standard, we shall be conscious of many deficiences, but the principles we profess are competent for our progress, and their practical application will elevate us daily in the scale of moral worth.

Some years ago, I met with a work upon Political Economy, in the frontispiece of which human society was represented by the figure of a huge man which was made up of innumerable smaller figures of men. The artist intended to teach the truth that the entire community was fashioned after the form of its component parts. We may be convinced that our art is more perfect than those who profess it, but we must not forget that others will judge of Masonry by its individual members. In a certain sense, and in a very considerable degree each of us is a representative of his lodge and of the entire body of Masons. Such a consideration should prompt us to discretion and the true practice of our profession.

My principal design in selecting the theme of the present address was to remind you that the object of Masonry was something higher and nobler than social recognition and friendship, and if in so doing I have seemed to preach to you, my Masonic brethren, my only apology must be drawn from the nature of the subject. How could I refer to the grand design of our art, without urging you to vigorous effort to attain so high a standard? But the exhortation I give you I would also apply to myself, and conclude by expressing the wish that we may all be made such as Masonry would have us be.—*Grand Orator of Oregon.*

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FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

We are much concerned to find that the breach between the Grand Orient of France and the American Grand Lodges widens daily, the cause being the recognition by the former body of a spurious Grand Council at New Orleans, which in defiance of all Masonic law continues to exercise jurisdiction over the symbolic degrees. We have before stated, clearly and unmistakably, the opinion of English Masons upon the points in dispute; and are now compelled to add that the action taken by the Grand Orient, however commendable as an abstract assertion, in reality evades the entire question, which may be compressed into a nut shell as follows: A Grand Lodge is established in Louisiana, having its seat at New Orleans; this supreme body is recognized as a just, perfect, and regular organization by Freemasons generally throughout the universe, and consequently they alone have the right to charter Lodges and to govern Craft Masonry within the limits of the State. A certain individual, however, Chassaignac by name, forms a Council of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, and coolly creates Lodges and Chapters for every degree, from the first to the thirty-third, It is the invasion of her jurisdiction of which Louisiana justly complains, and it is in consequence of the recognition of Chassaignac's operations by the Grand Orient, that French Masons are now cut off from all fellowship with the brethren of the United States. This is a very serious matter, and one which involves very serious consequences.

It further appears, that in the Lodges under Chassaignac's rule, men of color are freely admitted. This, we regret to say, is not the case in the Lodges held under the regular Grand Lodge, neither are colored men accepted as Masons in any other part of the United States, unless in lodges organized by themselves under what is understood to be, at best, somewhat doubtful authority. This, however, is not the issue before us, but it is nevertheless the one to which the Grand Orient of France persists in directing its exclusive attention. In this respect, the Grand Orient reminds us of the anecdote told of Lord Nelson, who, when the signal of recall was hoisted, clapped the glass to his blind eye, and *wouldn't* see it.

Our French brethren ignore *in toto* the fact, that the point in dispute is entirely a question of jurisdition, in which the rights of black or white men, *as such*, distinctively, are by no means at stake. Instead of correcting the error into which they have fallen—instead of withdrawing at once from the false and untenable position they have assumed in recognizing Chassaignac's spurious pretentions—the Grand Orient goes into heroics, and tells us that it is an outrage upon Masonry and humanity when men are prohibited from becoming Masons on account of their color, race, or religion. As we have stated, this abstract sentiment is highly praiseworthy, and so far as we can judge, it will be echoed by our American brethren as one of the fundamental principles of Freemasonry. We, that is to say, all the members of the Craft in the British Islands, are prepared to act upon this theory and to open the doors of the Temple to every worthy man under heaven, without examining his hue or measuring his height. But it must not be forgotten that slavery itself has only been recently abolished in the United States, and that the indiscriminate admission of the freedmen into an Order like Freemasonry might prove a great and permanent injury to the Institution.

Prejudices cannot be so easily rooted out, and it is scarcely fair to expect that the white brethren of America will at once allow their Lodges to be swamped by a large infusion of the negro element, strong as may be the claims of the emancipated slaves to equality and fraternity. We doubt not, however, that these not unnatural prejudices will fade away in time, and that as the men of color prove their capacity for citizenship, they will also show that they are calculated to become good Masons and to reflect honor upon the Craft.

We are led to make these observations, more especialy because the *Monde' Maconnique*, a very able and luminous exponent of French Masonic ideas, contends that the point in dispute is one of " color " and not "jurisdiction." This we are unable to concede, and as dispassionate spectators of the strife, we are constrained to say that our sympathies are entirely with our American brethren in the attitude they have assumed in defence of their national Masonic rights. Possibly, to our Parisian contamporary, the spectacle of two conflicting jurisdictions in one territory may appear edifying and delightful; at least, everybody is aware that two Supreme Masonic Bodies now rule concurrently in France, and that two formerly existed in England.

Of the evils that result from such a state of affairs all history bears witness; "a house divided against itself cannot stand;" and we need only inquire how an attempt to establish a second Grand Lodge in England would be received by the Craft, at the present time, to enable our readers to realize the situation in Louisiana. For the humanitarian views of our French brethren we entertain a high respect, and we willingly accord the utmost praise to their unceasing efforts for the liberation of the world from the thrall of ignorance and superstition. But in the assertion of great principles, we must not overlook the just rights of any section of our fellow men; we are not to loosen our opinions, like an avalanche from the mountain, to overwhelm and destroy the peace of a community, but rather, like the fertilizing Nile, let our ideas of truth and justice overflow the earth with gentle wave, fructifying, and bearing the fruit of wisdom and harmony in the universal heart of man. Such is the mission of Freemasonry, and it is one of which all her children may be proud. Let us, therefore, work in *unity* together in the prosecution of those studies which our mystic science enjoins. and in the performance of those duties to which we are called by our Maker. Liberty to fulfill this mission, and to proclaim that equality before God and fraternity amongst men are the watchwords of the Masonic Institution, comprise all that can be desired by the most enthusiastic Mason, and upon these points the Craft are so thoroughly agreed, that minor differences, however disturbing for the time, are sure to be swept away by the returning tide of brotherly love.—*Lond. Freemason*

MASONIC SYMBOLS.

[Extract from an Address by H. F. Babbit, of Pennsylvania.

The various implements and symbols of Masonry as emblematical of our conduct in life, afford us very many useful lessons which we will do well to heed. The Holy Bible one of the three "Great Lights in Masonry," is one that we cannot fail to follow, if we would be true to our principles, and measure up to the standard required of us. "It will guide us in the way of Truth, that adorns and strengthens the character of man. It will conduct us to the Temple of true and abiding happiness, and secure for us an entrance into the Grand Lodge on High. It enriches the memory—it elevates the reason—it enlivens the imagination—it directs the judgment—it moves the affections—it controls the passions—it quickens the conscience—it strengthens the will—it kindles the sacred flame of Faith, Hope and Charity—it purifies the mind—it enobles the spirit—it sanctifies the whole man and brings him into living union with

God. It has light for the blind, strength for the weak, food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, it has a counsel in precept for every sorrow, a balm for every wound. Like the diamond, it casts its lustre in very direction; like the torch, the more it is shaken, the brighter it shines." The Holy Bible lies open before every member of the Order, and points out the whole duty of man.

Then by other emblems we are taught to regulate all our actions by the principles of morality and virtue, and in our different stations, before God and among men, to walk uprightly, circumscribe our desires and keep our passions in due bound. "We are also directed to move right onward in the way of Truth—turning neither to the right nor the left, and to avoid all dissimulation in our conversation and actions." As we advance we are taught lessons appropriate to the three principal stages of human life—youth, manhood and old age—and if true to these lessons we become "Master Masons," and "enjoy the happy reflection consequent upon a well-spent life, and die in the Hope of a glorious immortality."

Let all the implements of Masonry be carefully used and closely studied, and we shall ever deserve the title of "good men and true." We will more fully understand our duty to God, our neighbor and ourselves; there will indeed be kindled in our hearts a flame of devotion to God, of Brotherly love to each other; and of Charity to all mankind.

A distinguished Brother has said "the world wonders, as well it may, what it is in Masonry which preserves it, while everything else decays." Other institutions spring up and succeed for a time, but are soon lost even in name. "Splendid cities rise to cheer the dreary desert," and then moulder until their very sites are lost. Empires rise to power and splendor, and soon live only in history. But Masonry lives through all time, in every form of government, through wars and in peace, grows fresher with age, and stronger in storms. Amid all the commotions of the world, the play of angry passions and the carnage of armies, she has worn her lamb-skin as she wears it to-day, without spot or blemish. Surely that must be pure which nothing corrupts, that must be strong which nothing can bereak. The most industrious in labor, the most learned in the professions, the most profound in science, the most renowned in state, and the most devout in religion—differing in everything else—meet around a common altar in union and fellowship. They meddle with no matters of party in church or state, they have no speculations or schemes for wealth or honors; yet they claim to have some common design of great moment. What does it mean? Churchmen—statesmen—philosophers—laborers!—What tallismanic charm draws you together? What lessons of wisdom are you to teach, or come you to learn? Are you not ashamed of your many forms and simple emblems? Nay, my brethren, there is no need that you should be ashamed, for the greatest truths are to be found in the greatest simplicity. Not only did the tea-kettle suggest all that is known of the power of steam, the falling apple, great truths in natural philospphy, but He who taught as never man taught, impressed His greatest truths by the most simple lessons. When He taught the difference between the stable and unstable mind, He pointed to the house upon a rock and the house upon the sand. When he taught the obligations to government as distinguished from duty to God, He pointed to the superscription upon their coin. When He warned against their covetousness and over-carefulness, He pointed to the lily, which did neither toil nor spin. When He taught the influence of good deeds upon the world, He pointed to the candle upon the stand, and the city on the hill. When He taught the difference between the mere pretender and him who was faithful, He blasted the barren fig tree, and praised the vine with much fruit. When He taught the necessity of the death of the body to the resurrection of the soul, He pointed to the grain of wheat which springs not up till it first dies. When He taught who was fit for the Kingdom of Heaven, He took a little child and sat him in the midst. When He prescribed the means commemorative of His own passion and death, He brake bread and consecrated wine—and His mission to earth, His rejection by men, His suffering and death, His resurrection and ascension, and His eternal existence and glory, are all taught us by the single emblem, " the stone, which the builders rejected, is become the head of the corner." Yes, my Brethren, there is a charm here, and in all your communications which you would not, if you could, resist. It is not that the laborer, the philosopher, the statesman and the churchman, learn here only lessons of wisdom fit for the mind; but it is especially because the heart is touched by a charm which is a specific for so many of the evils of the world."

"Each true Mason knows that he has laid up in the archives of the institution a memento, and a treasure that cannot be lost. Banks may fail, and wealth be swept away; brilliant prospects may end in stormy disaster, flattering promises fail of realization; but so long as living, plighted men, of enlarged hearts and strong hands, can be found in the world, the Masonic treasury can never fail. Tumultuous war may shake the nations; revolutions may upheave the foundations of society; dynasties may be unseated and thrown down; constitutional forms of government may be subverted; the map of kingdoms may be changed, and territorial lines traced in unwonted places; but around among the shattered and fragmentary evidences of all this commotion, is still an *unseen State*—its government intact, its territory undivided, its subjects at peace, its treasures undespoiled and destined to remain so long as the highest hills lift their signal peaks heavenward, and the shadowy vales furnish secure retreats for its deliberations."

"Peaceable in all its works, fearing God, obeying the civil magistrate—Freemasonry obtrudes neither its principles nor its practice on public notice. Retiring from the gaze of the world, seeking nothing from its favor, independent of its power or opinions, Masonry lives by a law unto itself, which for nearly three thousand years has preserved it to be a light and lesson to mankind. Hoary in its antiquity, it receives from all intelligent and thinking men the homage which cultivated intelligence ever freely bestows on the ancient and honorable. In the performance of its duties, or in the exercise of its rights—inherent by length of its possession, inherent by immemorial custom and usage, inherent as existing prior to any present form of government,—it comes before the world challenging a respect and consideration which, not even an untutored savage would deny.

And now, my Brethren, with many thanks for your kind attention, let me, in concluding, enjoin upon you the practice of Brotherly love. This can be manifested not only in the

Lodge, but out of it. It is acknowledged in the almost imperceptible pressure of the hand as much as by the vindication of an innocent accused Brother. It is an essential element to bind the fraternity together; we have pledged ourselves in the most solemn manner to exercise it, and it is one of the greatest duties of a Free and Accepted Mason to deny it to no man, but more especially to a Brother Mason. He who does not find his heart warmed with love toward all mankind, should never strive to be made a Freemason, for he cannot exercise Brotherly love. Nor do those properly exercise it who only exercise it at the banquet, and must first be warmed with wine before their hearts will sympathise with the distressed. A good father loves his children not only in the house, but out of it also.

MASONRY AMONG THE INDIANS.

The evident doom of the Aborigines of this country to extermination, while it does not fail to excite a sympathetic feeling in every one, most of all should strike a tender chord in the Mason's breast. They are not what they once were; civilization has only approached near enough to brutalize them with the vices that accompany it, as the crowd of dissolute camp-followers accompany an army. Our great national novelist, Cooper, has been ridiculed by some for idealizing his Indian characters, but we believe his pictures to represent much more nearly the Indians of former days than their descendants do now. Whether there are Lodges of the mystic tie now among the degraded Indians of our western borders, we do not know, but that there are individual Masons among the better classes of men we do know, and, we are equally certain, fraternities who possessed, like Freemasons, an esoteric knowledge which was confined solely to the iniated. De Witt Clinton, once G. G. High Priest of the United States, related on the authority of a respectable native minister, who knew from examination, the existence of such a society among the Iroquois. That there were mysteries among the Mexican and Peruvian tribes, is equally well known. Whoever is within the magic circle indicated by the mystic tie, has our own genuine love and deepest sympathy, and even the nation that they call their own has claims upon us for their sake, which others have not.

Tecumseh, the famous Shawnee orator and warrior, and equally noted for his temperate habits and adherence to truth, was a Mason. While on a visit to Philadelphia, and more than once, when under trial, proved himself true to the brotherhood. Past Grand Master Scott, of Virginia, in an address delivered before the Grand Lodge in that State, in 1845, related an interesting incident in Tecumseh's life which he stated was well authenticated, and vouched for by several witnesses then living. "During the last war with England, a detachment of Americans were overpowered in the Northwest by a superior combined English and Indian force, and compelled to surrender. Scarcely had they laid down their arms when the Indians began to insult, strip, and maltreat them. At length the tomahawk and scalping knife were raised, and Tecumseh entered upon the scene at the height of the barbarity. He made no motion to check his followers, but, on the contrary, encouraged them in their work. Many of his best warriors had fallen previously by their Kentucky rifles, and this was an Indian's revenge. But a cry of a Mason and a brother reached his ear, in a language that he could but comprehend. In a moment he sprang among his followers with his tomahawk uplifted, and uttered the life-saving command—'Let the slaughter cease; kill no more white men.'" This is but one of the several authentic incidents in the Masonic life of the brave Tecumseh.

We have another noble example of Indian Masonry, in the person of General Parker, grandson of the great Indian Chief, Red Jacket, a pure-blooded Indian, and, at the same time, an educated gentleman and a Mason. During the late civil war he became famous on General Grant's staff, and proved himself to possess the warlike blood of his ancestor. At a Masonic banquet in Chicago, prior to the war, he spoke most touchingly of himself, as almost the lone remnant of what was once a noble race. As he found his people thus wasting away, he asked himself: "Where shall I go when the last of my race shall have gone forever? Where shall I find home and sympathy when our last council fire is extinguished? I said, I will knock at the door of Freemasonry, and see if the white race will recognize me as they did my ancestors, when we were strong and the white weak. I knocked at the door of the Blue Lodge, and found brotherhood around its altar; I knelt before the great light in the Chapter, and found companionship beneath the Royal Arch; I entered the Encampment, and found a valiant Sir Knight willing to shield me there, without regard to race or nation. I went further, I knelt at the cross of my Savior, and found Christian Brotherhood, the crowning charity of the Masonic Tie. I feel assured that when my glass is run out, and I shall follow the footsteps of my departed race, Masonic sympathizers will cluster around my coffin, and drop in my lonely grave the ever green acacia—sweet emblem of a better meeting!"

Joseph Brant. the famous Mohawk Indian and Mason, was still another example of the practical power of our principles. During the Revolutionary War, at the battle of the Cedars, near Montreal, Col. McKinstry, of the Continental troops, was taken prisoner by the English allies in the British service. After a council, it was resolved that he should perish at the stake by the usual protracted Indian tortures. When fastened to the fatal tree, as a last resort he made the great mystic appeal of a Mason in the hour of danger. The Chieftain, Brant, was present, and in a moment saw, understood, and responded to the sign. He at once commanded the savages to liberate him, and was obeyed. Then, with fraternal care, he conducted him in safety to Quebec, whence he returned home on parole. He survived for several years after, and often, with deep emotion, related how he was snatched from the jaws of death by an Indian Mason.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

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MAY A VISITOR DEMAND THE CHARTER?

"Recently I applied to a Lodge for examination as visitor, and requested the privilege of examining the Charter as a preliminary thereto, inasmuch as I was a stranger in the place where the Lodge is located. The Master, however, refused to allow the Charter to go into the anti-room while the Lodge was at work. Had I a right to inspect the Warrant; and, in view of the refusal, what was my remedy?"

ANSWER. It is the undoubted right of a visitor to see the Charter of a Lodge which he proposes to visit, before submitting to examination; and his remedy in case of refusal is to refuse to be examined, and go his ways. We may remark incidentally that a visiting brother should take measures to know before hand whether a Lodge is regular or not, and that he could do with great facility and with as satisfying a result as could be obtained by looking at the Warrant, which out of his own jurisdiction he has no means of verifying as, indeed, might well be the case within it. Poll your Lodge and you will find very few of your brethren who have ever taken the trouble to read the Warrant through, or make themselves acquainted with such documents. It puzzles us to know how such a brother after demanding, and being gratified with a sight of the Warrant, would proceed to satisfy himself of the genuineness of the document. We have known instances where, after a careful scrutiny, visiting brethren have accepted the bogus Warrant of a spurious Lodge, and visited under a full conviction that they were doing right. We are free to say that, if visiting in a strange locality, we should prefer to depend on the examination rather than the parchment.

On the other hand, we marvel at the ignorance of the Master in supposing that the transfer of the Warrant to the ante-room for a few moments, in the regular course of Lodge business, should in any way affect the power of the Master to continue the exercise of his authority and the transaction of business. When the Lodge is declared open, the Lodge-room proper, as well as all the apartments thereto appertaining, are under the authority and control of the Master, and the Lodge is technically present in all of them, else how could the Tyler be said to be an officer of the Lodge, or how could a Lodge consistently forbid the taking of any refreshment other than water in apartments adjoining the Lodge? The Warrant is therefore in the Lodge even if in the hands of a committee in the ante-room.—*Tidings.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A MASONIC OFFENSE?

This has, perhaps, never been determined with accuracy, and certainly not with completeness. It is perhaps impossible, by any verbal definition, to determine perfectly, in all cases, a crime or an offense in Masonry. The compass cannot describe a circle inside of which it can never be found. There are no lines in moral geometry within which the misdemeanor may always be traced. Accordingly, there is no strict Masonic code or classification of offenses. Yet such is the nature of our Fraternity that the absence of a written criminal law can hardly be regarded as a defect. So much depends upon the facts and circumstances of the particular case, upon the relation which the accused sustains to others, upon the intent, of which the Municipal law does not always take cognizance, nay even upon the temper and manners, that we at once realize the difficulty of declaring in advance what shall be deemed an act against Masonry. It would be manifestly absurd to hold that every act which contravenes the civil law is a crime against this Fraternity, although obedience to law and the constituted authorities of the State is one of the fundamental doctrines. Nevertheless, no Lodge would expel, or even try one of its members for keeping a dog without a license, or for neglecting to shovel the snow from his sidewalk. Some acts, also, which in contemplation of the law are fraudulent, being made so, perhaps, by the express words of the statute, such as the preference by a bankrupt of a particular creditor, and other acts known as legal frauds, are not necessarily offences against Masonry. On the contrary, it is not difficult to find cases where the fraud in law is clear, and yet the act itself is entirely innocent, and perhaps commendable, when tried by the rule of Masonic right.

On the other hand, there is a large class of statute crimes such as felonies and other offenses involving moral obliquity and turpitude;—offences as to which all right minded men, as well as all Masons, are in harmony with the law, and of which it is the impearative duty of Lodges to take cognizance, even should they anticipate the Grand Jury or the Police Court. As such crimes are directed against the law, against society as a whole, and against the right of the peace of the individual, they are necessarily crimes against an institution devoted to the protection of all these interests.

Another large class of offences which may be deemed Masonic offences consists of acts clearly and directly opposed to our Constitutions and established regulations, to those cardinal principles known as the general tenets of the Fraternity, and to the special obligations involved in the ritual, voluntarily assumed by every initiate. Thus, acts against the cardinal virtue of justice, persistent intemperance, wilful or habitual violation of the regulations of the Grand Lodge, or the By-Laws of a subordinate Lodge, the disclosure to the unitiated the secrets or the private business of the Lodge, the failure to comply with those ties of obligation which should be most sacredly observed though perhaps involving other elements of wrong and wickedness, are to be considered as strictly Masonic offences. This enumeration is not intended to exclude many cases which, as has been before observed, do not admit of classification or definition. Whenever it shall be found that the acts of a brother are clearly adverse to the principles or regulations of the Craft, or the rights or happiness of any of its members, it will be the duty of his Lodge to try him for those acts, although the offence involved was never described or known before on sea or land.

The attempt, thus briefly and imperfectly made. to discover the nature and character of that which should be known as a Masonic offence leads us next to consider the manners and methods under which the trial for such offence should be conducted. The absence of a settled code or classification of offences furnishes in itself a strong reason for the observance of the highest care, caution and accuracy in the conduct of all Masonic trials. Certain regulations, of the most obvious necessity, for such trials, have been adopted by this Grand Lodge, but they are mostly external in their character, and only intended to meet the plainest and simplest rights of the parties. The true *spirit* of the trial cannot come from mere forms or regulations of the proceeding. There is another unwritten law higher than the regulations of this Grand Body, but with which they are in harmony. When the accused appears before the Lodge to answer the charges against him, and the trial proceeds, he should be met by that spirit of justice, charity, and fairness which, while it be large enough to comprehend the Lodge and the whole Fraternity, is not too large to overlook *him*. While the specified regulations are to be strictly observed in the absence of formulas of language, he is not to be oppressed or to be shielded by any merely technical vote. The charges of the written accusation should be made in clear precise terms. When the charge is general in its nature, as for conduct unbecoming a Mason, there should be clear and accurate specifications, so that there may be a distinct issue to be tried, and that the accused may know exactly what he is to meet. The evidence should be strictly confined to the issues on trial, excluding all hearsay. The examinations of the witnesses on either side should be conducted by managers or counsel appointed for that purpose, the members of the Lodge maintaining the dignified demeanor and bearing of judges in the case. The course of the testimony should never be interupted by commentary upon the case, which always should be reserved for the summing up of each party.

The best and most candid judgement should be expressed in the vote, which is the verdict of the Lodge. The general burden of proof is on the accusers, although that burden may, by the acts of admissions of the accused, be shifted and fall upon his shoulders. Inasmuch as the result of the trial may be the expulsion of the accused from the rights and privileges of Masonry, a disgrace to *him* equivalent to a sentence by the civil judge to an ignominious punishment,—a disgrace which his family must share, and which his innocent children must bear as a reproach in after life,—he is entitled ordinarily to the vote of every member. In such a case, if a member is not fully satisfied with the proof offered by the prosecution, and upon *all* the evidence has doubts of the guilt of the accused, the accused should have the benefit of the doubts. If, on the other hand, the evidedce offered be clear and satisfactory, every member is bound to reject all considerations of fear, favor or affection, and vote for coviction.—*Rep. of Com. of Mass G. L.*

SCENERY IN PALESTINE.

"It was a sunny day in the month of May I last rode through the tangled thickets of thorns and thistles on the desolate plain of Genaseret, and after a farewell visit to Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, turned my horse's head toward the mountains of Napthali. The heat along the shore was intense; but as I climbed the rugged steep, refreshing breezes fanned my cheek, and the perfume of a thousand flowers filled the air. Poppies, anemones, marigolds, convolvus, star of Bethelem, and numerous others, clothed the mountain side—here a field of bright unbroken scarlet; then another of golden yellow; yonder a bank of shrubs and dwarf oaks, all draped and festooned with snow-white convolvus; and the intervals everywhere filled up with a glowing mosaic of rainbow hues,—

"'And what a wilderness of flowers!
It seemed as though from all the bowers,
And fairest fields of all the year,
The mingled spoil were scattered here."

It was a rugged and toilsome path. Often there was no path at all; and we rode right on up the bank, through brake, guiding our course by the frowning battlements of Safed, which loomed against the bright blue sky far overhead. From the hillside we turned into a wild glen, where the voice of the turtle floated from tree to tree; and the cooing of countless wood pigeons ran like a stream of soft melody along the jagged cliffs above us.

We stopped at intervals to look out over the country as it gradually opened up behind us. I say we; for I was not now alone—a goodly company of pilgrim friends from the far west encircled me, all as fully alive to the beauties of nature and the absorbing interest of "holy places" as I was myself. I remember well one spot where we reined up in a retired nook, under the shade of a huge walnut to admire a scene of surpassing grandeur. In the foreground, on the left, rose a limestone cliff three hundred feet or more. Half way up was the facade and dark door of an ancient sepulchre. Beyond it away down through the vista of the wild glen, slept the Sea of Galilee in its deep, deep bed. In the back-ground was the mountain chain of Gilead—a massive wall of purple; and on the right, over a forest of brown hill-tops, rose the graceful rounded summit of Tabor.—*Exchange.*

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THE WORTHY BROTHER.

Who is a worthy brother? Is 'it one who understands all the signs, grips, tokens, passwords and obligations of the ancient and honorable Order of the Free and Accepted Brotherhood? Is it one who has made himself acquainted with all the lectures of the Order, and is able to pass a strict trial, and work his way into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Order and be pronounced a "bright Mason?" All this is necessary, but a man may possess all these necessary qualifications, and more, and yet he may not be in fact a worthy brother.

The principles of our organization impose upon all its members important duties to be performed, as well as ceremonies to be observed. The first of these cardinal principles is brotherly love. Is a brother deficient in this? Then he has no claim to the worthiness of the Fraternity. Is he prone to speak evil of a brother, and thereby tarnish his good name? Then he is unworthy. Does he turn the cold shoulder to an unfortunate brother, and do him harm, rather than assist him to rise in the world? Then he is unworthy. Has he been blessed with this world's goods, and seeing a brother have need, shutteth up the bowels of compassion from him? He is not a worthy brother.

Does he labor to give publicity to the faults and foibles of a brother instead of going to him in a spirit af kindness and in the most friendly manner remind him of his errors and strive to aid him in reformation? He cannot be a worthy brother. Is a man prone to profane the sacred name of that august Being in whom he puts his trust, which should not be spoken without the most profound reverence? Does he speak lightly of Him whom the sun, moon and stars obey, and before whom the cherubic legions veil their faces, at whose bidding comets un their stupenduous rounds? Such a one cannot be a worhy brother. Does he neglect so to conduct himself while mingling with the busy world without, as becomes a man and a Mason? This brings the craft into disrepute, and renders him unworthy. Is he a slave to appetite and in the habit of converting the means of refreshment into that of intemperance and excess? Such conduct brings a reproach upon the Order, and renders him unworthy. Does he spend his precious time in playing at games of chance, thus neglecting his family and wasting the means of their comfort? "He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel, and has denied the faith." Such a man cannot be a worthy brother. Does he fail to do good unto all as he has an opportunity, especially to the household of the faithful? He is unworthy. Is he prone to equivocate in his conversation? Is his veracity questionable? Is he wanting in integrity, so that he cannot be believed when he speaks the truth? Then he is unworthy.

It might be wished these words may reach the eye of none to whom they will say, "thou art the man." But if they do, my brethren, let us see to it that we strive to be more worthy in the future. Let us learn to subdue our passions, keep our appetites within due bounds, and practice the principles of brotherly love, relief and truth. Then shall we be a band of worthy brothers indeed.—*Mystic Star.*

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FINDING OUT A MASONIC SECRET.—An anecdote is related of a brother who was noted for his acts of charity, and who was a man of good presence and a favorite among the ladies—so much so as to cause some degree of jealousy on the part of his worthy spouse. One evening a bundle came to his house for him, labeled "Private." Of course, this was sufficient for female curiosity, and therefore she indulged in an inspection. Horror of horrors! Blankets, baby linen, etc., greeted her astonished vision, and dreams of two families floated through her brain. The husband soon came in, and after tea he took the bundle and went out—but not alone—for his jealous wife was on his track. He halted before a small tenement, which he entered. Here she paused to hold a council of war. She determined to storm the citadel; she knocked, and hastily brushed past the little child who answered the summons. She stood in an instant before her astonished husband, the embodiment of injured innocence. Her feelings were about to find expression, when the scene before her caused her to pause. A pale and careworn man, shivering over the expiring embers of a scanty fire, a poor woman on a sick bed, a babe not old enough for christening, and two little girls stowed away on some straw in a corner, met her ferocious gaze. She read the story at a glance, and returned home a better and wiser woman, satisfied that she had disscovered the great secret of Masonry.—*Masonic Mirror.*

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ANDERSON.—Dr Anderson lived in the beginning of the 18th century, and it is from him that we have the so deservedly celebrated "Book of Constitutions of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons." The first part contains the history of the Order, and the second contains the charges, rules, laws, duties, etc., together with an historical account of the origin of the Order. Anderson, in the dedication to the then Prince of Wales, calls himself Secretary to the Grand Lodge in London. and states that the work was composed by the command of the Grand Lodge, from its archives, traditions, and Lodge-books. The first edition appeared in 1723, a second in 1738; since then various editions have been published, viz: one by Entick, in 1758, one in 1756, one in 1784, by Noorthouck, and in 1806 the latest. To the second edition a superior privilege was attached by the Grand Lodge in London, no other Constitution Book being allowed in the Lodges but that of Anderson, and no alteration being allowed to be made in it. Although in this work the history of Freemasonry is carried back to the creation, yet the information it has been the means of preserving with regard to the duties of a Freemason, the Constitutions of the Order, and the history of the English Lodges, make it a valuable work, and cause it to be highly prized by every Lodge and every brother. In the first edition no mention is made of the formation of the Grand Lodge in London in 1717, but is added to the second edition. There is a German translation, published at Frankfort-on-the Maine, and various French editions.—*Gadicke.*

ITEMS.

We are sorry to go to press without the usual contributions from our Brother S. C. Coffinbury, whose faithful pen has been so busy in behalf of our readers since the commencement of this journal. Sickness in his family prevented his preparing articles for this number. A line from him brings promise for the next issue, of Chapter XII of "True Wealth," and Number 10 of "Table Talk."

Templars in Tents.—Our exchanges bring glowing descriptions of the excursions of the Sir Knights, who in many places have been enjoying re-unions, and dwelling in tents. In our next we may extend our notice of their doings, east and west.

The *Keystone* thinks the reason why the Grand Lodge of Maine recognized the schismatics, of Quebec, is found in the fact that "the sun rises so near to Maine that the twilight is not light enough to enable the Craft there to see the Landmark." Well said, Bro. *Keystone*; your Masonic charity covereth a multitude of sins!

We miss *Pomeroy's Democrat* from our exchange list. Please remember your friend, Bro. Tisdell. Bro. C. Moore of the *Review*, has sent us his journal for April. It is filled with sound Masonic reading, and contrasts widely with the Brennan affair issued in Cincinnatti. Bro. Moore, we wish you success. Please forward the back numbers of the present volume, and we will gladly reciprocate.

The new Masonic Temple of Washington, D. C., was dedicated recently, at which an address was delivered by Bro. Ben. Perley Poore. Past Grand Master B. B French also delivered an address, and the occasion was a joyous one.

The Grand Master of Ohio has arrested the Charters of Warren and Bethel Lodges for not "recognizing the principle that Masons, to be consistent with their teachings, as found in the Great Light, should 'remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy.'" These Lodges were in the habit of conferring Degrees on the Sabbath.

THE GRAND COMMANDERY.

The Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of the State of Michigan met in Detroit on the 9th inst., and though the weather was rainy at the commencement, and fears were entertained that the rain would continue in such quantity as to interfere with the attendance and outdoor proceedings, all were favorably disappointed in this respect. The rain subsided at an early hour, and the day proved to be cool and very favorable. The heavy showers of the previous night had thoroughly drenched the parched earth and everything seemed to sympathize with the reviving grass, and flowers, and to join with the songs of the rejoicing birds in the groves.

We clip the following from the Detroit *Tribune* of the 9th and 10th insts.:

RECEPTIONS.

The Detroit Commandery, accompanied by the First U. S. Infantry Band. turned out at 6 o'clock to meet and escort those of the invited guests who were to arrive on the morning trains and boats. They numbered nearly one hundred, and presented a handsome appearance, being dressed in full uniform. They were kept remarkably busy until half-past nine o'clock, and at that hour they had received the Adrian Commandery. which was the last to arrive. All the Commanderies were escorted to our principal hotels, and quartered equally between the Russell House, Biddle House and the Michigan Exchange. Upon their arrival they found breakfast awaiting them and were cared for generally with the liberal hospitality which is characteristic of the Detroit Commandery.

PARADE AND REVIEW.

At about half-past 10 o'clock the various bodies, attended by light bands, assembled on Washington Grand Avenue for the parade and review. The citizens on that thoroughfare removed all the barriers, fences, etc., from the grass plats on either side of the avenue to afford full room for the review, and in this respect, as well as in decorating their dwellings, added much to the attractiveness of the display. The police kept the roadway clear, and the avenue and adjacent cross streets, parks etc., were crowded with people, certainly not less than seven or eight thousand being present.

Some time elapsed in getting the various bodies into line, but this was finally accomplished on the east side of the avenue, between the roadway and the sidewalk, on the grass plat. When everything was in readiness the line was formed in their open order, and the Grand Officers passed through and inspected the various Commanderies, and returned in front of the line. At the close of this part of the programme, the Commanderies formed in the order of procession given below, and passed in review before the Grand Commander and Staff, each Commandery saluting as they passed. Fully one thousand men were in line, and they presented a remarkably handsome and attractive appearance. The review was concluded at 12 o'clock, and the ranks were then closed up for

THE PROCESSION.

After the conclusion of the ceremonies the procession was formed in the following order:

Detachment of Police.
Marshal and Aids.
First U. S. Infantry Band.
Detroit Commandery No. 1, Escort.
Monroe Commandery of Rochester, N. Y.
Opera House Band.
Adrian Commandery No. 4.
Jackson Commandery No. 9.
Ann Arbor City Band.
Ann Arbor Commadery No. 13.
Light Guard Band.
Genesee Valley Commandery No. 15, of Flint.
St. Bernard Commandery No. 16, of East Saginaw.
Corunna Commandery.
Bay City Commandery, of Bay City.
Monroe City Band.
Monroe Commandery.
Lansing Commandery.
Lexington Commandery.
St. John's Commandery.
Muskegon Band.
Muskegon Commandery.
Delegates from various Commanderies, Including those of Cleveland and Toledo, Ohio.
Knights Templar Band, of Dayton, Ohio.
Reid Commandery, of Dayton, O., acting as escort of honor for the Grand Officers of the Grand Commandery of the State of Michigan.

LINE OF MARCH.

The procession, led by Gen. Flanigan, Col. Jas. W. Frisbie and Capt. J. V. Mehling, took up the line of march proceeding from Washington avenue through Park street to Woodward avenue, down to Fort street, thence to Sixth, up Sixth to Lafayette, up Lafayette to Cass, down Cass to Jefferson avenue, up Jefferson avenue to Rivard street, thence countermarched to Woodward avenue, and then up to the Campus Martius where the line was dismissed for dinner.

INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Lexington Commandery, which did not appear in the originally published order of procession, were agreeably disappointed this morning. They have heretofore been working under a Dispensation, but were granted a Charter on Wednesday. One of the wealthy members, anticipating this, some time since ordered a banner, and it arrived here just in time to be borne in the Procession.

Reid Commandery, of Dayton, who escorted the Grand Commandery, were a fine looking body of men, well drilled, and marched in admirable style

The Rochester Commandery, composed of some of the best citizens of that city, appeared in full costume, was well officered, and its members understand the manual thoroughly.

DECORATIONS, ETC.

Many public and private buildings were handsomely decorated in all parts of the city, and especially along the route of the procession and on Washington avenue. Flags were displayed in all directions from staffs, and in many places were hung entirely across the streets. We have not the space at our disposal to speak of all the efforts in this direction, but the house of J. J. Bagley, Esq., and the stores of T. H. Armstrong, J. W. Frisbie, Ferry, Church & Co., and M. S. Smith & Co., are, however, entitled to special mention. All were richly decorated and in the show-window of the last there was displayed a large Maltese cross, made entirely of evergreens and flowers, (about three feet across), by Messrs. Hubbard & Davis. It was very handsome and attracted much attention.

THE BOAT RIDE.

Owing to the late hour at which the procession was dismissed for dinner, the excursion on the steamer Union was not as extensive as our Commandery and the officers of the boat intended it should have been, but although necessarilys hort, it was very pleasant, and was participated in by about fifteen hundred Sir Knights invited guests and their ladies. For reasons before stated, the boat did not leave until nearly 4 o'clock. There were six bands of music on board, and the ride extended both up and down the river, and to the Great Western Railway wharf at Windsor.

THE BANQUET.

The excursion terminated at 6 o'clock, and the various Commanderies, upon leaving the boat, filed into the place prepared for the banquet, at the west end of the Central railroad wharf. A space sufficiently large for the purpose had been enclosed and fitted up, and as the weather was quite warm, the arrangement proved very pleasant. The decorations were very profuse and appropriate, including evergreens, mottoes, devices, emblems, etc., this work being performed by Dean, Brow & Co. The banquet was prepared by George De Baptiste, in his usual first class manner, and the bill of fare included meats, game, relishes, salads, cake and pastry, strawberries and cream, jellies, fruits, nuts and coffee. Plates were set for seven hundred and fifty-two persons, and one long table had to be re-set. Altogether there were eight tables, each eighty-six feet in length. About twenty minutes elapsed before all the Sir Knights were seated after which grace was said and the work of "destruction' then commenced. When the substantials had been fully partaken of, Sir Knight John A. Barnes, Eminent Commander of the Detroit Commandery, welcomed the guests, as follows:

Right Eminent Grand Commander, Sir Knights and Friends;

The occasion that has called us together to-day, is little varied from what our Annual Conclaves usually are. For years past, it has been all work and no refreshment nor play for our Grand Officers, (many from a long distance) who come to transact business of the Great Body, and report the proceedings to their subordinate Commanderies. They come to-day, and are, gone to-morrow, seeing little and knowing less of their companion Sir Knights. The members of the Detroit Commandery, thought at this late day to honor themselves by inviting the Grand Officers and a few other guests to partake of a little of our hospitality, and hope by so doing to make it both pleasant and proffitable, and give us a chance to exchange Knightly greetings. In many States this has become a custom, and I hope it may prevail in our own State hereafter. And now, Sir Knights and friends, in behalf of Detroit Commandery, I bid you a hearty welcome, and hope the day has been a pleasant one to you all. I will now propose this as the first regular toast, "The Grand Commandery of Michigan."

The toast was responded to by the Right Eminent Grand Commander, Sir J. L. Mitchell of Jackson, after which the other regular toasts were read by Sir Knight, G. G. Curtis of Detroit Commandery, and were responded to as follows:

Ried Commandery of Dayton, Ohio.—Unbounded in hospitality, unsurpassed in discipline, may she long maintain her proud position as the banner Commandery of the State of Ohio.. Response by Rev. Sir Knight D. J. Sarr, Prelate of the Ried Commandery.

Monroe Commandery of Rochester, N. Y—Michigan gives friendly greeting to this band of true and eminent Sir Knights, who are the first from the Empire State to accept the hospitalities of the West. Response by Sir Knight, Rev. C. H. W. Stocking, Prelate of Monroe Commandery.

Our State Commanderies.—Detroit extends to them a hearty welcome. May their future be prosperous and happy as their past has been faithful and magnanimous. Response by Past Grand Master Hon. W. M. Fenton, of Flint.

Muskeyon Gommandery No, 22.—"Weary pilgrims traveling from afar," worthy indeed of the pilgrim's staff and the Templar's sword. Response by Sir Knight, H. A. Pattison, of Muskegon Commandery.

Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters of Michigan—Response by M. P. G. M., W. E. Edwards.

The Most Excellent Grand Chapter of Michigan.—Response by Sir Knight, Hugh McCurdy, of Corunna.

The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Michigan.—Response by M. W. G. M., A. T. Metcalf, of Kalamazoo.

His Excellency, Hon. E. P. Baldwin, Governor of Michigan.—Response by John J. Bagley, of Detroit.

The Army and Navy.—The defenders of liberty true to the sublime principles of our Fraternity, even amid the conflict of arms.—Response by Maj. Gen. Robt. C. Buchanan.

The City of Rochester.—The former scene of Masonic persecution, as she is now of Masonic triumph.—Response by Hon. Sir Knight Capt. Gen. W. F. Holmes.

The City of Dayton.—"Beautiful for Situation."—Response by Rev. Sir Knight E. Allbright.

Detroit.—The City of the Straits bids you welcome.—Response by Hon. Geo. F. Bagley.

The Press.—The advocate of truth—kindred therefore to Masonry. Response by W. D. Bickham, of the Dayton, O., *Journal.*

The Knights' Templar.—Defenders of the Christian religion; may they ever practice the Christian virtues. Response by E. C., Hon. H. M. Look, of Pontiac.

Woman.— May she ever be defended by the Templars' sword, as her name is hallowed by the Templars' vow. Response by C. H. W. Stocking, of Rochester, N. Y.

The response to this last toast concluded the banquet, which was throughout of the most enjoyable character.

ADDRESS OF THE R. E. GRAND COMMANDER THOMAS A. FLOWERS.

Sir Knights of the Grand Commandery of Michigan :

In accordance with our constitution we are again assembled in Annual Conclave to review the past and legislate for the future government of our order within this Grand Jurisdiction. Having in this asylum offered our "prayers and obligations" to Almighty God, the giver of every perfect gift, and thanked Him for the many blessings He has vouchsafed to us the past year, and invoked His divine assistance in all our deliberations, that we may be guided aright, I will at once proceed to give an account of my official acts, and impart such information in regard to the welfare of this order as may have come to my knowledge.

It is a source of much pleasure to me to be able to state to you that, throughout our entire jurisdiction, our order is in a very prosperous condition. Harmony prevails, and the monster Death, so far as I know, has thinned our ranks but slightly. But two deaths of Knights within our jurisdiction have been reforted to me—that of P. E. C. Sir Harrison H. Wallace, of Columbia Commandery, No 18, and Samuel H. Thurber, of Pontiac Commandery, No. 1. Within the jurisdiction of this Grand Body we number 25 Commanderies working under Charters, and three under Dispensations, with nearly 1,500 members; and it is a great blessing, indeed, that from so large a number, so few should have been called to the asylum above. Other Sir Knights may have been summoned to the judgment-seat, but their demise has not been reported to me.

My official acts have been few. At our last annual Conclave, Charters were granted to "Pilgrim Commandery, No. 23," "St. Johns Commandery, No. 29," and "Lansing Commandery, No. 25." By the requirements of our statutes, it became my duty to constitute these Commanderies and install their officers elect. In accordance with that duty, June 22, 1869, I met the Sir Knights of St. Johns, and, assisted by P. G. P. Sir Rev. William Stowe, of Port Huron, and Sir E. Sprague, of Lyons, constituted St. Johns Commandery, No. 24, and installed its officers. These ceremonies were performed in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in presence of a large audience.

After the close of these ceremonies we listened to a very able and instructive address on Templar Masonry, from our P. G. P. Rev. William Stowe, of Port Huron, after which we partook of a sumptuous banquet prepared by the Sir Knights of St. Johns Commandery and their ladies, the latter gracing the repast with their presence. July 9th, 1869, I issued my proxy to P. G. C. Gen. J. H. Armstrong, of Hillsdale, to meet the Sir Knights at Lansing, and constitute Lansing Commandery, No. 25, and install its officers and make due return to me. This duty he performed on the 20th of the same month, and made due return. September 10th, 1969, I visited Big Rapids, constituted Pilgrim Commandery No 23, and installed its officers. August 6th, 1869, in company with several Sir Knights of Pontiac Commandery, No. 2, I visited Romeo Commandery, No. 6, installed its officers elect, and conferred the Orders of the Red Cross and Temple on several candidates.

I have granted three Dispensations to form new Commanderies: October 7th, 1869, to a constitutional number of Sir Knights at Bay City, who presented a petition in due form, recommended by St. Bernard Commandery, No. 16, to be called the Bay City Commandery, naming Sir Knights R. J. H. Doughty, C. G. January 18th, 1870, to a constitutional number of Sir Knights at Lexington, Sanilac County, who presented a petition in due form; recommended by the Port Huron Commandery, No. 7, to be called Lexington Commandery, naming Sir Knights George H. Sminh, E. C., Arthur M. Clark, Gen., and W. T. Jenny, C. G. March 11th, 1870, to a constitutional number of Sir Knights at Howell, who presented a petition in due form, recommended by Trenton Commandery, No. 14, to be called Howell Commandery, naming Sir Knights Sardis F. Hubbell, E. C., Milo L. Gay, Gen., and Harvey W. Spencer, C. G. These new Commanderies, now under dispensation, will undoubtedly petition this Grand Body to grant them Charters; and should their By-Laws and Records conform to our Constitution and Laws, I would recommend that their petitions be granted.

I have granted during the past year, for good and valid reasons, several special dispensations; none, however, of importance, or worthy of notice here. I made but few visits to Commanderies during the year. I visited Detroit Commandery, No. 1, and witnessed the conferring the orders of Red Cross, Knights Templar, and Knights of Malta. The work was exceedingly well done, and too much praise cannot be accorded Sir J. A. Barns, E. C., and the officers of his Commandery, for the efficient and impressive manner in which they do their work. I visited the Genesee Valley Commandery, No. 15 and witnessed the conferring the Order of the Temple. The work was well done, and the officers and members of this Commandery showed a proficiency in the work which cannot fail to place them in the front rank of Commanderies in this State. At the request of Sir Knight R. J. Carney, E. C., I visited Bay City Commandery, U. D., for the purpose of instruction, in company with Sir Knight T. H. Armstrong, of Detroit Commandery No. 1, and Sir Irving M. Smith, E. C., and several other Sir Knights of St. Bernard Commandery, No. 16. I witnessed the conferring the Order of the Temple, by the officers of this young Commandery, which was done in a very creditable manner indeed. I conferred the Orders of the Red Cross and Temple, and examined their Records, which are kept in a very neat and creditable manner. This young Commandery shows intelligence and zeal, that if continued, will place them second to no Commandery in this State. They have a comodious hall, with convenient ante-rooms, are well uniformed and drilled, and I would cheerfully recommend that a Charter be granted them at this Grand Conclave.

Pontiac Commandery, No. 2, to which I have the honor of having been a member since its organization, is well officered and in a very prosperous condition. I learn from P. E C. Sir R. Henry Morrison, that Columbus Commandery, No. 18, is in a very flourishing condition, having added 20 Knights to their number during the past year.

It is with much pleasure that I learn that the Knights in this jurisdiction are taking great interest in the drill, and are generally being uniformed. I would recommend that no candidate be admitted to the Order of the Temple until he shall have procured, or made provisions to procure a uniform.

I find by perusing the proceedings of other Grand Bodies that a system of appointing representatives near other Grand Bodies has become quite prevalent. I call your attention to the system of representation.

I recommend that this Grand Body appoint a Grand Visitor —one well versed in the ritual—whose duty it shall be to visit every Commandery in this State, and give proper instruction, to the end that we may have uniform work throughout our entire jurisdiction.

I consider our present ritual imperfect, and, in many parts ambiguous. It lacks verbal directions, and I would recommend that it be revised. I learn from Grand Master W. S. Gardner, that the Grand Commandery of Illinois have prepared and adopted a very complete and excellent ritual, with verbal directions. I would recommend that a copy of the Illinois ritual be obtained for examination.

I recommend that this Grand Body instruct the Grand Recorder to prepare, publish, and distribute the proceedings of the Grand Commandery within ninety days after the close of each annual Conclave.

And now, Sir Knights, in returning to you the brief authority you have confided to me, as your presiding officer, permit me to return to you my sincere thanks for the honor you have conferred on me, and for the many Knightly courtesies so cordially bestowed.

The session was closed in the afternoon by the election and instalation of the following officers:

R. E. G. C.—John L. Mitchell, Jackson.
R. E. D. G· C.—David Bovee, Coldwater.
R. E. G. G.—L. C. Starkey, Kalamazoo.
R. E. C. G.—E. I. Garfield, Detroit.
R. G. Prelate—F. Cogsshall, Ionia.
E. G. S. W.—Carlos G. Curtis, Detroit.
E. G. J. W.—I. M. Smith, East Saginaw.
E. G. Treasurer—Wm. Barclay, Detroit.
E. G. Recorder—Oliver Bourke, Detroit.
E. G. Standard Bearer—S. C. Randall, Flint.
E. G. Sword Bearer—E. M. Stevens, Fentonville.
E. G. Warden—E. E. Grisson, St. Johns.
E. G. Cap't of the Guard—W. B. Griffith.

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TUBAL CAIN.

BY BRO. CHARLES MACKAY.

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
  In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
  The strokes of his hammer rung;
Any he lifted high his brawny hand
  On the iron glowing clear,
Sill the sparks rushed out in scarlet rout,

As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire—
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his own desire.
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And he gave them gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew;
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his head
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
And the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas! that I ever made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man."

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe,
And his hand forebore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low,
And he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye;
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high—
And he sang "Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
 In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, th' spear on the wall,
 And plowed the willing lands;
And they sang "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
 Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow,
 To him our praise shall be."
But while oppresion lifts its head,
 Or a tyrant would be lord—
Though we may thank him for the plow,
 We'll not forget the sword.

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Special to our Patrons.—This number closes our first Volume, and now is the time to make up Clubs for the second Volume. We print the *cheapest* Masonic Journal in the world, and as our patronage increases, we hope to make it equal to the *best*. The low price places it within the reach of all. Who will send us the largest Club for Volume Two? Send money in postal order, registered letters, or by draft at our expense. Please act at once.

Those who wish to act as our local agents will will please communicate with us by letter. We shall soon issue our premium list for the second volume, and shall offer parlor organs, ladies' gold watches, silver plated ware, Webster's dictionaries, &c., &c. We want the co-operation of our friends to aid us in increasing our list, and propose to pay *Masonic wages*, besides giving our patrons one of the very best Masonic magazines published. *Now is the time for our friends to help us.*

We give the space usually devoted to our editorials to the proceedings of the Grand Commandery of Michigan. As it is our intention to make this Journal as far as possible the organ of Masonry in the State, we shall give the doings of the Grand Bodies, and thus save the history of the craft to-day, for the instruction of craftsmen in the future.

On the 21st inst., Grand Master Metcalf issued a Dispensation for a new Lodge, located at Charleaux.

On April 19th, a Dispensation was granted for another Lodge—the second in that place—St. Joseph.

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